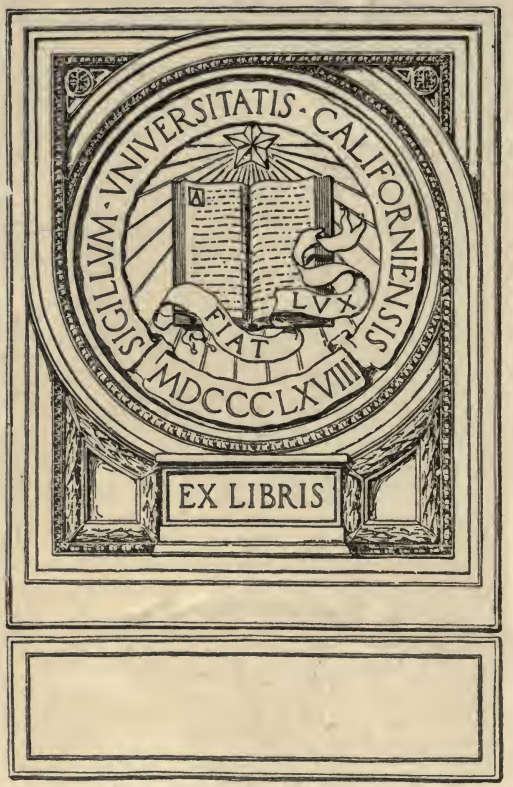
A WEST POINTER with the BOERS

COL. J. Y. F. BLAKE
IRISH BRIGADE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J. Y. F. BLAKE

Colonel Boer-Irish Brigade at time of general surrender in June, 1902.

A WEST POINTER WITH THE BOERS

Personal Narrative of

COLONEL J. Y. F. BLAKE,

Commander

of the

IRISH BRIGADE

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

1903

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND
BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN
MURDERED
IN THE
ENGLISH PRISON CAMPS
OF SOUTH AFRICA
DURING THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.
1899-1902

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Introduction.

FRIENDS have advised me to say a little something about myself, by way of a beginning, and to please them, I will commence with the statement that I was born in the State of Missouri, in 1856, and waked up on a horse and cattle ranch on the plains of Denton County, Texas. At least, here it was that I first saw light, as far as I can remember. As I grew up I learned to ride the Texas pony, and became fairly well acquainted with the character and habits of horses and cattle, by having, year after year, to look after them, and see that none strayed away. Happy were those days of loneliness and ignorance spent on those far-stretching plains, where roamed hundreds of thousands of horses, cattle and buffalo!

In 1871, my father started me to school at the Arkansas State University, at Fayetteville. In 1876, while still at the University, I received the cadet appointment to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, through the kindness of Hon. Thomas M. Gunter, M. C., an old friend of my father. I entered the Academy in September, of the same year, and graduated in June, 1880. I was assigned as 2nd Lieutenant of the 6th U. S.

Cavalry stationed in Arizona. I passed through the Apache wars, serving first under General Wilcox, then under General Crook, and lastly under Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

General Crook put me in command of the Apache Indian scouts, and with them I roamed about the mountains till 1885, when my troop was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I passed through the Infantry and Cavalry school, and, on being promoted to the rank of 1st. Lieutenant in 1887, was ordered to Fort Wingate, New Mexico Now General Miles put me in command of the Navajo Indian scouts.

The Indians remained quiet and peaceful on their reservations. Post life became monotonous, and I resigned in 1889.

I went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to try my hand in business, but soon found that the "tricks of the trade" were too deep for me, so I made up my mind to go to South Africa, where the gold mining prospects were attracting adventurous men from every part of the world.

Preface.

I wish the following pages to be considered as a simple narrative of some of the important events of the Anglo-Boer War and a very terse and unpolished narrative at that. I have endeavored to tell the truth in as brief a way as possible and, to speak the truth again, I believe I have been too brief in many instances.

Ordinary readers sicken of long military details of battles and I have purposely refrained from giving them. During the first nine months of the war, many American correspondents were present and I think they can give a pretty correct account of what happened during their time, and I don't believe my account will in any way conflict with any they may give. Among many whom I know, are Rev. Peter MacQueen, Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Unger, Mr. Hillegas, Allen Sangree and E. E. Easton, and such men as these will not lie because the English are happy to call themselves our "Cousins across the Sea."

Some criticism has been made of Captain Patrick O'Connor, Lieutenants John Quinn and Mike Enright, who were in charge of the Chicago Ambulance Corps, sent by Colonel John F. Finerty

and Patrick J. Judge to South Africa to assist the Boers, for laying aside the Red Crosses and taking up the mauser. These were all good and true men and had the Boers asked them to do Red Cross duty, they would have willingly consented. But they were not needed in this line, so they were equipped for fighting.

At Spion Kop, General Buller had many of the ambulance men remove their Red Crosses and take the rifle during the battle. We captured several of these and they told the whole story. After the battle was over, all those not captured were required to pin on the Red Cross again and look after the numerous dead and wounded. If the English ambulance men could remove their Red Crosses and take up rifles at the pleasure of the British commander, I can't understand why the Boer ambulance men could not do the same.

I have not said as much about the English commanders of the war as I might have said; and now a word about them may not be taken amiss.

The Boers generally acknowledge General Buller as by far the ablest commander the English had in the field. True it is, he made mistakes on the Tugela, but it should be remembered that he had but 35,000 or 40,000 men to dislodge some 6,000 Boers intrenched for a distance of thirty miles along the river. Had Buller been in supreme command, I firmly believe the war would have

been brought to an end within six months after the relief of Ladysmith.

Lords Roberts and Kitchener had treble the number of men, an open country and only about 4,000 Boers in front of them; yet Buller relieved Ladysmith by the time they could relieve Kimberly.

In fighting negroes armed with sticks both Roberts and Kitchener were enabled to add a list of letters to their names almost equal to the number in the alphabet; but when confronted with an armed Boer, both found themselves practically helpless.

Roberts for his proclamations received from the British Government $500,000, and an earldom. Kitchener received $150,000 for wiping out of existence 22,000 women and children. It must be added, however, that he was simply carrying out Lord Roberts' instructions, to his great pleasure. Though degenerate and incompetent, yet the English soldier knows a little something. The 29th of September, 1902, was the King's Procession Day. I was present and witnessed the circus. Between Trafalgar Square and St. Paul's Cathedral, Lord Roberts was violently hissed and the people called for General Buller, who had done all the fighting and reaped disgrace as his reward. Roberts bit his lip but that is all the satisfaction he got.

There is no doubt about it, the English lords and generals in command of the British army are degenerate and incompetent and that, too, far more so than the English soldier. In hundreds of instances, I am quite sure had an English sergeant been in command, we would have been badly beaten where we gained successes. The English commanders had large numbers, but small brains.

The quiet, modest little de la Rey, with his dancing, hazel eyes, was unquestionably the ablest of the Boer generals and the greatest man of the war.

The stalwart, restless, commanding General De Wet was the great strategist and Stonewall Jackson of the war. The handsome, refined and polished General Louis Botha proved a most brilliant commander and fighter, and another war will mark him as one of the brightest military stars of modern times. He is young and cool-headed and has in him all the necessary material to make a great military leader. May the time soon come for him to make use of his material.

Although the Boers had three such able leaders, yet the two little Republics lost their liberty and independence because the 25,000 patriots under their command thought it better to surrender and save their women and children and therefore their race from extinction. Horses, mules and men from the United States of America destroyed the two little republics.

Preface

We can always point with pride to our great liberty lovers, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Jackson, Munroe, and Lincoln, but since the days of these great patriots and Americans our leader- ship has degenerated; trade and greed have taken the place of lofty ideals which made the country the hope and model of every people aspiring to freedom; vulgar ambition for territorial extension has put us on the low level of all the conquering nations of old; the late war with Spain developed all the latent greed of an ambitious upstart among nations; neither the plausible protestations of one president nor the open boldness of another justified our un-American policy in the far East.

When it came to the question of acting towards the republics of South Africa as our forefathers had acted towards the republic of Texas, neither the oily McKinley nor the vociferous Roosevelt showed the honor and courage of a pure-blooded American. I do not mean they were bought by England. Our State Department is not the kind of a courtesan whose favors have to be paid for in anything but smiles and flattery. England smiled and flattered and America smiled back as she strangled the liberties of a brave people. The Philistines captured Samson, thanks to the American Delilah.

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A West Pointer With the Boers.

CHAPTER I.

LOBENGULA AND THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

On the fifth day of December, 1894, I sailed on the *City of Berlin* from New York.

We started in a storm, continued in a storm, and landed in a mud bank off the Isle of Wight, just below the Needles. This caused quite a commotion among the passengers, and all seemed inclined to make the last stand at those points of the deck nearest to the life-boats. By reversing the screws, the old death-trap, after a few hours' hard work, succeeded in releasing itself, and we were again on the high sea.

On the 14th, we landed, and I saw a foreign land for the first time. I spent a week in London trying to see something, but the fog was so thick that I could scarcely see myself, so I decided to move on toward South Africa.

I left Southampton December 22d, 1894, on board the *Lismore Castle* for Cape Town where I

TO WIN
AMERICA

arrived January 12th, 1895. On the voyage I could hear nothing talked but C. J. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson. We had them for breakfast, dinner and supper, and at all intervening hours.

Connected with these names was a country known as Rhodesia, lying north of the Transvaal, and it was always Golden Rhodesia, a land overladen with diamonds and gold. I made up my mind on that voyage to look up this C. J. Rhodes and his "pal," Dr. Jameson. One thing was certain in my mind, and that was that either these two men were really great men or monstrous rascals, and that Golden Rhodesia was either a marvellous land or a smartly advertised fraud. I said to myself: "I will investigate both the men and the new country before I am in South Africa many months." On arriving at Cape Town, a city that expired many years ago, I immediately went to Johannesburg, the Golden City of the Transvaal.

January 16th I beheld this lively, wonderful city that rested then and rests now on the greatest gold bed known in the world. Money was so plentiful that there were no poor men in the city and I was simply appalled by the very prosperity of the place. I had never seen anything like it before and shall probably never see anything like it again. Yet in this phenomenally prosperous city, I heard from the lips of everyone with whom I conversed, of that far more wonderful country lying far to the

north, the land of Golden Rhodesia. Strange to say, however, I could not find anyone who had visited this country so heavily laden with gold.

First I will tell how Rhodesia received the name and became the property of the notorious Chartered Company.

In 1889, C. D. Rudd, R. Maguire and F. R. Thompson, aided by a missionary who knew a few Kaffir words, induced Chief Lobengula, of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, to sign a paper which was first interpreted to Lobengula and his Indunas, (sub chiefs) by the missionary. This fellow told them that the three white men had said in the paper that they would give the chief $500 per month, 1,000 rifles and 100,000 cartridges, for the right to put up a mill on a certain piece of gold bearing ground. Lobengula told them to bring the money, rifles, etc., and then he would show them the ground and they could mine it. The white men also agreed to give Lobengula a steamboat, to run up the Zambesi River. This missionary convinced Lobengula that there was nothing more in the paper, and he signed. By the document, he had given Rudd, Maguire and Thompson, all the mining rights of his whole domain; but, of course, he did not know it, as it had not occurred to him that possibly the missionary had lied. In a short time, Lobengula learned the truth and at once assembled his Indunas and called the white men to attend.

He could get no satisfaction, so in April, 1889, he wrote the following letter to Queen Victoria:

To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:—

Some time ago, a party of men came into my country, the principal one appearing to be a man named Rudd. They asked me for a place to dig for gold and said they would give me certain things for the right to do so. I told them to bring what they would give me and I would show them what I would give. A document was written and presented to me for signature. I asked what it contained and was told, that in it were my words and the words of those men. I put my hand on it. About three months afterwards, I heard from other sources that I had given by that document, the rights to all the minerals in my country. I called a meeting of my Indunas and also of the white men, and demanded a copy of the document. It was proved to me that I had signed away the mineral rights of my whole country to Rudd and his friends. I have since had a meeting of my Indunas and they will not recognize the paper, as it contains neither my words nor the words of those who got it. After the meeting, I demanded that the original document be returned to me. It has not come yet, although it is two months since and they promised to bring it back soon. The men of the party who were in my country at the time were told to remain till the document was brought back. One of them, Maguire, has now left, without my knowledge and against my orders. I write to you, that you may know the truth about this thing and may not be deceived. With renewed and cordial greetings, I am your friend, LOBENGULA.

Rudd, Maguire, Thompson and C. J. Rhodes were all in the same Company, and working to the same end. They were determined to rob Lobengula of his country. The Queen took no notice of Lobengula's letter, but Rudd and his men knew that they could not swindle Lobengula without a fight. He was honest, and in earnest, and did not know that he was dealing with unscrupulous people. In the past, Lobengula and his father, Umsiligaas, had befriended Dr. Livingston and other white men who had ventured into their far away land, and had always in return been treated honorably; so they were not prepared for sharpers. The English boast of fair play and justice, but they give neither, unless forced to it.

Now I will tell how just the Queen was to Lobengula and how humane her subjects were to his people. Whether Lobengula told the truth or lied, in his letter to the Queen, made no difference, for the British Government on October 15th, 1889, granted a charter to C. J. Rhodes, Alfred Beit, George Cawston, A. H. G. Grey, Duke of Abercorn and Duke of Fife, as petitioners, under the corporate name of the British South Africa Co., commonly known as the Chartered Company.

The Charter having been granted under the impression that Lobengula had voluntarily given his country away, the Chartered Company must

continue to keep the English people in the dark. C. J. Rhodes now employed and armed about seven hundred men, with the permission and approval of the High Commissioner. That everything might appear well on paper, he sent Jameson to Lobengula to get permission for this armed, christianizing force to enter Mashonaland. Of course Jameson soon returned and reported that Lobengula was delighted with this idea of such an armed force entering his country.

Now everything being made satisfactory to the outside world, by deliberate lying, the march began and was continued for four or five months, when the band of humanity lovers reached Mount Hampden, without the loss of a single life; and, having established Fort Salisbury in honor of their Lord, declared the Chartered Company Monarch of Mashonaland. The Company then hoisted its flag, bearing its motto of "Justice, Commerce and Freedom," and all set to work to spread civilization and Christianity. Sir John Willoughby, in the ecstacy of joy, now wrote for the benefit of the general public that the "Government in granting the Royal Charter, had secured 'Fairest Africa' to England and spread blessings of hope, peace and security, among all the nations of the land."

It required about two and a half years to completely relieve the Mashonas of all they possessed,

ALFRED LORD MILNER

High Commissioner of South Africa, who fell into Rhodes' hands because of his money.

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spread terror among their women, and rob the innocent public of about half a million pounds sterling, by floating as gold mines a large number of sand hills. Now that their real object in Mashonaland had been gained, and that it was evident the Company would soon be forced again into hard straits, unless a new field was opened up, all set to work to prepare the public mind for the invasion of Matabeleland.

They sent out reports to the effect that Lobengula was making raids on his own people, the Mashonas, killing many of them, and taking their cattle, and that every effort was being made to convince him that such conduct was highly condemned by his loving friends in England. Such reports were sent out daily, for some time, that the public might be thoroughly aroused as to the awful state of affairs, and finally, it was made known that Dr. Jameson, Rhodes' most willing tool, had determined to invade Matabeleland, in order to instil into Lobengula and his people the principles of love and humanity, and, by example, make known to them the good effects of civilization and Christianity.

So in July, 1893, he mustered together his band of 600 full fledged angels, and Major Wilson and Colonel Forbes, of the English Army, and proceeded to old Buluwayo, the Royal Kraal; where he arrived

without scarcely seeing a Kaffir, till the end of his journey. Here he found a fellow Scotchman and another white man, and expressed himself as much astonished to see them safe and sound among a people so bent on war. Strange to say, they knew nothing about a war till Jameson arrived. He learned from them, that Lobengula was not in old Buluwayo, so having nothing to fear, he proceeded to slaughter about 800 old men, women and children.

Now they hoisted the British flag on top of a a tree, to wave in peace and love over the many hundred women and children whom they had murdered, in the name of humanity. Then the band set out to kill Lobengula, and having found him and his soldiers, on the banks of the Shangani, they turned loose upon him and his men, as so many engines of wholesale slaughter, but they soon found out that they had something else to contend with besides women and children; for in a short time, Major Wilson and his whole command, excepting two men, were completely destroyed, and then Colonel Forbes' command made a rapid retreat to old Buluwayo.

The two men who escaped were Americans, one being known as "Burnham the Scout," and the other as "Ingram the honest man." As this man Burnham often ran to America to boast and deceive,

I will say half a dozen words about him. He first claimed that he was a scout in America, but all soon learned that there was no truth in his claim. At the time of the Matabele War in 1896, he showed himself in his true light. He was of no earthly use at Buluwayo, for all knew him, so he went to Mangwe, a few miles to the south. Here he shot an innocent, unarmed Kaffir, if he shot one at all, and reported that he had shot and killed M'Limo, the Kaffir war-god. He was told that he was really a wonderful man and undoubtedly the greatest shot in the world. So ignorant is he, that Burnham did not know that M'Limo was a myth, a great Spirit, to whom the Matabele would pray and look to as their guide.

But Burnham, the scout, managed to shoot and kill the great Spirit, and, on receiving a report of this wonderful achievement, the London *Graphic* brought out his picture and his long story of how he killed M'Limo, the war-god, and the terror of the Rhodesians. The Americans in Rhodesia made it so warm for him, that Burnham left for the United States to give a course of lectures. He now wears Khaki and is in the British service, and his native land feels thankful.

Lobengula now sent in word that there was no cause for war with his white brothers, and that he could not understand why they had suddenly appeared in such a state of frenzy. Captain Blank,

the famous scout, and another man,—or beast,—were now employed, and sent out to negotiate with Lobengula, and after a few days absence, returned to report that he had died suddenly on the Zambesi River, which, you know, is about three hundred miles distant. They were sure he was dead, *Because Poison Seldom Lies.*

The Matabeles had no desire to fight, and did not know that the whites contemplated attacking them, till it was too late, otherwise it might have been a very different thing. Lobengula, who had ever been a warm friend of his white brother, who had fed him, protected him and granted him his every wish, within reason, had now, in return for his many kindnesses, been foully murdered, because he was chief, and controlled thousands of cattle which the Chartered Company must have, in order to postpone, for a few years, its inevitable downfall. The truth is, that Jameson sent word to Lobengula, that some of his people had come in and killed some of the Mashonas, and that he must arrest and punish them. Lobengula immediately sent a party to arrest the murderers, and Jameson at once, on their approach, made it an excuse to invade Matabeleland. The men who composed the police force tell the truth when they say it was a put up job, and the Chartered Company and its officials maliciously lie, when they say the war was provoked and prosecuted for the cause

of humanity. Matabeleland and Mashonaland together were now christened Rhodesia. There was nothing more to fear, now that Lobengula was dead, and the great Rhodesian swindle prospered for several years, or until the Jameson raid.

CHAPTER II.

A CARNIVAL OF MURDER—PRECEDING JAMESON'S RAID AND CHAMBERLAIN'S CONSPIRACY.

Having remained in Johannesburg for just thirty days, I secured four pack donkeys, and in company with three friends, started for this fabulously rich country, Golden Rhodesia. It was the rainy season, and it was rain, rain, rain, day and night, but we were determined not to be balked by anything; we would see Buluwayo, the gold center, 600 miles away, or go down in the attempt. We had before us eight swollen rivers, wicked rivers at this season, but almost dry beds at any other time of the year. We had to swim all of them, and what a struggle it was for us! I can't understand now just how we succeeded, and do not know how we escaped the crocodiles, yet we landed safely in Victoria, Mashonaland, on Easter Sunday, in the early part of April.

Here I found about 600 people sleeping in the graveyard, and about 300 lying on cots and on the counters in the stores and various other places, all down with the fever. I did not like the situation at all. To buy anything one had to help himself and then hand the money to the sick man

CECIL J. RHODES

Notorious for his greed and inhumanity.

on the counter. I found that Salisbury, Gwelo and Buluwayo were all practically in the same condition. It was fever, fever, nothing but fever everywhere, and all this talk of gold, gold, gold, was entirely misleading. It did not take us but about one minute to discover that Golden Rhodesia was a golden fraud, and so it was then, and so it is now, and will forever be. However, I was not satisfied, so I traversed the whole land, penetrated into the jungles of the Zambesi, roamed about in company with the elephant, rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the savage buffalo, giraffe, zebra, the lion, leopard, hyena, wild dog, jackal and all the many and various kinds of antelope that swarm in that far-a-way, God-forsaken, fever-stricken country, where Livingstone breathed his last, and where the natives, in thousands, naked as nature made them, swarm about you, and look at you and treat you royally in their simple way. Here was wild nature, in all its glory, and here I was supremely happy. Thousands of baboons and monkeys made music during the day, and at night-fall the lions, hyenas and jackals took up the strain and kept a curious, nature-loving white man, with his rifle on his knee, delightfully entertained. After several months of exploring, I returned to Buluwayo, on March 21st, 1896; and on March 23rd, the Matabeles broke out in rebellion against the great C. J. Rhodes, and his great fraud, the Chartered Company.

The Matabeles surrounded this miserable, drunken, fever-stricken town, and, of course, I was one of the victims. These Kaffirs, 15,000 or 20,000 strong, would dance on the ridges about us, make sport of us, and have a good time generally during the day, and when night came, all women and children were shut up in the market building, while the men were in the laager surrounding it. During the night every house in town was abandoned. False alarm after false alarm was the order of the night; and how often have I seen loving mothers, with their arms around the necks of their two, three or four children, moaning, shrieking, praying, appealing to God and kissing their little ones the last farewell! Those awful scenes still haunt me, and will till the day of my death. During the day the men would go out and fight for a while, and then fly back with the Matabeles after them, and proceed to get on a big drunk, and then have a riot meeting.

During the siege, many small parties of Kaffirs would come into Buluwayo for safety, as they would not take any part in the war. Chartered officials made use of these small parties, as a means to amuse the people with interesting street scenes. On reaching the town, the party of two, or three, or four, or possibly ten Kaffirs, would be arrested and ordered shot. The poor devils would be marched up the street, lined up, and in the presence

Innocent Matabele Kaffirs hung on the lone tree on Fife Street in Buluwayo, in 1896, by order of C. J. Rhodes and his Chartered Co., in order to amuse his fellow British subjects.

of a large crowd, shot down. After several hours, when all had feasted their eyes and satisfied their curiosity, the innocent whites, among the Company's convicts, were made to carry these mangled bodies in their arms to the veldt, and bury them. These convicts were not allowed to make use of wagons or carts. In order to have a change of scene, the guards would sometimes make these refugees climb the big tree on Fife Street, and having attached ropes to their necks and a limb of the tree, would make them jump for their lives.

Then again the guards would sometimes take others to the same tree, and, having tied the ropes to their necks and passing it over the limb of the tree, would draw them up till their toes would just touch the ground, that the people might see them struggle and slowly strangle to death. Again, they would be marched into the street, and many guards being placed behind and near them, they would be commanded to run for their lives. Of course, all would be shot down, and the wounded sometimes shot five or six times before they died. These were horrible murder scenes, but Rhodesians seemed to enjoy them. Having seen all this, I do not hesitate to tell the public, that all may know just what a civilized people the English are.

In June we were relieved, by troops coming from the south, and I said farewell to the miserable hole, Buluwayo, and returned to Johannesburg in August, 1896.

I will tell in a few words the causes of that war, because I know them. The Matabeles had not forgotten that white men had poisoned their chief, Lobengula. The Chartered Company sent its police and forcibly took all the cattle from the Kaffirs. This caused the death of thousands of their little ones, who lived almost exclusively on the milk of the cows. The Company allowed its police and its people generally to go to the Kaffir Kraals, and, with their rifles, force young girls to go to their huts, where they could use them at their pleasure. This struck the Kaffirs to the very heart, because they are an extremely moral people, and immorality with them is punished by death. The Company allowed its Police Commissioners to force the Kaffirs to work in the mines. The Commissioners received from the Mining Company $2.50 for each Kaffir, and, in return, guaranteed the Kaffir to work for three months.

Just before the expiration of the three months, the mine captain would take his cowhide whip and so slash them that they would run away. He would then call upon the Commissioners to make good their contract and bring back the Kaffirs. The Commissioner would then send his police to arrest the runaways, and, having got them in his possession, would himself give them twenty lashes and return them to work. Finally the Kaffir, after running away, would hide in the hills. Then

it was that the Commissioner would arrest the fugitive's wife and children and hold them as hostages, till he came and gave himself up to receive the twenty lashes. If the Kaffir left before his three months expired, the mine captain did not have to pay him any wages. To get his $2.50, the Commissioner had to make the Kaffir work three months, or put another one in his place, so that the poor Kaffir must be cut and slashed to pieces whether he worked or not. So universal was this cutting and slashing, that life to the Kaffir became worse than hell itself, and thereupon they rebelled, and killed every white man they could lay hands on. I said, "Well done." They would have taken the country, but Rhodes paid them $2,500,000, in kind, and bought peace; and to-day there is no whipping, no cutting Kaffirs to pieces, and they are as independent as kings, in Rhodesia, because they are the masters.

While I was enjoying myself in the jungles of the Zambesi, Rhodes completed all his arrangements for a raid into the Transvaal, but I must tell why it became necessary for Rhodes to make a raid into the Transvaal. He had painted Rhodesia yellow, and through flaming advertisements had led the world to believe that it was the richest gold bearing country on earth.

He knew there was no gold of any account in the country, and he knew, too, that the English

public had been swindled out of more than $120,000,000. He knew also that the Chartered Company could not exist, would fall flat, and prove worse than the South Sea bubble, if something were not done, and that quickly, too. Now if he could only manage to seize the world-known, rich gold fields of the Rand, at Johannesburg, and annex them to Rhodesia, why then he and the Chartered Company would be safe, and could easily fill their chest with many more millions.

If the Rand gold-fields were once annexed, then he could advertise the marvellous gold output of Rhodesia, and would find no trouble in floating all the sand banks of that desert land, as veritable gold mines, and thus save and enrich himself and the Chartered Company.

I will say a few words about the Raid.

In December, 1895, Rhodes put about 600 of the Rhodesian police, with Dr. Jameson in command, on the western border of the Transvaal, near Mafeking. Of course, Rhodes had every thing arranged in Downing Street, London, so that at the proper time the English Government could step in, with its troops, to protect its citizens and thus take the rich Rand gold-fields from the Boers. Rhodes had a telegram sent to the London *Times* that the Boers were about to murder the English women and children in Johannesburg. Many of Jameson's men refused to cross

the border, but when they were called into line and told they must go and help protect the English women and children from the savage Boers, they consented. The raiding column made a rapid march, reached Doornkop, about twenty miles from Johannesburg and were there captured by 180 Boers, who had come to meet them on hearing of the raid. There were some prominent Americans in the Johannesburg Reform Committee of seventy, who with Rhodes were implicated in this most outrageous piece of piracy, and when President Kruger refused to put Dr. Jameson and his staff, together with his seventy members of the Reform Committee, in a line and shoot them down, (and what a blessing it would have been for humanity,) he made the fatal mistake of his life and in the end lost his country, at least, temporarily. It was by wilful lying that Rhodes, Jameson and the Reform Committee induced those 600 police to make that raid, and on the tombstones of the twenty-five or thirty men killed at Doornkop, there should be engraved the words, "Murdered by C. J. Rhodes and his followers." All the miscreants who were connected with that infamous raid were soon set free, and they began at once in another way to create trouble for the Boers, and, as a result of their labor, one of the greatest wars in the history of man was fought by a handful of patriotic Boers, against the so-called mightiest empire of the world.

As a result of the raid, the names of something like a hundred low, greed-loving conspirators were made know to the world, and the Transvaal still held possession of its precious gold fields.

Rhodes had now failed, and in order to avert the catastrophe, he put up money himself, and pulled in his faithful allies, Alfred Beit, Lionel Phillips and several others, and succeeded in preventing a great financial calamity.

Immediately after Jameson and his 600 men were captured, Rhodes swore he knew nothing about the raid, and that it was a surprise to him. Of course Joe Chamberlain knew nothing about it because he *said* so. With Jameson, was captured a lot of cipher telegrams, as well as the keys. These gave Rhodes away, and proved conclusively that he was the organizer of the raid, and that Chamberlain was implicated with him. I will give one or two letters, just to show how much faith can be placed on an English official's word.

30 Mincing Lane, E. C.,
London, February 20th, 1897.

My Dear Grey:

Thanks for your letter of the 9th ult., which I read with great interest. You will, of course, have heard that the committee was reappointed and has got to work. I send you official prints of the evidence already taken. Rhodes has done well, and I think will come out on top. He was nervous on

the first day, though his evidence was good even then. Yesterday he was simply splendid. I do not think that we are by any means out of the woods, but there does not seem an off-chance of the plea of public interest being recognized, and the cables of the last of the year 1895, or rather the negotiations of that period, not being disclosed, though I am bound to say that personally I think the balance of probability is that they will have to come out. If they do, Mr. Chamberlain will have no one but himself to thank. I am very sorry I have been such a bad correspondent, but really the work and anxiety of the last fifteen months, or nearly two years, that is, since Harris came to England on the subject of the Protectorate, in July, 1895, have been most trying, and I sometimes fear that even my constitution will not stand it much longer, though, happily, I am still very well. I will try and write you more fully next week.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
BOUCHIER F. HAWKESLEY.

P. S.—Rhodes has received your letter and cable about Lawley.

THE RIGHT HON. EARL GREY.

The following came out in the Select Committee of the House of Commons that was appointed to investigate the Jameson Raid. The suppressed cables mentioned were never produced, because Mr. Chamberlain must be protected. The above letter, however, is pretty strong evidence and it made Mr. Chamberlain shake in his boots. Mr.

Hawkesley is Rhodes' solicitor, and with him Chamberlain and the London *Times* were deeply implicated in the raid.

[PRIVATE]

39 CADOGAN SQUARE, LONDON, S. W.
(*No Date*)

DEAR MR. HAWKESLEY:

So many thanks for yours. I knew you would feel as I do, that we owe Allingham a great deal, and must give the brother any (or every) help we could. I will tell him to make an appointment to come and see you one morning. He sails in the beginning of next month. I quite agree with you that very little good, if any, can be done with J. C. He knows what he has to expect, and will have had plenty of time to think it over, by the time C. J. R. arrives. As long as you make it impossible for C. J. R. to give away Jameson, he will be loyal to him; but I am sure from what I've said (heard), that at one time Rhodes contemplated sacrificing the Dr. The Dr. must never know this, and if any one can keep Rhodes up to mark, you can. I want to talk to you one day about the Dr.'s future—to see what you think of my plan, which he has already taken kindly to.

You do not know how grateful I am to you for all you have done for him, but I think you can perhaps partly understand how much it means to me to feel he has got a friend like you.

Can I come and see you one morning about 11.30?

Yours sincerely,

R. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

RT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Colonial Secretary, who with Rhodes and Milner is directly responsible for the death of thousands of innocent people.

The above shows that C. J. Rhodes was ready to prove traitor to his most faithful tool, who had done all his dirty work. The initials J. C. stand for Joe Chamberlain and all want to know what he had to expect. The initials C. J. R. stand for C. J. Rhodes.

On the arrival of Mr. Tatton Egerton in London after the circulation of a report that Mr. Chamberlain was cognizant of the plans connected with the Jameson Raid, this gentleman was confronted by the Colonial Secretary, and asked who had told him that Mr. Chamberlain was in the raid. The reply was, "Mr. Rhodes himself." The Colonial Secretary's answer to this blunt statement of the case was, "The Traitor!"

As neither Mr. Egerton nor Mr. Chamberlain has ever denied the above report, one can draw his own conclusion. If Rhodes "peached" on Chamberlain to Mr. Egerton, then I think that he was guilty of treason to one of his most trustworthy fellow-conspirators.

Rhodes and his crew did not remain idle for a moment, they started more newspapers in Johannesburg, got possession of all the newspapers in South Africa, except three or four, and then began a paper war against the Government, President Kruger, all Boer officials, Hollanders, and in fact all who were in any way in sympathy with the Boers. There was nothing too low, too mean, too maliciously

false for them to say about the Netherlands Railroad Company, the Dynamite Factory, the price of coal or the treatment of some Cape niggers caught in a drunken brawl. There were many other grievances, among them was the five per cent tax levied on the gold output, by the Government. Then again, the capitalists wished to establish the "compound" system, and thus make slaves of all Kaffirs employed at the mines. This the Government refused to grant.

In addition to this came the cry for the franchise. It was claimed that the Uitlanders furnished the money that carried on the Government, that they were in a majority, and that therefore they were entitled to vote and hold office. They claimed the franchise by the fact of residence in the Transvaal. Under no circumstances, were they to forswear allegiance to their Queen and thus forfeit their British citizenship. They claimed the right to vote and hold office, as long as they saw fit to reside in the Transvaal, and at the same time to remain British subjects.

The Government changed the law from fourteen to seven years' residence necessary for the franchise, with an oath requiring the applicant to renounce all allegiance to the State of which he was last a citizen. The press cried this down as an act of impertinence and injustice on the part of the Government, because no British subject could for one

moment think of giving up his citizenship and Queen for the sake of becoming a citizen in a country run by an ignorant Boer.

Remember, reader, that all this was purely the work of the press of South Africa, whose object was to give Joe Chamberlain a chance to put his mouth into the business. The Uitlanders of the Transvaal, including Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, in fact, representatives of all nationalities, took little or no interest in the reports which the press was spreading, because all knew that they were manufactured and utterly false; and besides all were freer, happier and making more money than ever before in any other country. All were making from $5 to $25 per day of eight hours' work, depending on each one's individual skill and smartness. I was there, knew them, heard them talk, and I say, there was not one in a hundred who wanted the franchise, who would have made use of it if given to him, or who ever discussed the subject. Each was trying to make his little fortune, that he might leave that far away land and return to his old home.

The horrible condition of affairs in the Transvaal existed only in the press and was the work of Rhodes, his crew and his ally in Downing Street, London. The press continued its dirty work day after day and month after month, without variation, except in a few instances where the

imagination, under heavy strain, was able to squeeze out a little more venom. The English pursue the same tactics in their fighting, they bombard day after day, increasing the number of guns from time to time, and at last when they have concluded that the Boers are all killed or so demoralized that they could offer no resistance, they advance the line for the general attack. Just so the press continued to spit out its venom and spread it over the civilized world, month after month, until it was deemed that the time was ripe for making the final crushing blow that must rob the Boers of their gold fields and their country. This brings me to that notorious petition of 21,000 names that was deliberately manufactured in Johannesburg. Excluding women and children, I think it is safe to say that there were not 2,000 genuine signatures on that petition.

A hired bar-room specimen would go from house to house and have the mother put her name down and the names of all her children, first telling her it was the wish of Rhodes and the so-called big men of Johannesburg. Cape niggers would give their names, and the bar-room specimen would write them down, for the niggers could not write their names. There were men in Johannesburg who made it a profession to get up petitions, charging so much for every hundred names. The Rhodes crew employed these fellows at $25 per

hundred names. These fellows would then go to their rooms, write down a few hundred names, as they came to their minds, and would then turn in the list, receive their money, and proceed to their rooms to repeat the process. That is the way that petition was gotten up, and it recited enough grievances to stagger the world. I used to talk with the people, and many of them, too, every day, and it was a rare exception when I found one who ever saw the petition. When completed, it was forwarded to Sir Alfred Milner, Cape Town. He looked at it, pronounced it correct, and forwarded it to Downing Street. When Sir Alfred Milner reported that he had investigated the names on that petition, and found them correct, he knows, I know, and the people of Johannesburg know, that he was guilty of a deliberate falsehood. Milner was sent to South Africa for a purpose. His predecessor would have thrown that petition into the waste basket. He could not be handled by Rhodes; so it became necessary to get rid of him, and out he went. Milner was just the man for the place, for he was an educated man, suave and gentlemanly, and, best of all, he was easily led by such a moneyed man as Rhodes.

Now you have what I call a trinity, three in one, but apparently three distinct individuals, Chamberlain, Milner, Rhodes, three names that will in time appear on the first page of the history

of the decline and fall of the British Empire, as the cause of the beginning of the end. With Chamberlain in Downing Street, Rhodes and all his money in South Africa, and weak Mr. Milner in the middle and ready at hand, it was inevitable that the great struggle must come, in which thousands of innocent people must fall, and the plains of South Africa be reddened with their blood.

As a result of this petition, the conference in Bloemfontein between Presidents Kruger and Stein and Sir Alfred Milner was held. This conference was simply a farce, as the world knows, for Milner had his orders and all the concessions made by Presidents Kruger and Stein were simply declined. Had President Kruger told Milner that he was willing to cut off the Rand Gold-Fields, and allow them to be annexed to Rhodesia, why, that would have prevented the war, and war could not have been avoided in any other way, for Milner positively refused to let any of their differences go to arbitration. He came there to bring on war; he succeeded, and what a pity it is that he, Chamberlain and Rhodes thought it prudent to remain so far removed from the immediate scenes of action! But that is the way in this wicked world—those who are responsible for suffering and loss of life in a cruel and uncalled-for war, are the very ones who escape unharmed, and receive the congratulations of the civilized

KRÜGER

world for the masterly way they have carried out their designs.

From now on telegrams fly thick and fast, the pot is boiling, and ready to flow over at any moment. President Kruger is praying for arbitration and peace, while Chamberlain, as chief of the Trinity, is clamoring for gold and war. He had lyddite, too much lyddite, and it must be exploded; and on the mountains of Natal, and the plains of the Transvaal and the Free State, the explosion must take place. Every shell exploded means so many dollars to Chamberlain and Co., and thousands upon thousands were exploded before the bloody struggle came to an end. I am glad to add, however, that but few Boers owe their death to lyddite.

If you read the London *Times* from June to October, 1899, you will find that the British Government had no intention of going to war with the Boers. But during this time about 15,000 English Troops were assembled at Dundee and Ladysmith, on the Transvaal border, and about the same number on the border of the Free State in Cape Colony.

A goodly number were also sent to Mafeking on the western border. About $2,000,000 worth of ammunition and war supplies were put into Dundee, and about $10,000,000 worth into Ladysmith. In Kimberly and Mafeking, the same

provisions were made as regards ammunition and war supplies. At the same time there were something like 20,000 troops on the water, bound for South Africa. There can be no question about it, the British Government had no idea of making war on the Transvaal, for Chamberlain said so in Parliament, Milner said so in Cape Town, and Rhodes backed up both of them with his money.

These great bases of war supplies were established, and thousands of troops landed in South Africa, simply to keep the Commissary and Quartermaster's Department in good training, and allow the troops to enjoy some holiday exercises in a far-away land. Long before the war, many English officers, disguised in civilian clothes, had labored hard in making military maps of the Transvaal and Free State, showing every road, path, farm, sluit, hill, etc., and yet the British Government had no idea of forcing war upon the Transvaal; and this must be true, too, for the London *Times* said so, Chamberlain said so, Milner said so, and all were backed by Rhodes and his millions. We captured so many of these military maps that I can make the above statement without fear of contradiction.

Years ago, the Orange Free State had been robbed of the Kimberly Diamond Fields by the English, and thereafter the English Government

M. T. STEYN, PRESIDENT ORANGE FREE STATE

never complained of any grievances in that Republic. The South African Republic and the Orange Free State formed an offensive and defensive alliance because it was a certainty that if the English took one of them, it would be but a question of time when an excuse would be manufactured to take the other; so they wisely concluded to stand shoulder to shoulder and live as Republics, or fall together and exist as dependencies.

They did stand together, they fought together and although they were brought to their knees, they are not down yet, and the price the English have so far paid, if the English graves in South Africa are to be taken as an index, is certainly enough to stagger humanity. How many graves are yet to be dug on the very same battle-fields, of those two little countries, in order to keep the Boer on his knees, or to put him quite down, is the question for the future to answer.

Now I come to the point where the two little Republics are brought face to face with the military forces of war—prepared England ; when war is inevitable, when the immortal gods could not prevent a clash of arms; when the first shot is fired in a struggle destined to stir the world, humiliate the English officer and lord, and destroy the name and prestige of the great degenerate British Empire.

CHAPTER III.

BOER COMMISSARY—"MEALIE PAP" AS A RATION—
I TAKE COMMAND OF THE IRISH BRIGADE—
WAR DECLARED.

Before we begin to fight I must say something about the fighters, and will commence with the Boer and his readiness for war. The Boer is a simple, unpretentious farmer, with a long beard, rather long hair, a powerful physical frame, a man inured to all kinds of hardships, who daily looks after his horses, cattle and sheep. He has a lot of Kaffir families on his farm, to whom he gives all the land they wish for cultivation, on the condition that they put in his little patch of mealies (corn), and oats. To the Kaffir boys who stay at the farm house, and make themselves useful at all kinds of odd jobs, he gives each a cow at the end of the year. This means a great deal to the Kaffir boy, for when he has as many as eight head of cattle, he has the price he must pay for a wife; and to have a wife is every Kaffir boy's ambition.

Every night and every morning the Boer has religious services in his house, and all the family attend. A visitor may attend or not as he pleases.

The Boer cares not what your religion is, nor of what your church may be, and it does not concern him whether you have any religion or not. He

looks after his own soul, and grants you the privilege of looking after yours. He will never impose his beliefs upon you, nor will he ask you your religion. He simply takes it for granted that you are a Christian, a God-fearing individual. He is a domestic man whose greatest happiness is in his home, with his wife and children—and he generally has plenty of children. When he visits his neighbors on Sunday, the whole family visits with him. They all go to church on Sunday, and after the services are over, they all remind me of a happy reunion of a family that has long been separated. In his way, he is as simple as a child, hospitable and generous to a fault, ready to extend the helping hand to friend or stranger, modest and retiring; but when once you try to deprive him of his liberty, you will find that he will fight to the bitter end, regardless of the odds against him.

For months previous to the war, the English Press was busy trying to let the world know what a savage the Boer really was, and especially how intolerant he was, as regards the Catholics. There was an object in spreading broadcast all these outrageous lies; because England wished the world to believe, that in waging war against the Boer, she was really doing a service toward God and humanity. The Irish people were Catholics; so the press told how bitter the Boer is against the Catholic, how he tramples him down, and tries to drive him

out of the country. All this infamous lying was for the sole purpose of inducing the Irish to enlist in the British army, and I regret to say that the Irish fell into the trap. Thousands of them joined the British army, and to-day thousands of them are buried in South Africa. Few English are buried in South Africa, but the graves of the Irish and Scotch can be counted by the thousand.

Leaving aside the religious aspect of the man, the Boer reminds me very forcibly of our South-westerners, in appearance; and especially in his riding and shooting ability. I have given a lengthy, but an honest and faithful portrait of the Boer, because the subsidized press of England spent itself in trying to disgrace him in the eyes of the world, for no other reason than to cover up the English Government's infamy in forcing a most unholy and damnable war on the God fearing Boer race of South Africa.

During the time of intense excitement in the towns of South Africa, and in London, the unmindful Boer was quietly and religiously pursuing his daily routine work on his remote farm. It never occurred to him that his quiet was liable to be disturbed at any moment by an exploding bomb that might force him to leave his wife and little ones for two years and eight months, and possibly forever. Occasionally he heard the distant rumble of impending war, but he gave it

no heed, for his ear had become accustomed to such sounds during the last twenty years. He could see no reason for war and therefore dismissed the subject from his mind. The Transvaal Government and the Free State Government had, all told, a standing army of about 900 artillerymen who manned their forty cannon and sixty maxims. The artillerists were farmer boys, smooth-faced, and from sixteen to eighteen years old. They were trained by Boer officers principally. I think there were as officers, also, two young Hollanders, and two Germans, who had long resided in the Transvaal.

These young Boer officers and smooth-faced farmer boys proved themselves the most remarkable artillerists in the world. The Free State and Transvaal were exactly on the same footing as to readiness for war, and neither was, therefore, in any sense of the word, prepared for a struggle with the mightiest Empire of the world.

The total population of the Free State and Transvaal combined did not exceed 250,000 men, women and children; while that of Great Britain and her colonies runs up to something like 350,000,000. The Transvaal and the Free State are two inland countries several hundred miles from the coast; so England had no reason to fear trouble in landing her troops at any of her many coast towns. The Transvaal and the Free

State are divided into districts, and each district is divided into veldtcornetcies. In each veldtcornetcy there is a veldtcornet, elected by his constituents, who is a civil officer in time of peace and the military leader of the men in his veldtcornétcy, in time of war.

A commandant is appointed, and given command of one, two, or more veldtcornetcies, depending upon circumstances. Each veldtcornet divides up his men into corporalships of twenty-five men, and over each corporalship he appoints a corporal. The commandant general (commander-in-chief), who is elected by the whole people, appoints a vecht-general (fighting general), who commands one, two or more commandancies, also depending upon circumstances. Assistant commandant-generals are appointed by the chief, to assist him in various districts; these, of course, hold command over the vecht-generals. In time of peace there is but one general, and that is the commandant-general, who is also a member of the President's staff, called the Executive Council. In time of war all the other generals are appointed as they are required.

At the beginning of the war, there existed what you might call a Commissary and Quartermaster Department. These Departments load the trains with rations and clothing, and ship them to the front for the supply of the burghers. Each

veldtcornet, on their arrival, sends his wagons, and gets all they can haul without requisition. The corporal in charge simply signs a receipt for what he gets. On the wagons arriving at the camp, the burghers go and help themselves to what they want. This never causes any trouble, for the burghers are always ready to divide up with each other whatever food or clothing they may have. I mention these two departments, because it is the first time in Boer history that they ever existed. They continued to exist for about ten months and then disappeared, and it is my opinion that all were better off; for then we had to come down to straight mealie pap (corn meal mush), and fresh beef. Commissary Departments kill more soldiers than are killed by bullets. When living on nothing but "mealie pap" and fresh meat, all are healthy, strong, energetic and full of fight. The Boer war has proved this; for during the last two years of the war we had nothing else to eat, and we lost but one man from sickness; and did the hardest work and best fighting, and in the end, when the general surrender came, the world had never seen 24,000 stronger, healthier and more dashing patriots than those who laid down their faithful rifles to save their women and children from extinction.

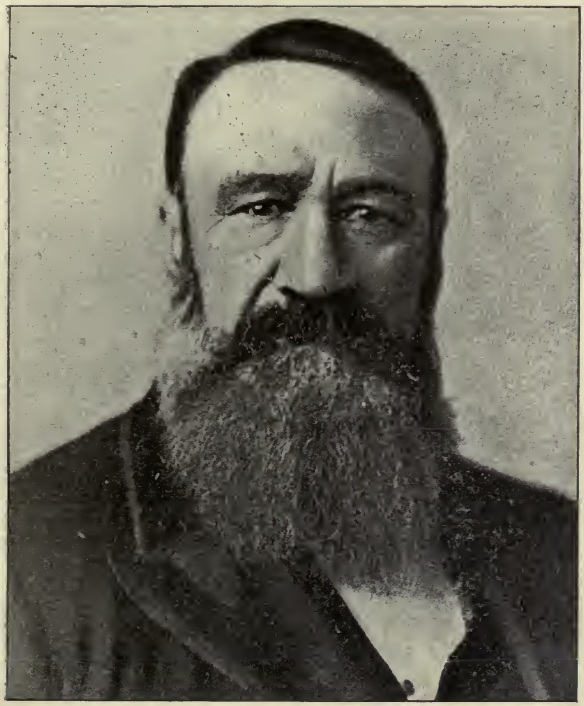
I now arrive at the point when the rapidity with which telegrams were passing back and forth on the telegraph lines was such, that the iron poles

were fairly melting to the ground, and when President Kruger was finally convinced that war could not by any possibility be averted, and that the so-called great Christian nation, his foe, was bent on spilling the blood of thousands of innocent people, in order to satiate its thirst for gold.

The feeble old man, the time-battered old soldier, the fervent old patriot, the bulwark of the Boer nation, now prayed God to direct him and his people and give them strength to preserve and enjoy their liberty and independence. Commandant-General Piet Joubert, being authorized to proceed to the defence of the land, sent messengers to all the veldtcornets, with directions to call the burghers to arms, and proceed to Laing's Nek, on the Natal border, to meet the invasion of the British Army. The same orders were given in the Free State, for the burghers to go to the Cape Colony border, and resist the British Army assembled there. A small body of burghers was sent toward Mafeking to protect the western border. These orders were issued during the last days of September, 1899.

On October 1st, there were more than 10,000 burghers on the Natal border, and at the same time the Free State burghers had assembled on the border of the Colony.

It was at this time that the Irish and the Irish-Americans of Johannesburg and Pretoria, about



COMMANDANT GENERAL PIET JOUBERT.

300 strong, had assembled, and asked me to take command of them to help the Boers in their battle for freedom. I accepted the command on the condition that not one of them would *expect* or *accept* one cent of money for his services, and that all would fight purely for their love of liberty, and for down-trodden Ireland. This condition having been unanimously accepted, horses, arms, ammunition, etc., were at once procured, and off we went for the Natal border, where we joined the Boers on October 6th. It was quick work, but it is so easy to do things quickly, with a command of true and patriotic Irishmen, overjoyed and brimming full of enthusiasm at the prospect of giving a blow to Ireland's life-long enemy and oppressor.

Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill are on the border, between Natal and the Transvaal. We were on one side of the Nek, and the English on the other, both parties awaiting further developments. Finally, on October 9th, General Joubert sent a demand to the British Government for the recall of the English troops from the Transvaal border. The British declined, all communications were broken off, and war was declared on the following day, October 11th.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOER ULTIMATUM—THE BRIGADE AT THE FRONT—BUTCHERY OF PRISONERS BY ENGLISH LANCERS.

"The Government of the South African Republic feels itself compelled to refer the Government of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, once more to the Convention of London, 1884, concluded between this Republic and the United Kingdom, and which in its XIVth Article secures certain rights to the whole population of the Republic; namely, that 'All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic, (a) will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic; (b) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises; (c) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; (d) they will not be subject, in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic.' This Government wishes further to observe, that the above are only rights

MRS. JOUBERT

Widow of Commandant General Piet Joubert

which Her Majesty's Government have reserved in the above Convention with regard to the Uitlander population of this Republic, and that the violation only of those rights could give that Government a right to diplomatic representations or intervention while, moreover, the regulation of all such questions affecting the position or the rights of the Uitlander population under the above-mentioned Convention, is handed over to the Government and the representatives of the people of the South African Republic. Amongst the questions, the regulation of which falls exclusively within the competence of the Government and the Volksraad, are included those of the franchise and representation of the people of this Republic, and, although thus the exclusive right of this Government, and of the Volksraad, for the regulation of that franchise and representation is indisputable, yet this Government has found occasion to discuss, in a friendly fashion, the franchise and the representation of the people, with Her Majesty's Government, without, however, recognizing any right thereto on the part of Her Majesty's Government. This Government has also, by the formulation of the now existing Franchise Law, and the Resolution with regard to representation, constantly held these friendly discussions before its eyes. On the part of Her Majesty's Government, however, the friendly

nature of these discussions has assumed a more threatening tone, and the minds of the people in this Republic and in the whole of South Africa have been excited, and a condition of extreme tension has been created, while Her Majesty's Government could no longer agree to the legislation respecting franchise and the Resolution respecting representation in this Republic, and finally, by your note of the twenty-fifth of September, 1899, broke off all friendly correspondence on the subject, and intimated that they must now proceed to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement, and this Government can only see in the above intimation from Her Majesty's Government, a new violation of the Convention of London, 1884, which does not reserve to Her Majesty's Government the right to a unilateral settlement of a question which is exclusively a domestic one for this Government, and has already been regulated by it.

"On account of the strained situation and the consequent serious loss in, and interruption of, trade in general, which the correspondence respecting the franchise and representation in this Republic carried in its train, Her Majesty's Government have recently pressed for an early settlement, and finally pressed, by your intervention, for an answer within forty-eight hours (subsequently somewhat modified), to your note of

the twelfth of September, replied to by the note of this Government of the fifteenth of September, and your note of the twenty-fifth of September, 1899, and thereafter further friendly negotiations broke off, and this Government received the intimation that the proposal for a final settlement would shortly be made, but although this promise was once more repeated, no proposal has up to now reached this Government. Even while friendly correspondence was still going on, an increase of troops on a large scale was introduced by Her Majesty's Government and stationed in the neighborhood of the borders of this Republic. Having regard to occurrences in the history of this Republic, which it is unnecessary here to recall to mind, this Government felt obliged to regard this military force in the neighborhood of its borders as a threat against the independence of the South African Republic, since it was aware of no circumstances which could justify the presence of such a military force in South Africa, and in the neighborhood of its borders. In answer to an enquiry with respect thereto, addressed to His Excellency the High Commissioner, this Government received, to its great astonishment, in reply, a veiled insinuation that from the side of the Republic (van Republikeinsche zyde) an attack was being made on Her Majesty's Colonies, and at the same time a mysterious reference to possibilities;

whereby it was strengthened in its suspicion that the independence of this Republic was being threatened. As a defensive measure, it was therefore obliged to send a portion of the burghers of this Republic, in order to offer the requisite resistance to similar possibilities. Her Majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this Republic, in conflict with the Convention of London, 1884, caused by the extraordinary strengthening of troops in the neighborhood of the borders of this Republic, has thus caused an intolerable condition of things to arise, whereto this Government feels itself obliged, in the interest not only of this Republic but also of South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible, and feels itself called upon, and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis for an immediate termination of this state of things, and to request Her Majesty's Government to give it the assurance.

(*a*) That all points of mutual difference shall be regulated by the friendly course of arbitration, or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this Government with Her Majesty's Government.

(*b*) That the troops on the borders of this Republic shall be instantly withdrawn.

(*c*) That all reinforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since the first of June, 1899, shall be removed from South

Africa, within a reasonable time, to be agreed upon with this Government, and with a mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this Government, that no attack upon or hostilities against any portion of the possessions of the British Government shall be made by the Republic, during further negotiations within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the Governments, and this Government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the armed burghers of this Republic from the borders.

(*d*) That Her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any part of South Africa.

"This Government must press for an immediate and affirmative answer to these four questions, and earnestly requests Her Majesty's Government to return such an answer before or upon Wednesday the eleventh of October, 1899, not later than 5 p. m., and it desires further to add, that in the event of unexpectedly no satisfactory answer being received by it within that interval (it) will with great regret be compelled to regard the action of Her Majesty's Government as a formal declaration of war, and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that in the event of any further movement of troops taking

place within the above mentioned time in the nearer direction of our borders, this Government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war."

The reply was as follows:

"H. M.'s AGENCY, PRETORIA,

"October 11th, 1899.

"Sir,—I am instructed by the High Commissioner to state to you that Her Majesty's Government have received with great regret the peremptory demands of the Government of the South African Republic, conveyed to me in your note on the 9th inst., and I am to inform you in reply that the conditions demanded by the Government of the South African Republic are such as Her Majesty's Government deem it impossible to discuss.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"W. CONYNGHAM GREEN, C. B.

Those assembled on the Natal border, October 11th, will never forget that day, not only because it was the first day of the war which was to be recorded as one of the greatest in the annals of history, but because it was so bitterly cold and stormy. A strong wind was blowing, heavy and murderous looking clouds were rolling and tumbling about our heads. Snow was falling on the mountains, and while the heavens and the earth were thus warring with each other, the Boers filed

across Laing's Nek, to defend their homes and country against aggressive and greedy England. Among the Boers there are no discipline, no drilling, no inspections, no roll calls, every man feeling himself a general with full authority to do as he pleases. So they began the war, so they prosecuted the war, and so they finished the war. The severe cold and apparent confusion and disorder among the Boers, as they cantered off like so many Apache Indians toward Laing's Nek, did not seem to make the slightest impression on the boys of the Irish Brigade. They had something else to think about, and they were doing a lot of thinking. Of all the horses for them, there were not over twenty broken to the saddle, and among the boys themselves, there were not over a half a dozen who had ever tried to ride a horse. Now, one can easily see why the Irish boys were doing so much thinking. They did not wish to be left behind, yet each one felt that there was a great uncertainty as to how friendly the relations between himself and the horse might be.

The time came when the order was given to saddle up. Every one, with the enthusiasm of a true soldier hastened to make good the order. After a good two hours' struggle, every horse was ready for his rider. The men were told to mount, each in his own way, and to make every effort to hold the saddle after once he found it. As they were

told to lay aside their rifles until they had become on friendly terms with their horses, they were not hampered with any impediment except their inexperience. Having mounted, I scarcely know what happened during the next five minutes, but I saw men in camp, on the veldt, in fact, all about me, picking themselves up, shaking the sand off them, and chasing here and there and everywhere a lot of horses from which they had just separated. Having caught their horses they were told to try again and keep trying again, until they and their horses became thoroughly acquainted with each other. For hours I sat and witnessed and enjoyed the best show I had ever seen or ever expect to see. But the men were Irish, and were not to be defeated as long as there was life in them. I kept no account of how many times each mounted his horse, and immediately thereafter turned a somersault, but, when, at the conclusion of the performance, each rode up and said he was ready for his rifle, I felt proud of them, for they showed the real Irish pluck and grit that are destined some day to free Ireland. Within one week from that day I could call each one of those Irish boys a truly good cavalryman. They learned to ride much sooner than they learned to know their horses.

A few of them, to be sure, would tie a piece of ribbon in the mane or tail, and would always hunt for their ribbons instead of their horses. This

gave rise, months after, to some trouble in which Father Van Hecke, the Brigade Chaplain, was implicated. Father Van Hecke always tied a green rag into his horse's mane so that he could find him quickly. He rode a bay pony, and a good pony he was, that Father Van Hecke thoroughly appreciated.

One day one of the mischievous boys thought he would play a trick on the good Father. He went out, caught the Father's pony, removed the green rag and tied it into the mane of a sorrel pony, not half so good as the Father's. When the order was given to saddle-up, out went the Father, and the boys and Boers, each for his own horse. Father Van Hecke found the green rag, caught the sorrel pony and started to camp with him. At this moment up came the Boer who owned the pony, claimed him and accused the Father of trying to steal his horse. Father Van Hecke informed the Boer that he thought he had ridden that horse long enough to know him, and that the green rag was his mark. The Boer used rather strong language, but the Father would not surrender his pony to any one. Finally I was sent for to settle the matter.

About twenty feet from the two equally certain owners of that sorrel pony, stood the Father's pony. I pointed him out to the Father and told him I thought that some of the boys had played a trick

on him by removing the green rag from his pony and transferring it to the Boer's. The Father smiled and gave the Boer his horse, but I think to-day that that Boer is convinced that Father Van Hecke was trying to steal his horse. Father Van Hecke is a noble, good man with a warm, sympathetic heart, and as such he will always be remembered by the boys of the Irish Brigade.

Already the last of the Boers had disappeared over Laing's Nek, when the boys reported that they were ready for their rifles, so each secured his piece, and off we started without further delay. All were worrying for fear the Boers would have a fight with the English before we arrived. After travelling about twenty minutes we began to feel the biting cold and I was asked to give them a gallop.

I told them the idea was a good one, but I had grave fears about the consequences. "Oh, that's all right. We are all right, Colonel, we have shown these horses what we can do." I started off on a slow gallop, and within two minutes at least one-third of the boys were deposited on the veldt, and it took the other two-thirds about half an hour to round up the loose horses and put matters into marching order again. After that I had no further delay, but I never repeated the gallop until near Dundee, where every man sat his horse in true cavalryman style. Late that night we overtook the

Boers at Newcastle, the boys being very tired and stiff, but none complained, for they had, so far, not missed the first fight.

What an enthusiastic and patriotic body of men those Irish boys were! They seemed to feel that if they could give England one good blow, their happiness would be an assured fact. The very fact that the Irish, where ever you find them, so utterly despise the English, and so earnestly long to blow the whole English race into eternity, is in itself sufficient proof that the English rule in Ireland is cruel and brutal.

All had now passed over Laing's Nek and down the mountains into the valley. Here it was warm, but as disagreeable as ever, in fact more so, for it was rain, rain, rain, day and night, and the thick clouds of mist were actually rolling along the ground. At times we could not see twenty paces ahead of us, so it was necessary to move cautiously, because we knew that the English were falling back toward Dundee just ahead of us. Thoroughly soaked to the very skin, all plowed through the mud, felt their way through the mist and clouds, passed Danhausser, and camped about seven miles from Dundee. On the following day, the clouds were motionless, but resting heavily on the adjacent mountains and foot-hills, while the valleys were quite clear. It was apparent to all now, that a battle must take place, and that, too, in a very

short time. Just as all horses were saddled and the artillery inspanned, and ready to move out, about two miles to our left and front we discovered a column of English emerging from a cloud on the foothills across the valley. Every Boer that happened to see them put spurs to his horse, and after them he went. Of course a lot of the Irish boys followed suit in great haste. The English whirled about and took refuge in a great stone cattle kraal. In five minutes the rifles began to speak on both sides—in another five minutes a French cannon was sent out, and fired a couple of shells, and five minutes later the white flag was waving above the heads of the English, and all was quiet again. Colonel Moller with his 196 well trained Eigtheenth Hussars, had surrendered to forty untrained farmers. We now learned that Lucas Meyer, who had taken a road much to the east of us, had attacked Dundee, and been forced back because General Daniel Erasmus, who was to co-operate with him, had failed to show up. Colonel Moller had been sent out to follow up the Boers, and according to his own statement had lost himself, and hadn't the slightest idea where he was, although Dundee was only six miles away. Of the 196 Irishmen captured, eighty-five begged to join the Irish Brigade and fight with the Boers. I wanted to take them on the spot, but the Boer officers did not consider it right, because, they said, if any of them were afterwards captured, the English

would surely shoot them. When first captured, all were half scared to death and the first thing they wished to know was whether the Boers would shoot them or not. When told that they would be sent to Pretoria, where they would probably spend most of their time in playing cricket and football, they were, one and all, positively delighted that they had surrendered. They said that their officers had told them in Natal, that the Boers were savages, worse than the Zulus, and that so sure as any of them were captured, just so sure they would be killed.

While the men scarcely believed all their officers had told them, yet they were uncertain, because they had never seen a Boer and didn't know just what kind of a ruffian he was. The men of the Eighteenth Hussars had now learned what a liar and a hypocrite the English officer is.

These are harsh words, but it requires just such words to bring out the naked truth about the English officer. There were very few officers who were not branded as liars by their men, after it was learned how the savage Boer treated the Eighteenth Hussars.

Within the next few months we had captured several thousand prisoners, and they all told the same story and it was just as related above. That is enough about the English officer at this stage of the war, but I assure him that I will give him

plenty of attention before this narrative is finished. To continue, we now heard that the English were moving out of Dundee to take possession of the hills lying between us and the town. The Irish Brigade were ordered to move at a gallop and reach the hills first, and we succeeded. The English were to be seen at different places in the little circular valley in which Dundee is situated. This valley is about six miles in diameter and surrounded by hills and mountains. Several deep ravines run through it, and in them a whole army could easily be concealed. Dundee was near the hills on the east side, and Glencoe near the hills on the west side of the valley. Had the English troops taken possession of the hills and mountains around Dundee, I do not believe we could have taken the place. General Penn-Symons had about 6,000 men there and eighteen cannon, and for defence his position was most excellent. Fortunately for the Boers, he did not take advantage of his position, and the result was that 1,000 Boers were chasing the Lancers armed with cold British steel, about that little valley nearly a whole day. The English seemed afraid to move eastward of Dundee, yet there were no Boers there, as Lucas Meyer had fallen back some fifteen miles. The Boers in bands of 100 or 200 placed themselves about the north and west sides of the valley, and here it was that the Lancers, in bands of 400 strong, would try to find an

outlet. At every point the Boers would meet them with a few shots, and off went the cold British steel in search of another outlet. The mountains were rugged and steep on the southeast side, and there was but one pass through to the valley, and that leads to Ladysmith. At times it would rain, and then again the heavy clouds would roll over the valley and totally obscure the whole scene of action.

The whole day, however, was to the Boer something like a day of sports, for they had enjoyed themselves chasing the Lancers about the valley as so many springboks. When night came, it was terribly dark, and now it was that Colonel Yule and his 6,000 men, armed with cold British steel, took advantage of the only outlet to the south and made their escape to Ladysmith, some thirty miles away. During the battle with Lucas Meyer, General Penn-Symons was killed, and Colonel Yule succeeded him. For this masterly escape of Colonel Yule and 6,000 men from about 1,000 Boers at Dundee, the English proclaimed to the world their great victory, and promoted Yule to the rank of Major-General. In any other army he would have been put aside in disgrace. I am not sure whether he received a Victoria Cross or not, but if he didn't he certainly deserved one. On the following day Dundee surrendered, with about 250 officers and wounded men, and almost an equal

number of prisoners. Enough food and ammunition fell into our hands to provide our command for many months. The English, as usual, after one of their great victories, had forgotten to bury the dead who had fallen at Talana Hill two days before, in the fight with Lucas Meyer; they had dug a shallow pit and thrown in some of them.

But when we arrived, their hands and feet and stomachs were protruding above its surface and presented a most revolting scene. Thirty-nine dead bodies were left unburied, and the savage Boer gave them decent interment. It was near this very spot that, two days beforehand, the English, on getting possession of Dr. Van Der Merwe and his ambulance, tied ropes about his neck, and the necks of his Red Cross assistants, and then, having fastened the ropes to their wagons, dragged them off as prisoners of war.

Mr. Englishman can't deny this, but he may lie about it. Something else fell into our hands here, something that has caused Mr. Chamberlain to tell many a falsehood to the world. We captured thousands of dum-dum bullets and split bullets, and gave plenty of them to the different foreign consuls. I had the pleasure of supplying the whole Irish Brigade with these dum-dum bullets and split bullets, and the English Lee-Metford rifles captured at Dundee. The Boers thought it a pity to waste them also, so they too supplied

themselves. We gave the English back their own medicine in big doses at Ladysmith, and many and numerous graves in and about that town mark the results.

The prisoners captured at Kraaipan were all carrying dum-dum bullets, and all the cartridges fired at Rietfontein near Elandslaagte were dum-dum bullets; and, Mr. Englishman, we would never have known what dum-dum bullets were, had you not brought them to South Africa and given them to us. Bring some more, next time. If asked why we didn't capture Colonel Yule and his 6,000 men, as well as all they possessed, I answer that we had no generals — we had only Lucas Meyer and Daniel Erasmus, and the fighting brains of the two together, would not suffice to make an efficient corporal; much as we deplored their determination not to fight, yet we found a little satisfaction in the fact that we saw that awfully, awful death-dealing "cold British steel" in an awfully, awful, terrible tremble. How is that, Mr. Englishman?

We now passed on towards Ladysmith where we hoped to have a shake not only with Colonel Yule, but also with General Sir George White, Generals French, Hunter and other terrors of the English army. Lucas Meyer fought General Penn-Symons on October 20th, and on October 21st was fought the Battle of Elandslaagte. That good, unfortunate old soldier, General J. H. M. Koch, was in

command of a mixed commando of Boers, Germans and Hollanders, numbering something like 600 or 700 men, all told. He should have closed up the only pass through which Colonel Yule could escape, but he didn't. He was persuaded by his under officers to go towards Ladysmith, and at Elandslaagte, fifteen miles from Ladysmith, his men unfortunately captured a supply train on its way to Dundee. On that train was plenty of whiskey and wines, and all the men thought it best to dispose of such beverages by drinking them; the result was that many were not in very good fighting trim. General French was sent out with his thousands of trained soldiers, bristling with cold, British steel, to meet General Koch and his little band of 600. They met, and a bloody battle was fought, in which the Boers were defeated, General Koch mortally wounded, and many other distinguished men lost their lives, among them being that brave and patriotic Hollander and States Prosecutor, Dr. Hermanus Coster. General Koch had no position at all, for it was open to cavalry movements on all sides, and offered no protection in any sense of the word. He should have retreated at once, but he didn't, so it simply remains for me to tell what happened.

We lost forty-five men killed, about one 100 wounded, and something like 190 taken prisoners. Not over 300 escaped, so it proved a bad day's

work for us, and allowed the British to boast of the prowess of cold British steel throughout the civilized world. The British officer, and the soldier, too, are both justified in their boasting, for they used their cold British steel as it had, I hope, never been used before. They went about the battle field driving their lances through the bodies of both the dead and wounded, that each might carry his bloody lance back into Ladysmith, display it, and boast to the men, women and children of the town, of the bravery of him who carried it. I will here insert a letter or two, to convict the boasters in their own words. These letters have often been published before, but they cannot be published too often, for the people of the world should know all about cold British steel, and how it is invariably used. Many an unarmed negro has fallen victim to cold British steel, so it is well for all to read the following letters, and, having read them, apply to the British army for lessons in chivalry, and on the best methods of carrying on civilized warfare in the twentieth century.

"After the enemy were driven out, one of our squadrons pursued, and got right in among them in the twilight, and most excellent pig-sticking ensued, for about ten minutes, the bag being about sixty. One of our men stuck his lance through two, killing them both at once. Had it not been getting dark we should have killed more."

The above is a published extract from a British officer's letter and speaks for itself.

The Lancers wrote many letters, boasting of their savagery and many acts of murder, as the following published extracts will show.

"We charged them, and they went on their knees begging of us to shoot them, rather than stab them with our lances, but in vain. The time had come for us to do our work and we did it."

Another Lancer boasts as follows: —

"I got hold of one Boer,"— he had taken an enemy prisoner,— "he did not know what I intended doing, so I made motions to him to run for his life. So he went, and I galloped after him with the sergeant's sword, and cut his head right off his body."

Another Lancer writes: —

"We just gave them a good dig as they lay. Next day most of the lances were bloody."

Now read this extract from a happy Lancer, and I will pass the rest: —

"Many of our soldiers are quite rich with the loot that has fallen to them. The infantry regiments profited to the largest extent. One Tommy secured a pocket-book containing 270 pounds in Transvaal money. Our boys are parading about now with gold watches, chains, and other trinkets."

He might have added with truth, that he and his comrades cut off many fingers in order to

remove the rings, and that they are to-day wearing those rings on their fingers as souvenirs of their savage and bloody deeds.

May the day be not far distant when a humane and God-fearing people can erect a monument on that bloody battle field to perpetuate, from generation to generation, the memory of those loathsome deeds of pelf and murder committed by self-convicted British officers and soldiers on the plains of Elandslaagte!

We now mentally resolved to deal with every British soldier caught with a lance in his hand as the interest of humanity might demand, and marched on towards Ladysmith, the last resting place of many of Elandslaagte's cowardly murderers, and the grave of cold British steel. We came in sight of Ladysmith on October 27th.

We halted to discuss and make plans. It was very necessary, too, for there was a much larger force in Ladysmith than we had, and the chances were that we would get a good thrashing. I was asked if I would go to the Tugela River and blow up the railway bridge, which was fifteen miles south of Ladysmith, that no guns and re-enforcements might come from Maritzburg. I said I would if they would provide me with a guide. The guide having been presented, I called upon my men for volunteers, and explained to them that it was a dangerous piece of work, but that I thought we

were equal to it. Fifteen promptly responded, and that was all I wanted. The entire Boer force then moved on, and the fifteen men and myself remained where we were.

As we had no dynamite, I sent little Mike Halley and two other men back to a coal mine, about six miles distant, for about 100 pounds of it. A coolie was in charge of the mine, and he swore that there was no dynamite there. Mike made him get a candle and show him into the mine, that he might see for himself. On reaching a dark shaft, the candle was lighted, and at once there was an explosion. McCormick was badly burned about the face, Dick McDonough's hands suffered, and Mike looked as if his head had been submerged in a pot of boiling water. However, they did not give up their search, and at last found some dynamite, fuse and detonators. Just as they returned, General Joubert came upon us from another direction, and asked me what I was doing, and why I had not gone on with the main force. I told him what I had been requested to do, and that the boys had just arrived with the dynamite. He said he could not think of allowing us to do it, that it was too dangerous, that all of us would be killed, etc. I told him that in war people had to take chances, and that I thought we could do the work and come out all right. But he would not allow us to go, and directed that we should go with him to the main

force near Ladysmith. He afterwards acknowledged that he had made a mistake, for had the bridge been blown up, neither marines nor naval guns could have reached Ladysmith. It was this force and these guns that enabled the English to stand the siege and save Ladysmith from being captured.

This town is situated in a little valley on the banks of Klip River, and is almost completely surrounded by mountains, high and precipitous. Modderspruit runs from the east through a narrow valley between Lombard's Kop and Pepworth Hill, and empties into Klip River near the town. The distance from the tops of the mountains and from the crest of Pepworth Hill was, on an average, about 6,000 yards. General Sir George White, with his 13,000 trained soldiers and fifty cannon, held and occupied all the mountains, but ignored Pepworth Hill, lying to the north-east at a distance of about 6,000 yards from the town. Nickolson's Nek on the north did not command the town, so that, too, was not occupied by the British. Some low hills to the north-west were also unoccupied, so it was plain what we had to do in the first instance.

The Free Staters came in through Van Reenen's Pass and occupied the low hills to the north-west and a part of Nickolson's Nek. The Transvaalers were on the hills on the north, Pepworth

Hill, and along the ridge near Modderspruit, and in an easterly direction from the town.

Ladysmith with its surrounding mountains is certainly a most excellent position both for offensive and defensive operations; and had a good commander been in Sir George White's place, he could have easily defeated and routed the Boers on their first appearing.

It was White's stupidity and inability that locked him up in Ladysmith, and kept him there, just as it was someone's great love of humanity that prevented us from taking the town on October 30th. The Irish Brigade and Ermelo Commando were placed in the centre, on Pepworth Hill, as a guard to Long Tom, two French field guns and two pom-pom maxims. Christian De Wet with some Free Staters, and Erasmus with some Transvaalers, together with the Johannesburg police, were in and about Nickolson's Nek on the right, Lucas Meyer and Schalk Burger, and Captain Pretorius with his cannons on our left, occupied a long ridge and some small hills near the eastern part of Lombard's Kop. The total Boer forces did not exceed 8,000 men with ten cannon.

Saturday, the 28th, passed without a shot being fired. Sunday came, and some of the Irish boys grew restless and complained that they were hungry. I am sure they were, too, for I know I was. We had precious little to eat for about two weeks, for it had

A PART OF THE IRISH BRIGADE AT LADYSMITH.

been raining steadily for that time and we had been constantly on the move. Three of the boys urged so earnestly their request to go to a farm house near the town for a pig, that I finally gave them permission. When within about 500 yards of the house they discovered and shot a fat, half-grown pig. Much to their surprise, within the wall around the house were some English soldiers, who at once opened fire upon them. Hot times then ensued, but in the end the boys came out all right and brought the pig to camp. These were the first shots exchanged between the English and our men at Ladysmith.

The Irish camp was about 300 yards in the rear of the guns, and our guards were posted in front of them and on the crest of the hill. About two o'clock on Monday morning one came down, woke me and told me that a balloon was moving along the valley not far from the hill, and he evidently felt excited about it, for he asked me if I didn't think "they were after dropping dynamite on us." When I told him that the object of the men in the balloon was to find out our strength and position, he felt perfectly satisfied and returned to his post.

During the night, Tom Haney was on guard and Mick Ryan was to relieve him. When the hour arrived, Mick picked up his rifle and went to take his post. On approaching, Tom said "Halt! Who

comes there?" "It is Mick," was the reply, and he approached. Tom said, "See here, Mick, you must not answer 'Mick' when you are challenged, but 'friend.'" Mick's reply was, "Now, Tom, how can I answer, 'friend,' when I haven't a friend in the world?"

From the balloon incident I knew there would be trouble in the early morning. At the first sign of dawn I got up and went to the hill crest. I had not sat there long before it became light enough for me to use my glasses. Within about two minutes, I discovered twenty-four cannon about 2,500 yards distant, and pointed right toward Pepworth Hill. Near them was a long line of Lancers and some cavalry. Beyond them and nearer to Lombard's Kop, I saw a lot more cavalry. To our right and front, I saw ten companies of infantry marching towards us. They were halted and concealed behind some rocks, at about 1,500 yards from us. I had seen enough to be convinced that there was going to be a fight, and that no time was to be lost. I sent one of the guards to tell the boys to come quickly, for there was going to be a hot fight. He found them making coffee and preparing pig for breakfast. They forgot their coffee and pig and every thing else, except their rifles and ammunition, and came running up that hill like a band of wild Apaches. As fast as they arrived they would call out, "Where are the English?"

After all had taken a good look at the cannon and cavalry in front of them, I simply told them to remember that they were Irishmen, and then put them in a position on the right of the guns. Commandant Trichardt had discovered the English batteries at the same time that I did, and after the Ermelo Commando had taken its position at the left of the guns, he prepared for immediate action. It was just 5.45 a. m. Sunday when a long column of curling blue smoke rising from Long Tom told us that a six-inch shell was on its way, to extend to the English an early welcome.

Within ten seconds the British batteries responded with twenty-four fifteen pound shells, and the Battle of Modderspruit was begun. The shells continued to come so thick and fast that by seven o'clock, Pepworth Hill was so enveloped with smoke that it was with difficulty at times to see the enemy.

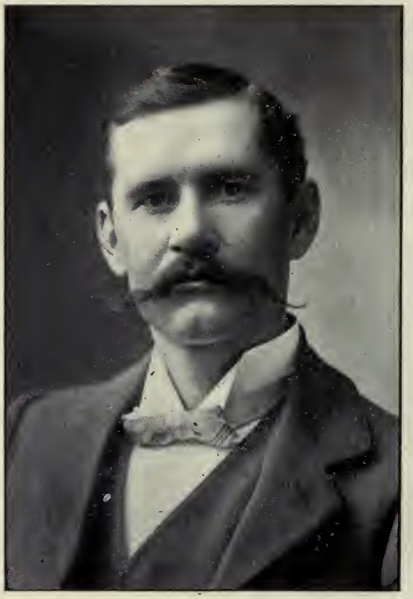
Shells were bursting over our heads, on the ground, among us, and great chunks of iron were whizzing about from stone to stone. At times the uproar was so great that we could scarcely hear each other speak, yet the Irish boys, who had not the least protection, never once showed any inclination to waver. They were there to protect their guns, and to fight the English, and though they could be killed, they were not to be driven away. It was about this time, seven o'clock, that

the Ermelo Commando could not stand it any longer, and nearly all of them fell back about one mile, and there awaited further developments.

Afterwards this same commando proved to be one of the best, bravest, and most reckless in the field.

It was about this time, too, that six of those artillery boys were killed and several wounded. This so weakened the artillery force at Long Tom that he could not be supplied with shells, and so had to stop fighting. Shells continued to rain upon us, and the English undoubtedly thought that Long Tom was disabled, as he had ceased to respond.

As no Boers could be found who would carry ammunition to Long Tom during such a shell storm, Commandant Grobler came to me about seven o'clock and asked for four volunteers from the Irish Brigade, to serve Long Tom, and I called upon the boys. In an instant every one clamored to go, and I sent seven instead of four, as being necessary. In another three minutes Long Tom roared again and it was plainly to be seen by the commotion it raised in the valley, that the English were utterly amazed. Of the seven men who volunteered and served Long Tom, two were shot. Now Long Tom and the two French field guns made it so very uncomfortable for the English that the number of shells that had been raining



MAJOR J. L. PRETORIUS

The acknowledged greatest artillerist of the world
by those who know him and his deeds.

upon us for the past hour and a half was reduced at least fifty per cent.

Between seven and eight o'clock the commandos under Lucas Meyer and Schalk Burger came into contact with French's cavalry on the extreme English right. We could plainly see warm rifle firing, and soon it grew to be terribly hot, and then we knew that the English would be so hard pushed that they would have to abandon any hope of breaking through our centre and capturing Long Tom and the French field guns. After a time that brave, keen-eyed artillerist and dashing officer, Captain J. L. Petrorius appeared on the scene with his pom-pom maxims, and so deadly was his fire that French's cavalry had to fall back.

Major Wolmorans brought his French guns into play on the English right also, and this forced some of the English guns to drop Pepworth Hill, and try their luck with Wolmorans. Wolmorans was too much for them, and we could see that the whole English line was beginning to tremble, yet the battle continued to rage and the bullets and shells were flying to and fro so thick and fast that it would seem impossible for any one to come out alive.

It was about this time, eight o'clock, that a shell caught me, smashed both the bones of my arm near the elbow, cut the tendon, nerve and artery and completely paralysed my whole arm. I went

to my horse, about 300 yards away, and was fortunate to find him alive, because most of them near him had been killed. A young Boer boy helped me to mount and I managed to reach a hospital tent about a mile away, but it was a close call, for I had grown very weak from loss of so much blood. As I passed my camp, I could not help smiling, for it was completely destroyed, and I knew that when the Irish boys saw it again, there would be plenty of Irish wit in the air.

Finally about two p. m. the Boer fire became so warm and deadly that the Lancers with their cold British steel, and the whole British army, bolted, and a pellmell retreat followed, in which everyone seemed bent on getting into Ladysmith as quickly as possible, regardless of consequences. Such was their anxiety to escape, that they crowded together like a flock of sheep, and it may be taken as a fact that Captain Pretorius did not fail to try his pom-pom guns on such a magnificent target.

The Lancers threw away their cold British steel, helmets, guns, ammunition, and everything of weight that might impede fast running; and so ended the Battle of Modderspruit.

On our right at Nickolson's Nek, something happened that we on Pepworth Hill knew nothing about, till the battle was over, although the Nek was in plain view. During the previous night, General White sent two regiments under Colonel

Carleton to take possession of Nickolson's Nek and the adjoining big hill. Before they reached the Nek, some Boer guards saw them and fired upon them. Colonel Carleton, who was in command, had with him a lot of pack mules carrying several mountain guns. It seems these mules did not like fighting, so they deserted with their cannon and joined the Boers. However, Colonel Carleton got the Nek and the big hill much to his regret. The wily Christian De Wet (afterwards General De Wet) happened to be near at hand. In the early morning some Pretoria town boys, Johannesburg police, and a few Free Staters discovered the unwise Colonel and his men on the Nek and hill. Having placed themselves in a sluit about 1,000 yards away, they gave the Colonel a warm rifle salute. Carleton and his men of course responded. Cunning De Wet took about 200 Free Staters, slipped around the hill, crept up it and fired into Colonel Carleton's rear. No man likes to be shot in the rear, so Colonel Carleton hoisted his white flag, and with about 900 of his men went to Pretoria to see Oom Paul. Of course General White thinks that if the mules with the cannon had not stampeded, Colonel Carleton would have been all right and would have given the Boers particular — well, I will put it mildly and say fits.

Now a word about those mountain guns. The Boers would take a good look at them, give a

sarcastic smile and walk away. Those guns are about as much use in war as so many popguns would be, and it is a question with me whether I would rather fire one of them or stand 100 feet in front of it, and let some one fire at me. They might prove useful in scaring unarmed niggers, who had never heard a loud noise. The Boers are not niggers, notwithstanding the fact that the whole British press labored hard during the year preceding the war to make the world believe they were niggers, and savage ones, too. The Boer has heard too many lions roar to be frightened to death by a popgun; but an incompetent British general must have some kind of an excuse to explain away his blunders, so General White attributes his defeat to the unfaithfulness of a mule, and receives the congratulations of his Queen. At the conclusion of the battle Commandant General Piet Joubert called up the Irish boys, thanked them, congratulated them, and told them that the brave stand they had made and their serving of Long Tom had prevented a grave disaster and enabled the Boers to gain a great victory over the enemy.

Young Tommie Oates, who carried the green flag, and young Cox, another brave boy, were both shot dead, and buried on Pepworth Hill, facing the enemies' position. Hugh Carbury was shot through the head, the bullet striking the very centre of his

forehead. How he lived for even an instant no one could understand. Dr. Max Mehliss and Dr. Lilpop took him, operated upon him and within three days he was walking about the temporary hospital. Finally orders were received for all the wounded, eighty-five in number, to be sent to Pretoria. I would not go, because I knew that I must stay near the Irish Brigade. Hugh Carbury went to Pretoria and so far recovered that he was walking around the town. In about three months he had a stroke of paralysis and died, and the Irish Brigade lost one of its best and bravest boys. Andy Higgins, Olsen, Kepner, Tinen, Barnes and Gaynor were also wounded, but all recovered. Many others had holes shot through their clothing but escaped uninjured. For months after this battle, the Irish boys and the Boers amused themselves playing a game known as "mumble peg" with the cold British steel that the Lancers on their hurried retreat thought unnecessary to carry with them into Ladysmith. The Lancers were now armed with rifles and converted into mounted infantry, and I don't think that a lance was ever after seen on any battle field during the rest of the war. When we captured the Eighteenth Hussars, we asked them for their flag and we were informed that they didn't carry any. Now Christian De Wet had captured two regiments, the Dublin Fusiliers and the Gloucesters, and when asked for their flags they answered that all regiments had

received orders to leave all colors and flags behind, locked up in the vaults at Durban, Pietermaritzburg and Cape Town. Of course every regiment was provided with the necessary white flag, and everyone found that flag a most useful and life-saving piece of cloth. Not a battalion and not a regiment carried either its own colors or its country's flag into the battle field, throughout the whole war. This alone should be sufficient proof of the cowardice and degeneracy of the British army, and at the same time explain the pig-sticking at Elandslaagte and the use of the dum-dum and split bullets by the soldiers.

There can be neither pride nor honor among either officers or soldiers of any army when they hide away their country's flag for safe keeping, on the eve of battle. I have an idea that every regiment considered the carrying of its colors and flag into battle from a business point of view, for if their flag were not carried into battle it would not be necessary to make requisition for a new supply after the battle. However, I will guarantee that any one visiting the various regimental headquarters throughout England, will find in every one of them a tattered and torn flag bearing the names of many great battles in South Africa in which it floated; and in which its brave defenders performed wonderful deeds and added another glorious victory to the British army in the face of overwhelming odds.

Every one asks "why didn't the Boers follow up this pell-mell retreat of the English into Ladysmith?" The fact is that the Boer is too pious, too religious and, therefore, too humane to battle with such an unscrupulous people as the English. Commandant General Piet Joubert was a grand man, grown old and mellow in the service of his country, a most religious and humane man, who looked upon the English as a Christian people, and he felt that it would be unchristian-like to follow up and shoot down his retreating enemy.

When the English were well out of range, and the commandos returned to their laagers, they held their services, and then began to make their coffee and prepare their food, as if nothing had happened. Every pot, kettle, blanket and tent, etc., in the Irish camp was simply riddled by shells, so that they had to be supplied with a completely new outfit. This resulted because our camp was about 300 yards in the rear of the guns, and the English guns were so located that every shell that passed over our heads must fall in or near it. Judging by appearances one could easily be made believe that about all the shells fired by the British landed in the camp, for it was certainly a total wreck.

Now that the battle was over, the dead and wounded must be cared for, and our ambulances were very busy the whole afternoon, because they had to pick up a dead or wounded man here and there along a line six miles in extent.

General White sent out his white flags requesting truce after truce, for one or two days or more, that he might be permitted to care properly for his dead or wounded. His ambulance men certainly were busy; at the same time his men were very busy in another way. All were occupied day and night in building forts, digging holes and throwing up earth works of various kinds. General Joubert, being very humane, granted White all the time he wished, to take care of his dead, but, of course, never once suspected that advantage would be taken of the truce to prepare defenses. The humanity of the Boer in time of war is his greatest weakness, while the unscrupulousness of the Englishman is his greatest strength in time of peace or war.

As a result of the English retreat, the Boers took possession of all the hills and mountains around Ladysmith, with the exception of one, and that one was of the greatest importance of them all. It was the Platrand, lying just south of Ladysmith. As the Boers did not occupy Platrand, the English after a time took possession of it. Had the Boers seized this Platrand, as well as the other positions, General White could not have held Ladysmith three days. About one-half the Boer forces were used to invest Ladysmith, the other half went to the Tugela River, and took position along the hills in front of Colenso, a little

town about fifteen miles south of Ladysmith. Within a week from the investment of Ladysmith, we had our maximum force in Natal, numbering nearly 12,500 men. They were distributed about Ladysmith, along Tugela River and at Helpmakaar, about fifty miles eastward of Ladysmith. The Irish Brigade took its position in the Modderspruit valley, about one mile to the east of Pepworth, and about 1000 yards from the hospital, where I could see it plainly. The Platrand and Ladysmith were in plain view, and about once a week the Irish brigade and camp was shelled. No damage was ever done, however. Although not yet recovered, I returned to duty on December 12, for I was needed. The Long Tom and howitzer on Pepworth Hill, were our especial care, and fifty of the boys slept with the guns every night during that long siege of four months. The hill is low and of very easy ascent on all sides, yet not once did the English ever try to interfere with the guns by any night attack. Commandant General Joubert's headquarters were to our left and rear about one mile, as we faced Ladysmith, and every white flag bearer from General White had to pass us to reach General Joubert. We would stop the bearer, forward the report, and have a chat with the gentleman from the city. They were always anxious to know just where the Irish camp was, and were always told just where it was, and had it

pointed out to them besides; yet the English never once attacked that camp except with cannon, either day or night during the siege. The English seemed to want us badly, but never could make up their minds to come and get us, although we offered them every inducement. In my opinion, it was a good thing for us that they didn't come, for we had no defences and were very few in number; still they would have had to pay a heavy price for anything they might get in that camp, for the Irish boys were fighters, and not to be frightened at the appearance of a large force of English. One Long Tom was placed on Lombard's Kop, another at Bulwana Kop, and still another on the low hills west of the town. Early in December, a strong force came out, ascended Lombard's Kop, blew up the Long Tom and a howitzer, and returned to town very jubilant, and they had reason to be, too, for it was a plucky piece of work.

There were twelve artillery boys with these guns, and no more. They managed to kill one, and wound four or five Tommies before they left their guns. Long Tom was sent to Pretoria, and in about two weeks, began to tell the English that he was well and hearty once more. Major Erasmus and Lieutenant Wynand Malan were highly censured by the Boer Government for neglect of duty, etc., in allowing these guns to be blown up, but they were truly innocent. They had tried by letter and

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Col. Blake, his two sons, Aldrich and Ledyard, in America, and Lieut. Wynand Malan who was so undeservedly held partially responsible for the destruction of Long Tom on Lombard's Kop.

every other way to get General Daniel Erasmus and Schalk Burger to give them a guard for the night, but no guard was ever given. If any one or two should be censured or shot, that one or two was General Erasmus and Schalk Burger. Lieutenant Malan proved himself to be a patriotic, efficient and brave soldier to the very end of the war. About ten days later the English made another night excursion to a high hill near Nicholson's Nek, and succeeded in blowing up a howitzer. They were about 700 strong, and to defend the howitzer, there were about 150 Pretoria town boys, and no better boys or soldiers ever shouldered the rifle. They were fighters, and met the English in a hand-to-hand combat. After the howitzer was blown up, a contest took place between the mauser and cold British steel. The mauser won easily, cold British steel was buried, and we have never heard from it from that day to this. The Boer's loss in the contest was three killed and four wounded. The British officially reported fifty-four killed and wounded, but I don't know how much truth there is in this report, because no faith can be put in any British report. The British officer always gives his report as so many killed and wounded and so many missing. The missing seldom show up, but this gives them the opportunity of fooling the British public, and creates an impression among

the people that they have gained a victory and not suffered a defeat. Of course people are always convinced that the missing will turn up either during the day or the night.

CHAPTER V.

BESIEGING LADYSMITH.

Not a day passed without a set-to taking place between one or more of the commandos and the English. If the latter did not come out, the Boers would go in, and, in many instances, some very hot skirmishes resulted. Such sports lasted usually about half an hour, when the English, almost invariably turned tail and ran back into their places of safety.

All burghers not directly engaged in these skirmishes, would secure good seats among the rocks and light their pipes and enjoy themselves watching these shooting matches, as much as they would Barnum's circus. One day about fifty of the Irish boys were induced to go on a visit to a big fort, right at the town, and they went; but just how they got out of the circle of fire within which they found themselves is a mystery to them and to me to this day, but all came back safe and sound, bringing with them a few good horses and mules, and reported one captain and three Tommies killed. They went without my knowledge, and certainly I would never have given my consent, for it was an

idiotic act on their part. The boys themselves, however, were not to blame. They were induced to believe that the Boers were going too, and that they would be strongly re-enforced by them. The Boers had no idea of going, for they had too much sense, and had the boys known this, they would never have gone; so they told me on their return. I was still in the hospital, and that is the reason I knew nothing about it. They complained to me that "they" were making fools of them and wanted me to return to camp and stop that kind of business. Nothing could possibly be gained by the venture, and the chances were a hundred to one that much loss of life would result. When the Boers saw them actually at the town they thought the Irish had gone crazy or had deserted to the English. For several days afterwards, some of the boys would slip around the ravines, get near the town, jump some horses and mules, and, at full speed, under cannon and maxim fire, return to camp. The English always kept some coolies on guard over their horses and mules, but just one shot was enough to put each coolie to flight. The English finally put up a trap to catch the boys and some of them came nearly falling into it. They concealed a hand maxim and two men in a pit near the horses, and with a small, but strong rope, tied each horse to a stake. The coolie had orders, of course, to run as soon as the Irish boys came in sight. It was supposed that the

boys would make a rush to start the horses off on a run, and, on finding the horses tied, would stop to loosen them. But the boys discovered the ropes, surmised that a trap was laid, and made a hasty retreat, though not before this concealed maxim and two men popped up above the ground and began to pepper them. Sergeant Major O'Reilly was particularly smart at this business, and he took no less than thirty horses and mules. He is Africander born, but an Irishman to the backbone, and has all the pluck and daring of his race. They were not permitted to go again after horses, because it was thought too risky.

The English were constantly trying to break through the Free Stater's line on the west side, for, having broken through them, they could cross the Tugela River near Spion Kop, go around the Boers at Colenso, and proceed to Maritzburg, so here it was that most of the heavy fighting took place during the siege. Yet with all their cannon and men, they could never break through that weak little line. The Free State men were bold, and would often rush through the English lines and bring out thousands of cattle, horses and mules. Almost every night there was an alarm, and, with two or three exceptions, it proved to be always a false one, but all had to turn out just the same, because it would not do to take any chances. The result was that everybody, at night, would roll up in his blanket

with boots and clothes on, that he might be ready in an instant to use his rifle. These alarms would generally occur between one and two o'clock in the morning, and when we heard the rifles popping away in many directions, out we would run, take our fighting positions and there sit and watch till daylight. I never rolled out of blanket but twice without feeling that the alarm was false, and on the first occasion I told the boys that we were in for a red hot fight. It was on this occasion that about 200 of the Lydenburg Commando were posted on guard to our left and front, that is, just in front of General Joubert's headquarters. It was about two o'clock in the morning when we were aroused by a rifle fire so terrific that one could easily have believed that all the forces about Ladysmith were engaged in a hot fight. Those Lydenburgers were so close that we felt we were actually in the fighting line, yet were not engaged. You may be sure that we did not lose a second in getting into our positions.

As the fighting continued, we could easily see the sparks of fire from the rifles, yet we could not see any English, nor could we discover any return fire. In this state of doubt and anxiety we sat and watched for half an hour, when the firing ceased. It ceased because the Lydenburgers, feeling that they could not hold their position any longer, retreated and took up another post at General Joubert's headquarters. For a circuit of three

miles all the commandos were in a terrible state of excitement because they believed that the English had made a strong attack on Joubert's headquarters. All the men felt that the English would have to clean up the Irish boys before the General's camp would be taken, but they didn't know but that the Irish boys had been finished. General Joubert was not in the least excited, but was very angry at the Lydenburgers for leaving their position, for he knew there were no English on the ground, otherwise they would have followed up. He sent a couple of good men to investigate. They found that a poor old mule had escaped from Ladysmith and had come out our way in search of something to eat and that poor old mule was quietly eating his grass as if nothing had happened, although at least 10,000 shots had been fired close to his ears. The Lydenburghers were then ordered back to their post and all was serene once more.

Now I shall tell about another alarm when I was sure we had a fight on hand. It was about two or three o'clock in the morning when hot firing was heard right by our camp, not to the left and front as before, but to our left and rear this time. I felt terribly frightened and hustled the men out as they were never hustled before. I felt sure that the English were actually firing into General Joubert's headquarters. The firing did not last more than three minutes; then all was

quiet again. One of the Irish boys went out to investigate. He moved carefully, and after awaiting about twenty minutes, returned and reported, "Oh it is those damned Lydenburgers again." Some Lydenburgers were guarding an English Kaffir spy that some of the Boer boys had captured, and, the night being dark, the Kaffir made a break for liberty. Not only the guard, but all the Lydenburgers, 1,000 strong, jumped out and began to fire, on the supposition that there must be some English somewhere in front.

That Lydenburg Commando could stir up more false alarms than all the other commandos around Ladysmith put together, yet during the whole war, I don't believe they were ever in a fight. David Schoeman was commandant and Piet Swartz was the chief veldtcornet, and wherever you found them, you might be sure you would find no English, and that you could lie down to sleep without any fear of being disturbed, except by a false alarm.

Every morning when it was sufficiently light to see moving objects in and about Ladysmith, all the Long Toms and howitzers would open up and drive every one into the hole provided for safety. After that, silence would reign until about ten a. m., when an artillery duel of ten or fifteen minutes' duration would be fought, just to vary the monotony. Then all would be quiet again until

about four p. m. when some English cavalry would come out to see if there were any gates open in the Free Stater's line. A lively skirmish would ensue, the English would fly back to their holes, and the day's work was done. As the English were kept in their holes all day, of course they had to get out and do their necessary work at night. The Boers thought they would hamper them somewhat in their work, so at sundown, they would load and aim all their cannon and at the hour of midnight would all fire at once. This caused the English so much annoyance that they in turn tried the same game on us, but never did us any harm. I have now given the usual program both for the day and night during the siege of Ladysmith, and while I could write page after page describing incident after incident that occurred during the long siege, yet I do not care to do it, because it would mean more work for me and prove tiresome to the reader.

In a nut-shell, the Boers had a delightful time, lived in luxury, had their sports, smoked their pipes, drank their coffee, entertained visiting friends and when there was a fight they were always ready for it.

CHAPTER VI.

BRITISH TREACHERY AT COLENSO.

Now I pass on to Colenso, where, in a short time some lively work was to be done, and, in passing, I must try to put the reader in a position to see the situation as it really was. Do not be frightened, however, for I am not going to give you long descriptions of positions or battles in the future, but will confine myself to relating just what I think will prove most interesting and nothing more. If my life depended upon it, I could not write even an approximately correct history of the war; and I am sure that no one else could do it, because the military operations were spread over such a large extent of country. Of course the London *Times* has published a correct history of the war, and so has Conan Doyle written and published a correct history of the war; the only time that a great newspaper and a popular novelist ever competed in the art of fiction. Both won.

During the Battle of Modderspruit, General Lucas Meyer fell sick and went home. No one wished him to die, but no one was sorry that he had to go home. He was as hopelessly incompetent to com-

mand as either General Erasmus or General Schalk Burger, and that is saying a great deal. The gods were with us now, sure enough, for Louis Botha, a private, was made a general in Meyer's place. Botha was young,—about thirty-five,—energetic, brave, a quick and able soldier, and he at once put himself to work. He made the Boers dig trenches in the hills and along the river bank in front of Colenso, and built stone walls for protection, for he knew that Buller would come with a strong force and many cannon. Certain it was that a big battle was to be fought at Colenso, because Ladysmith must be relieved. The Tugela wound along at the base of the hills, and beyond it was an open plain over which Buller must come. Botha was now ready for any army that might show itself. The railway bridge and the wagon road-crossing were just in front of his line of trenches, and there the heavy fighting must take place.

Buller with about 35,000 men and ninety-six cannon finally came into view, camped at the little towns of Chieveley and Frere, about six or seven miles away, and from there sent out his reconnoitring parties.

The Boers "laid low and said nothing," not a rifle or cannon was fired, and all was as silent as the grave.

On December 15th, General Buller made up his mind to relieve Ladysmith, as, apparently, there

was no obstacle in his way. He moved out his forces in beautiful battle-array, brought his cannon into position and opened fire upon all the hills. If there were really any Boers in those hills his heavy lyddite shells would soon make them shift and abandon those parts. Soon the earth seemed to be in a tremble, gravel and stones were whizzing through the air, and the roaring of the bursting shells on the hills and mountains in the rear was simply terrific and deafening, yet the Boers "laid low and said nothing." Soon the English became convinced that there was no enemy in the hills or along the river banks, so all the cannon ceased firing and a deadly silence reigned as the English-Irish regiments with steady step advanced toward the river. When within easy range, the silent Boers along the river banks raised their mausers, made them sing in unerring tones, and, at the same time, Captain Pretorius roared from the hills his pom-pom and cannon to make complete the scene of death and destruction. Soon the plain of Colenso was strewn with dead and wounded Irish Tommies, and at the very time when the battle was raging at its highest pitch, ambulances in great numbers rushed into the field, apparently to assist the unfortunate, but, in fact, to stop the Boers in their deadly work.

Screened by these ambulances, twelve Armstrong cannon came into the field, but the quick eye of Captain Pretorius detected them, and at once he

COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

sent some shells that landed among them. These then scattered and fled for safety and exposed the twelve cannon to the Boer and his mauser. Artillery men and artillery horses were quickly shot down and the guns rendered useless. Rescuing parties made bold attempts to save the guns, but the Boer and his mauser mowed them down. Here it was that Lieutenant Roberts, a son of Lord Roberts, an English politician and financier, bravely met his death.

Now the British began to fall back, and about 200 Boers and Irish boys rushed across the river, seized ten of the guns (two had been rescued), Colonel Bullock and a good bunch of prisoners, and recrossed the river, landing in safety within their own lines. Strange to say, all this was accomplished right under the eyes of the whole British force, without any resistance being offered. They all evidently felt sick, had had enough and wanted to go home, and they did, without delay or ceremony return to their homes in Chieveley and Frere.

General Louis Botha had now fought his first battle, won an easy victory and destroyed British prestige, and that, too, with a loss of but six men killed and a small number wounded. I don't know what the English loss was, and I don't believe the English know either, for it was only last September or October that Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to a question on the subject made by a Scotch member,

stated that the list of the dead in South Africa was not yet completed. It is barely possible that Mr. Chamberlain is still waiting for his missing thousands to show up. Sure it is, St. Peter has completed the list, and when Chamberlain and Milner follow up Rhodes, no doubt each will be supplied with certified rolls of the names of their thousands of victims in South Africa. I can see a very warm future ahead for the South African Trinity.

After all was over, the British sent a wail to the remotest part of the civilized world, to the effect that the Boers had deliberately fired upon the red cross ambulance, in utter disregard of the rules of the Geneva Convention. Those ambulances were rushed into the immediate line of fire in order to stop the Boers from shooting down the English soldiers, and, at the same time, to serve as a screen for the two batteries in reaching their coveted position. The infamous game was detected, a shell scattered and put to flight the ambulances, the Tommies continued to fall, and ten guns of the two batteries being now completely exposed and within easy mauser range, were quickly captured. Yes, Mr. Englishman, as you cannot fight honorably and win, you must resort to infamous methods and manufacture excuses for failure out of deliberate falsehoods. Had your little game succeeded, the batteries reached their coveted position and proved disastrous to the Boer forces, it would never have

occurred to you to mention this ambulance incident.

General Botha having granted General Buller all the time he wished for to care for his thousands of dead and wounded, the Boers returned to their pipes and coffee, their usual daily services and their peaceful way of camp life,without its once occurring to them that their deeds, on that day, had made them known, respected and honored throughout the civilized world.

Of course this does not include the British Government in London, Silly Billy of Germany or the English Government in Washington, D. C. The fifty Irish boys who went down for the day and were in the very hottest of the fight, and who particularly distinguished themselves by being among the very first to seize the English cannon, now returned to camp at Modderspruit; but they were so restless and jubilant that it was plain that something must be done to pacify them, so it was suggested that we arrange for some sports, as Christmas was very near at hand. This suggestion hit just the right place with all of them, and it was decided to have horse races, athletic sports and some kind of a banquet too. Christmas day was to be the day, and the boys went to the different commandos, invited all who had fast horses to come and try their luck, and all who felt that they could run, jump,

throw heavy weights, etc. Nor did they fail to tell every one that all would have an opportunity to take a smack at Irish cooking. Every thing went beautifully, a half-mile track was prepared, plenty of food was cooked, and all was in readiness when Christmas day came.

Boers with fast horses from all the commandos were there. Athletes representing all commandos; generals, commandants and veldtcornets were there; young ladies and old ones, too, from Pretoria, Johannesburg, Dundee and other towns, were entertained by the Irish boys. All gazed in admiration at the colors that waved to and fro with the breeze, for they saw the Vierkleur, the Green Flag with the Harp, the Star and Stripes, the Tricolor of France, and the German and Holland flags that floated over the Irish camp.

It was a day of jubilee without a queen, a day for brave and patriotic hearts to assemble, a day for a liberty-loving and God-fearing people to rejoice and be merry. It was not a day for a titled figure-head, not a day for dissolute lords, not a day for an unscrupulous Colonial Secretary, a weak, High Commissioner of South Africa, or the moneyed rascals of Kimberley. For them the day must smell of rottenness, and therefore be celebrated in London. With one horse the Irish boys easily won in all the races, while the Boers captured nearly all

the prizes in athletics. The Irish, however, played an English trick in the races on the unsuspecting Boers. By the art of commandeering, they had possessed themselves of a good race horse in Pretoria, and it was this horse that so easily took all the prizes. The sports having come to an end, all went to camp and enjoyed the Irish boys' meats, cakes, pies, etc., but it was a painfully dry banquet. Several cases of liquid refreshments had been ordered and they had arrived at Modderspruit, but some thirsty party had appropriated and removed all of them before the Irish boys arrived at the station, so we had to use coffee as a substitute.

Now, coffee is all right, and it is wet, but that little something is missing in it that puts such a delightful tingle into the blood. I felt sorely disappointed because it was Christmas day, the boys had distinguished themselves only a few days before, and I fondly hoped to give them a drink or two, their guests a drink or two, and besides I wanted a drink or two myself. Having feasted, all joined and sang first, God save Ireland, then the Volkslied of the Transvaal and that of the Orange Free State, and then, after giving three cheers for the Irish boys and Ireland, all, happy and satisfied, dispersed and returned to their respective camps to attend evening services. During that whole afternoon, I confess that I felt nervous, for there was a large crowd of men, women and children assembled in

the camp, and I was afraid every moment that I should hear a big lyddite shell come whizzing over from Ladysmith. I was happily disappointed, however, and felt much relieved after the people had dispersed.

THE FIRST BRITISH TRENCH ON SPION KOP, SHOWING THE ENGLISH DEAD LYING THREE DEEP.

CHAPTER VII.

SPION KOP.

From the middle of November to the end of December, some one would come around every week to ask for volunteers to rush Ladysmith. The Irish boys responded to a man every time, but for some reason the rush was never made. Personally I considered the scheme idiotic, because every foot of ground in and around Ladysmith was strongly fortified, and our investing force was very small as compared to General White's army of 12,000 men.

At the conclusion of the Battle of Modderspruit, I strongly urged the Boers to storm the town, and I continued to urge them every day for the ten following days, but Generals Erasmus and Schalk Burger thought that all such talk was nonsense. The English as yet had practically no defences that we could not overcome. As soon as White got everything in apple-pie order and had finished all his defences and well surrounded them with barbed wire, then it was that Generals Erasmus and Schalk Burger and their kind were most anxious to rush and take Ladysmith. They really thought that the

burghers would then refuse, but they didn't. So it happened that on January 5th a fellow came to the Irish camp, as they had often done before, for volunteers, and received the same answer, "We'll be with you." General Erasmus sent around the necessary orders — and may have sent one to White, too, as far as I know,—and all the men were to be in positions agreed upon by 3 a. m. the following morning, January 6th. During the night General Erasmus sent a countermanding order to some of the Transvaal Commandos, but forgot to let the Free Staters know that he had done so. Much to my surprise, we were ordered to go with four field guns and take position on a small hill near the Pretoria Town laager, and just in front of the English guns and forts on the Rooirand, north of Ladysmith. We were in our position at the proper time, and there sat for hours awaiting further orders and developments.

Just at the first break of dawn we heard the mausers of the Free Staters singing in the distance. There was no pause ; it was continuous, and I knew that the brave Free Staters were carrying out their part of the program faithfully and well, because they had brave and dashing commandants and veldtcornets. Pretty soon we heard the mausers begin to sing right in front of us, and then we knew that the brave Pretoria Town boys were right at the English forts, yet it was not light enough for us to

see them. Before we could see distinctly, the firing in front of us ceased, but with the Free Staters it continued as lively as ever.

Just before the sun peeped above the horizon, Long Tom on Bulwana, the guns on Lombard Kop, on Pepworth Hill and all the guns about Ladysmith sent shells whistling through the air. Every one fired his gun when he pleased and where he pleased, although the night before it was ordered that the guns should be concentrated on some one point in due time to be named. The artillery boys were not to blame in the least, because they had not received any instructions. Now we saw about 150 of the Pretoria Town boys in a sluit about 100 yards from the English forts. They had tried to scale a high stone wall, and, failing, left four of their number dead at the foot of it and taken refuge in a sluit where we could now see them. Only daring and fearless men would rush that fort and try to scale that twelve-foot wall. Our guns were now trained and turned loose on the forts just above the Pretoria boys. The English with five or six guns made a quick response, and for hours shells were flying back and forth with such rapidity that we were strongly reminded of our experience on Pepworth Hill. The Pretoria boys were in no danger, as long as we were firing, for the English had to keep themselves well protected. There was a Pretoria District Commando, about 700 strong, not

more than 1,000 yards to our left. I mounted my horse and went to see them, for help was necessary. I found them lying under shade trees smoking their pipes and drinking coffee, as peacefully and unconcernedly as if there was no firing about Ladysmith. I told them of the position of the Pretoria Town boys, and tried to convince them that if they would turn out we would take the forts on the Rooirand. They simply answered that General Erasmus had told them that they would not be needed, and I rode back feeling disgusted.

General Erasmus had promised to support the Free Staters and the Pretoria Town boys, but instead of sending them any assistance, he went back about a mile out of danger, and left all to their fate. Some Transvaal Commandos had come up from the Tugela and partly taken the east side of the Platrand. They fought hard and bravely on the east, while the Free Staters who had captured some of the forts on the west side were still in possession, and almost engaged in a hand to hand fight with the English. They were constantly expecting re-enforcements promised by Erasmus, but none ever came. On our side we had simply an artillery duel, while on the east and west side of the Platrand the burghers continued hotly engaged in rifle fire at very close range for the whole day. About four o'clock in the afternoon a terrific rain and hail storm fell upon us. We were ordered to

pull down the guns and return to camp, regardless of the fact that the Pretoria Town boys were still held in the sluit by the English. The storm did not effect those on the Platrand, for the firing continued as heavy as ever. During this storm the Pretoria boys made a run for life and liberty, and although the English gave them a hot fire, all came out safely. It was not till late at night that the Free Staters and Transvaalers gave up all hope on the Platrand and returned to their camps. Every one spent the next day in damning Erasmus, yet he was not dismissed, nor laid aside for reflection, because he was very wealthy, and belonged to one of the best families in the Transvaal. We had a heavy loss on that day, fifty being killed and 135 wounded. Of course the Free Staters were heavy losers. The English made a poor defence, and I feel sure that if Erasmus had sent his promised re-enforcements, the Platrand would have been taken, and of course that would have caused the immediate surrender of Ladysmith.

General White reported that he sent back eighty dead to the Boer lines. Another officer wrote that he counted 135 dead on the field. By just such official lying as this the British forces succeeded in killing off the entire Boer forces more than four times during the war, yet almost the entire Boer force was still alive at the end of the war. The military colleges of England must be special schools

for turning out trained liars to command in the British army, otherwise the conduct of the British officer in his report of the battles, etc., of the Boer war is beyond my understanding. I have spoken very harshly of Erasmus, Meyer and Burger, but they eminently deserve all I have said. The bravest and the most daring of the Boer commanders will always find the rank and file ready to follow him, but not to lead him. This statement will apply and prove equally true in all armies except the British, and it will not apply there, for the reason that there is such a wide chasm between the British officer and soldier, that the latter has neither respect for the former as an officer, nor confidence in him as such; consequently the British officer must drive the soldier into the fighting line. When once the British soldier has respect and confidence in his officer, he will follow him, without a murmur, into the very jaws of death. But I must here state one condition, and that is, that the British soldier who is ever ready to follow his respected officer must be either an Irishman or a Scotchman, for the Johnny proper, being degenerate, and no longer a warrior, does not believe in risking life for the off-chance of taking life.

Now I return to Buller and his army, and I see them making grand preparations to do something. I thought to myself that he had at last discovered the key, Längwani Hill, that alone would open the

gates of the Boer lines, and lead him to Ladysmith, where many thousand starving people were praying for his coming. I was mistaken, for soon he and his whole army were seen coming around the bend of the Tugela towards Spion Kop. It was now evident to all that a big fight must take place to the west of Ladysmith, and in plain view of both besieger and besieged.

He pitched his camp behind what is known to the Boers as the Bosch-rand, a high, wooded mountain ridge that commanded all the hills on our side of the river. This river ran up to the very foot of the Bosch-rand, and then making a pretty sharp curve, wound its way back to the foot of the hills on our side. The river valley was perfectly flat and about 4,000 yards wide, and as the river wound its way through it, first touching the hills on one side and then on the other, it made a succession of U's. This was an ugly river, with steep, muddy banks, and as I looked at it and its beautiful valley, bounded by high hills, it reminded me of a great amphitheatre in which a few scattered Boers were to occupy the top seats, and a big English army the ring. Both the English and Boers were to be actors, and the gods above were alone to witness and judge one of the greatest, most exciting and destructive contests-at-arms of modern times, in which the Boers were destined to wear the crown of victory.

Buller's first attempt was to turn Botha's right, but after five days hard fighting he withdrew and fixed his attention on Spion Kop. General Botha had left only a guard of fifteen men on this kop, and in the very early morning of January 24th, a large force of Buller's men surprised them and drove them off. General Buller now had possession of the kop, and there was no valid reason why he and his big army should not march into Ladysmith with but little trouble or delay. But they didn't, and I will tell why they didn't.

General Buller had failed to get permission of a small band of Boer patriots who were near at hand. About ninety men of the Carolina Commando crawled up the kop, and, having reached the crest, immediately opened fire on the British force. Thus began the great battle, the bloody and disastrous Battle of Spion Kop. The ninety Boers were soon re-enforced by small detachments following each other up the kop until the total mumber reached about 250 men. The English held the kop, occupied the defences, and besides had at least fifteen men to every Boer.

Counting the Boers on the right and left sides of the kop who also took part in the fight, the total number of them engaged was about 600, but the actual number on the kop, who alone fought the big English force, was about 250 men. The Boers and the English were within easy point-blank range

GOOD ENGLISHMEN AFTER SPION KOP LYING ON THE SIDE HILL.

of each other, and at some points no more than fifty yards separated them. Here was the time, the place and the opportunity for the British to display that bold courage, that dash and fighting quality of which they have been boasting for centuries, for, with their overwhelming numbers, they would have easily swept that little handful of Boers off the kop. But they positively declined to take advantage of such conditions to display British pluck and courage, and, in the end, were themselves swept off. In their wars with the blacks, it had been their rule to hoist the Union Jack, boldly advance as at Khartoum, and when they discovered a horde of unarmed and defenceless negroes, make a mad rush, fall upon them and shoot them down; then apply the cold steel, and when they have murdered the last one and see him lying at their feet, with blood gurgling from his mouth, give three cheers for the Union Jack, and everyone at once apply for a Victoria Cross.

But on Spion Kop it was different, for no Union Jack was hoisted, no Union Jack brought to the battlefield, no rush was made, because a Boer was there, with a mauser in his hand — and that was a horse of another color. — So the British halted and trembled, and then threw up the sponge and retreated as fast as their legs would take them, each hoping that he might escape the fatal bullet and receive his well deserved Victoria Cross. I may

here add that when you find any one so decorated with the Victoria Cross, you may generally put him down as a worthless son of a lord, or as a puny specimen of a puny, dissolute, diseased nobility, or the son of some moneyed, unscrupulous politician to whom the English Government must bow in obeisance. One in a thousand who has been decorated may deserve it, but I even have my doubts about that. Nearly all the officers and men of the British army who have been given the Victoria Cross you will find in an English company's cigarette packages, and that is just where they belong.

I shall not try to tell all that happened about Spion Kop, because every reader would cry out, "the same old story." I must tell this, however; Buller's fifty or more cannon fairly tore the top off all our hills on both sides of Spion Kop, ploughed them up, pulverized them, and put them in perfect condition for sowing oats and planting mealies, but up to January 24th had killed only two Boers, an old man and his son, although more than 3000 lyddite shells had been fired. Joe Chamberlain and his pals made plenty of money that week, for tons of lyddite were consumed. The whole atmosphere was fairly laden with the yellow, sulphurous-looking lyddite fumes, and the Boers who finally emerged from their trenches looked like so many Chinamen. They were yellow about the eyes, nose, mouth and neck, and their clothes were yellow

too; but when they washed their faces they were Boers again, and very lively ones at that. The effect, and the only affect of Mr. Joe Chamberlain's lyddite fumes was to give the Carolina boys strength and courage enough to paralyze the Tommies as fast as they could show themselves on Spion Kop. This was a great blow to Mr. Chamberlain, because it meant a great future loss to him financially, for it disclosed the fact that lyddite in itself was very harmless; indeed, if any of Mr. Chamberlain's lyddite should, by accident, strike a Boer squarely in the chest, it is my honest opinion that that Boer would be put out of action; but, as is usually the case, if Mr. Chamberlain's lyddite shell should happen to miss the Boer by an inch or two, why, that Boer would be liable to drop more Tommies before that fight was over.

Louis Botha showed himself in great form, for he so placed his cannon and maxims that they could sweep the side hills and the Tugela Valley below Spion Kop, and, like a new broom, they made a clean sweep of everything. How that fight did rage during that whole day! It was heart-rending to stand and watch the little band of heroic Boers face fifteen bullets for every one they could send; but bravely and unflinchingly they held their ground and won the admiration of the world. Spion Kop and the adjacent hills were in a shiver, convulsion after convulsion followed, as

lyddite shell after lyddite shell penetrated and tore up the earth.

I must here mention that at one time during the struggle on the kop, the English felt that it was too hot for them, and naturally they hoisted three or four white flags. The Boers stopped firing at once, and four or five of them advanced to accept the surrender. Before reaching the defences, Colonel Thornycroft with re-enforcements arrived on the scene, hauled down the white flags and ordered the firing to recommence. The four or five Boers would have been shot down, had not the twenty-three English, who had already laid down their arms, accompanied them as they ran back to their lines. Fighting was now resumed and continued as if nothing had happened, until it grew too hot for the English again, and once more the white flags were hoisted. The Boers continued in their good work, regardless of the flags, and, as a result, the English are howling to this day about the Boers firing upon the white flags. If they hadn't fired upon them every one would have deserved being shot himself. Time and time again during the war, the English would hoist the white flag for no other reason than to get the Boers to cease firing until they could get their own men in proper position, when they would declare that no one was authorized to hoist the white flag, and that the fighting must continue. The result was that after

MORE GOOD ENGLISHMEN LYING ON THE SIDE HILL.

a time the Boer would not recognize the white flag, for he could no longer trust the English, and to surrender, the latter had to throw down their rifles, hold up their hands and advance towards the Boers. Although the English denounced this way of having to surrender as low, suspicious and cowardly, yet thousands upon thousands of them went through the formula before the war came to an end. It never occurred to them that the Boers were forced to adopt that precaution as a safeguard against treachery!

During the six days' fighting the Boers lost fifty killed and about 120 wounded. I don't know the British loss, but I hope that at some time during the twentieth century, the truth will leak out, and the number of the British killed and wounded become known. The top of the kop was covered with them; the sides of the kop and the Tugela Valley were also strewn with the dead and wounded, and the Boers were not curious enough to take the trouble to count them. The Boers requested the English to come and bury their dead, and the English, in reply, asked the Boers to bury them, and send them the bill. The gods might be able to make a comment to fit that bill, but earthly mortals would do well to hold their tongues. So I will pass on to General White and his inactivity.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITE'S INCAPACITY.

Our investment circle was thirty-six miles in length, and at the time the Battle of Colenso was fought, was held by not more than 4,000 men. From Ladysmith to Colenso is about fifteen miles by the main road. By Colenso was General Buller with his army 35,000 strong. In Ladysmith was General White with his army 12,000 strong. Between these two armies was General Botha with his army less than 6,000 strong, including the investment forces south of Ladysmith. General Botha had, all told, ten guns. The two British forces had 150 guns. If, when Buller attacked at Colenso, December 15th, White had moved out with his whole forces to the south and attacked at the same time, the Boers would have been swamped in a few hours, and most of them would have been captured, for there was no way out of it except by Ladysmith, and, besides, they would have lost all their guns. On January 24th, the same conditions prevailed, except that there were no mountains between Ladysmith and Spion Kop, and the intervening distance was about eighteen

miles. Spion Kop is plainly visible from all parts around Ladysmith. The Boer force on the west side of Ladysmith was less than 1,000 strong. Had General White moved out with his entire force and fifty guns, he could have marched to Spion Kop almost without interruption. What did he do on both occasions when he should have been up and doing, if he wished to join Buller, see Ladysmith relieved, and the Boer forces captured and destroyed? Why, he and his 12,000 men simply lay in their holes and silently prayed for Buller's success. When all the conditions are considered, it must be plain to the most simple minded that General White deserved to be forever buried in utter disgrace, but, instead, he was congratulated, promoted and dined by his queen for his gallantry and success in nearly starving to death some 15,000 soldiers, women and children in Ladysmith. On both of these memorable days the Boers around Ladysmith were all on needles and pins, for they fully expected White and his army to move out, and they knew that if he did it would be impossible for them to prevent a union with Buller, and the consequent destruction of the Boer forces in Natal.

While General Botha was fighting the Battles of Colenso and Spion Kop, Commandant-General Joubert remained at his headquarters by Ladysmith, and on the first of these occasions I remem-

ber hearing him say: "No, General White will not make any attempt to unite with General Buller, because he has been defeated so often, that both he and his men are thoroughly cowed and will be satisfied to remain concealed, and fervently hope for Buller's success." As it turned out, he proved to be perfectly correct in his surmises.

About ten days after Spion Kop, February 5th, another attempt was made to break through our lines at Vaal Krantz, by about 3,500 men and several batteries. To oppose these was General Viljoen with less than 100 men. An exciting, hot fight ensued, and, wonderful to say, the English forces retired, recrossed the river, and made no further attempt to accomplish anything in the vicinity of Spion Kop. During the fight General Viljoen with two or three men took a desperate chance to save a pom-pom from capture. Under a terrific rifle fire, they hauled the pom-pom across a long flat, and then turned it on the English with great effect. Neither he, nor his men, nor any of the horses were touched, yet all passed through a perfect shower of bullets. In this fight at Vaal Krantz, the Irish Brigade lost three of its bravest, noblest and most patriotic men: Pat Fahey, Mat Brennen and Jim Lasso. They fell as the most advanced men, and they will ever be remembered most affectionately by the Irish boys.

Now I come to the final struggle at Ladysmith,

GENERAL BEN VILJOEN

when that awful hole was relieved, and the Boer forces retreated to the Biggarsberg Mountains, eighteen miles back on the road to Dundee.

To meet Buller, General Botha withdrew all his forces from Spion Kop and vicinity, and put them in their old positions in front of Colenso. As to whether General Buller really discovered that Langwani Hill was the key to our positions, or tumbled on to it by accident, I do not know, but, certain it was, that he was intent on getting possession of this hill, by making a flank attack on our extreme left. Langwani Hill was on Buller's side of the river, and once our left was turned, we could no longer hold it. It was not till February 18th that General Buller brought fifteen or sixteen batteries to play upon the Boer positions. It would prove tedious to describe the ten days of terrible fighting that preceded the relief of Ladysmith; so I will simply speak of it in a general way.

Buller finally succeeded in turning the Boers' left, and so Langwani Hill was abandoned, but not until the English had suffered severely. At Pieters Hill, Groblers Kloof, and the neighboring hills where the Boers were well placed by General Botha, the hardest fighting took place. In the struggle to force the Boers from their positions, the English were driven back repeatedly to the river, although their numbers were about twenty-five to one against ours. Their dead and wounded ran well into the

hundreds at each attempt, and on two or three occasions were allowed to remain as they had fallen on the open veld, during the whole night, to suffer and die. The English have little or no regard for their dead and wounded, as I will in time to come show. In all these advances the English shells were constantly bursting among their own men and were directly responsible for many of their own dead and wounded. Three Irish regiments were always placed in front, and these were supported by English regiments who kept safely in the background. As on previous occasions, some Irish regiments had surrendered after making a slight resistance. I believe, and hundreds of others believe, that the English deliberately and intentionally made the "mistake" of firing their shells into the Irish regiments, to drive them on and force them to take the entrenched positions from the Boers. This was not the first time, nor was it the last time that they made a mistake of this kind, and in every case it was the Irish who were chosen to suffer. Twice during these first five days of fighting, the good General Botha had granted an armistice to Buller to be used in caring for his dead and wounded, but these were wofully neglected and advantage taken to make better dispositions of his troops.

It is just as much of a latter-day Englishman's nature to be treacherous as it is for an American

Indian to be suspicious. Every repulse was followed on the next day by another advance. The heavy lyddite shells kept continually pounding the hills, tearing off their very tops and filling the air with smoke and stones; yet the brave Boers remained unmoved in their positions, and kept up their deadly fire on the advancing Irish regiments. Each day's work was practically a repetition of the preceding one, until the 27th of February, when there was a great change. The Boers had now lain in the mud and water that half filled their trenches and, without relief and without food, fought incessantly for ten days till, being weary and worn and completely exhausted, they reluctantly left their positions and began their retreat.

The famous Krugersdorp Commando under Kemp held Pieter's Hill to the very last moment, and no one about Ladysmith, be he Boer or English, will ever forget the wonderful stand made by those 400 patriots against Buller's whole army and 100 guns. It is perfectly certain that every man of them accounted for at least one Tommie before the final retreat.

On the 28th, Ladysmith was relieved, and the Boers went back to the Biggarsberg Mountains. General White in Ladysmith could plainly see a line of wagons fifteen miles long, yet he made no move to delay or capture them. Worn out and exhausted as the Boers really were, I do not believe

that Buller would have been successful in relieving Ladysmith had they not received the report of General Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg on the 27th. This news was deeply felt, and it so thoroughly discouraged the Boers that they lost heart and left positions without orders, which they could have easily continued to hold. To relieve General White and his 12,000 skeletons, General Buller had exploded hundreds of tons of Mr. Chamberlain's lyddite and lost as many men as he succeeded in relieving. Mr. Chamberlain was a big winner, the English heavy losers, and the Tugela Valley is now renowned as an Irish graveyard. A few more wars like the South African would settle all of Ireland's many troubles, because the Irish would all be laid under the sod. How strange it is that a people who have fought against England's tyranny for centuries to secure their freedom, and are still fighting for the same end, will voluntarily join with their old and detested oppressor to deprive another people of their liberty, knowing, too, as they must, that in every instance they weaken themselves and strengthen their old enemy.

Yet, this is exactly what the Irish have done, and I have no sympathy for those who are to-day sleeping in the Tugela Valley as a result of their own voluntary acts.

During a terrific rain storm on the night of the 27th, and in the very eyes of Buller's army on

one side and White's on the other, our Irish boys were the chief instruments in pulling down Long Tom from the top of Bulwana Kop. It was fearful and exasperating work, and it was not until two o'clock in the morning that our large gun safely landed at the foot of the kop and started on its way to Elandslaagte. General Botha was near at hand with some 300 or 400 men, but he could have offered little or no resistance had an attempt been made to capture the gun.

Our hundreds of wagons, with all our cannon and maxims, were hauled through heavy mud and across an open flat for twenty miles, and safely landed in the Biggarsberg Mountains, and that, too, in the very presence and before the eyes of an English army of 45,000 trained officers and men, who never moved an inch in our direction.

Quite a cavalry force came out of Ladysmith, but when a few of the Irish boys opened fire on them, they all turned and fled back to town. The English should have captured all our wagons and cannon, and would have done it, too, had they known anything about their business. Buller and White together could have easily trained 150 cannon on us and forced us to abandon everything, but they seemed satisfied to stop just where they were, and, no doubt, congratulated themselves that the Boers had escaped without doing them further damage. Some time before the relief of Ladysmith, the Free

State Commandos had left and gone to meet Lord Roberts, who was advancing towards Bloemfontein; so it was only the Transvaal Commandos who took up positions in the Biggarsberg Mountain passes. As the English had a big force on the Tugela River, about eighteen miles in front of Helpmakaar, the Irish Brigade was ordered to go to Helpmakaar and hold them back. Should the English get hold of this place, our positions in the Biggarsberg would no longer be tenable, for the line of retreat to Laing's Nek would then be seriously threatened. We found the Piet Retief Commando there, but about four miles behind the position it should have occupied. We learned, on questioning the officers, that it was too dangerous a place for Piet Retief men, and they would not risk a stand there. We then went and had a look for ourselves, and we decided that 200 men in the position could easily prove a match for any 5000 Englishmen who might come, so we were satisfied to try our luck. It was the strongest position for defence that I had yet seen, for it was impossible to flank it; and to take it, the attacking force had to come along one road, and the distance from the foot of this steep mountain to the top was at least two miles. The English knew that position and that mountain, and never made any effort to take it during our month's residence there.

In the month of April, I received word from Pretoria that about 1,000 Irish and Irish-Americans

had arrived at Delagoa Bay, on their way to join my brigade. I was in great glee on receiving this long expected news, and lost no time in going to Pretoria, not only to meet them, but to prepare for them a red hot time with the English. I arranged with the President and Executive Council, to recall the brigade from Helpmakaar, bring it to Elandsfontein, where I would join it with something like a thousand Irish-Americans, and all proceed to Fourteen Streams, where I knew there would be some interesting fighting. Having done this, I at once took the train to Middleburg where I would meet the good boys from free America. I was thoroughly convinced that the Irish and Irish-Americans were intent on doing something good for down-trodden Ireland by proving that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. My hopes were high, and all sort of plans and schemes were passing through my mind when the steam whistle announced that I was in Middleburg. Here I found that the long expected boys would arrive on the following morning. The whole town learned of their coming, and all turned out to greet them. Finally came what I at first supposed to be the advance guard, the American Ambulance Corps of fifty-eight men from Chicago and Massachusetts. They were warmly received with the shouts and hurrahs of the assembled multitude. When I found time to breathe

I asked when the fighters would arrive. The answer was "We are the fighters! No more coming that we know off." Now I felt so thoroughly disappointed that I made up my mind to drop dead on the spot, but was saved from such a terrible ordeal by the idea suddenly occurring to me that possibly others would soon follow. I long lived in hope, but only to be disappointed in the end, for no more ever came.

Later on I will give the reasons, for I have since learned just what the trouble was. I was genuinely glad to see the Irish boys, and from them learned that it was through the efforts of my trusted old Arizona friend, Colonel John F. Finerty, of Chicago, and my new and most highly esteemed friend, Patrick J. Judge, of Holyoke, Mass., that sufficient money was raised by private subscriptions to equip thoroughly the Ambulance Corps of fifty-eight men and land them in the Transvaal.

It was not the fault of those two patriotic Irishmen that 100,000 Irish and Irish-Americans were not sent to South Africa to assist that little handful of Boer patriots in their struggle with the mighty British Empire for liberty and independence. In due time I will put the fault just where it belongs. The Boers had enough ambulance corps, so the Chicago and Massachusetts boys removed their red cross chevrons and, after being well

equipped as fighting men, we all went to Johannesberg to join the boys of the old brigade who had just arrived from Helpmakaar. Having met, what a rollicking, joyful good time all these jolly Irish boys had!

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIGHTING IN THE FREE STATE.

Our orders for Fourteen Streams were countermanded and we were instructed to proceed to Brandfort in the Free State. We took the train without delay and went on our way rejoicing. On reaching Smaldeel, a small station thirty miles from Brandfort, we were ordered to stop and wait for instructions; so we pitched our camp and put everything in readiness for a hot time, for we learned that Lord Roberts and his army of 90,000 men were advancing from Bloemfontein. Before our new arrivals receive their baptismal fire I will relate what had taken place in the Free State while we were engaged at Ladysmith.

During the month of November while we were in daily skirmishes with the English, who were trying to find a way of escape, there was heavy fighting south of Kimberley. Unfortunately we had there one thoroughly incompetent commander, General Prinsloo, of the Free State. General Prinsloo had most excellent commandants and veldcornets, any one of whom would have made every fight a victory in those parts. General de la Rey was

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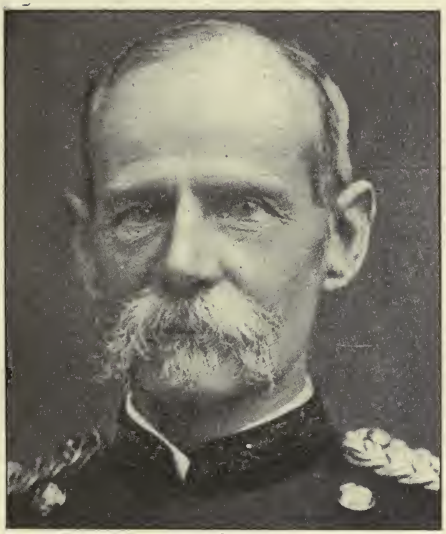

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS, F. M.

Notorious for destroying women and children and for helplessness when confronted with an armed foe.

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with Prinsloo, but the latter had higher rank, much to our regret. General de la Rey is a remarkable man and the Napoleon of the South African War. In due time I will give a short account of this great and good man and the deeds he accomplished.

Generals Prinsloo and de la Rey, with their combined force of some 2,000 men and, I think, two guns and two maxim Nordenfelts, were attacked on November 23rd by Lord Methuen with a force of 10,000 to 12,000 men and two or three batteries, together with several maxims. Of course Lord Methuen had an overwhelming force as compared to that of the Boers, yet, had Prinsloo acted with General de la Rey, the British would have suffered a severe defeat.

Prinsloo left his position just at the moment of victory, and, by so doing, came near getting General de la Rey and his men captured. They had actually to fight their way out. The republican forces fell back to Rooilaagte in the direction of Kimberley. Here the burghers to some extent fortified themselves, and awaited the arrival of Methuen. He, with his re-enforced army appeared and opened up their batteries on the Boer positions in the early morn of November 25th. A very hard and bloody battle was fought here, and it was Prinsloo again who gave way at the wrong moment and allowed Methuen to credit himself with

another victory. Prinsloo was always bent on giving way just at the wrong time, much to the disappointment and disgust of General de la Rey, and this, too, in the face of the fact that General de la Rey always took the brunt and did the hardest fighting. The world now has read Methuen's reports of these fights and the Boer reports too, so it is only necessary for me to say that the former's losses were exceedingly heavy, while those of the latter were exceedingly small. Judging by the losses, Methuen was badly defeated in both instances, but an English officer does not care how many men are shot dead so long as he does not lose a gun or have to retreat. To show the true character of this lordly Methuen, I will say that every low and beastly epithet his vulgar imagination could invent, he applied to the enemy, that he might excuse himself for shooting some twenty or thirty Boers, some of them wounded, whom he had captured. Of course he must add another lie, English-like, by claiming the abuse of the white flag.

Now the time was ripe for the Boers to begin to shoot in retaliation the British officers and soldiers at Pretoria, who were spending their time playing football, etc. But the Boer is strictly governed by his religion, and the whole world could not induce him to resort to retaliation under any circumstances. I longed to be in chief command just

for a few hours, but, fortunately for many British, I was not. The Boers were convinced that Lord Methuen would receive his punishment on the Day of Judgment, and I was just as thoroughly convinced that I did not believe in such long postponements in dealing with Englishmen.

The Boers fell back from Rooilaagte to Modder River, not many miles from Kimberley. Here Generals Prinsloo and de la Rey were re-enforced by the long expected General Piet Cronje, with about 500 men. He had come all the way from Mafeking on the western border of the Transvaal, but, tired as he and his men were, they were all ready and game for fight. Before Cronje's arrival, General de la Rey had practically assumed command over General Prinsloo, and placed the Boer forces in position on the Modder River to give Methuen and his army another fight. On his arrival, General Cronje, being known to be the best fighter in the land, was given command over all the Boer forces. He looked over the ground and having thoroughly approved in every detail the dispositions of the men that General de la Rey had made, he calmly awaited the arrival of Methuen. Lord Methuen will never forget the battle of Modder River, and hundreds of his men will never remember it. The English were then and are now as afraid of General Cronje, as a baboon is of a snake, and I might say here, that if you bring a baboon in contact with a snake, dead or alive, and

prevent him from running away, he will actually have a spasm. Methuen did not find out, however, until it was too late, that Cronje was there, for otherwise he would have asked for something like 20,000 men additional. Finally the 28th of November came, and there was Methuen and his army.

After carrying out his usual program of bombarding for several hours, Methuen advanced his lines, and the rifle firing began. After hours of terrific fighting, during which Cronje and de la Rey had unmercifully slaughtered, and in the end driven back the English, and during which time the Free Staters, too, had covered themselves with glory, and just at the moment when a great victory was really won, General Prinsloo suddenly withdrew his men and allowed the English to turn his flank. He seemed to be afraid to win a victory, and it is a marvel that General Cronje or General de la Rey did not shoot him or drive him to his home and put one of his thoroughly competent commandants in his place. The result of this sudden withdrawal was that the Boer forces had to fall back, and now we find them at Magersfontein.

As Methuen had made but slow progress in killing Boers in honorable fight on the battlefield, he now gave way to his savage inclination and had some twenty or thirty wounded Boers whom he found in a farmhouse near the battlefield, deliberately shot in cold blood. Of course Methuen had

seen his men fall by the hundred, and no doubt he was highly enraged at the sight, but it requires a brute to deliberately take the lives of helpless, wounded men, and, in my experience with the brute creation, which is considerable, I am sure that there are exceedingly few brutes that would do such a thing. Even the sneaking hyena would refrain unless he were dying of hunger. Now Lord Methuen had learned that Cronje was on deck, and in the best of health, so he called for all the re-enforcements at hand and brought up his decimated force to something like 15,000 men and six batteries. Cronje was lucky too, and increased his force to something more than 4,000, but not much more. Methuen's were all trained and tried men, and, as the English would put it, invincible; Cronje had his ordinary farmers who knew nothing whatever about military training. No doubt Methuen did lots of thinking, but I do not believe he called any council of war, because he is too conceited and arrogant to do such a thing. He who deigns to make a suggestion to a lord is very liable to be sent away and told to attend to his own business. Although he is supremely arrogant, I think he did some shaking in his boots because he knew that Cronje was in front. For several days after his terrible smashup on Modder River, Methuen spent his time in recuperating and awaiting re-enforcements. Cronje and de la Rey

spent their time in preparing for a fight at Magersfontein. In front of the ridge on which they concealed their small guns and maxims they put the Boers to work digging a trench. The trench being finished, it was so well concealed that the English could not see it. They knew that this scheme would work, because Methuen would not think of sending out any reconnoitring parties to find out just how the Boers were to make their fight. He would tell you that it was unnecessary because he had a balloon, and from that balloon he could see the Boers far behind their actual, but unknown to him position. The Boers were not in the trenches by day, but were far behind them. At night you could find everyone of them there, and in perfect readiness for battle.

CHAPTER X.

MAGERSFONTEIN AND PAARDEBERG.

At last the day came. It was Dec. 10th when Methuen and his big army came up and without delay began with their usual introduction, by turning six batteries upon the supposed position of the Boer force. For two days this formidable array of field and lyddite guns continued to roar and keep the very heavens filled with heavy steel shells that tore up the earth generally. No reply was sent back from any part of Cronje's lines, so Lord Methuen alone can lay claim to making all that deafening noise that so frightened birds and beasts during the 10th and 11th; but when you say noise, you have the sum total of the work accomplished by his vigorous display of fireworks. It was in the very early morning of the 12th, that Lord Methuen decided that the fearful Cronje and his "dirty" Boers were either demolished or so terribly demoralized that they had fled for safety miles to their rear, because he had not heard a murmur from them for two days. Any man with a little grain of sense would, at least at this early hour in the morning, have sent in advance a well extended line

of skirmishers to find out if the enemy were near at hand or had actually fled. No; this way of doing business would never meet with the approval of an English lord who had, by the accident of birth, inherited the brains of all past generations in his family line; so he moved his lines forward in close order.

When Methuen's lines arrived within about seventy-five yards of Cronje's trenches, the demolished or absconded "dirty" Boers sent a greeting in the form of a long, dazzling line of fire, which instantly died away, and with it General Wauchope and almost his entire Black Watch, the crack regiment of the English army. Never in all history was such a bloody and disastrous battle fought and won in such a short time. Methuen's men, one and all, regardless of orders or order, fled as fast as their legs could carry them, and the Boers did not fail to apply the whip and spur at every stride they made. Although the battle was now virtually over, yet some hard fighting took place during the day. Methuen could not reconcile himself to his most disastrous and disgraceful defeat at the hands of such a small force of Boers, so spent the greater part of the day in losing more before he finely concluded that he would have to return to his old camp on Modder River.

It is not my purpose to give long descriptions of battles in this narrative, for I know they are

tiresome, but, painful to me as it may be, I must say something of that little band of Scandinavians who were with Cronje in that great victory. I knew personally almost every one of that band of sixty men. The Scandinavian is quiet, gentlemanly, and the most tractable soldier in camp, but the most daring, reckless and fearless soldier I have ever seen, when it comes to fighting. Not satisfied with the early morning's work, this little body moved out, on its own account, after the sun was well up, and deliberately attacked Methuen's army. They actually engaged a force of at least fifteen to one against them, and fought till they were practically exterminated as a body. Sure it is that each one of that reckless little band accounted for at least one Englishman before he forfeited his own life. Having practically wiped them out, the English set to work to rob and strip them, and punch their bodies full of holes. General Cronje captured a small bunch of prisoners during the day, but sent them to Pretoria to play football. Early in the afternoon, Methuen, having satisfied himself that he had murdered enough of his own men, decided to retreat, and did so, but at a much more rapid pace than he had expected, for now Cronje's guns were turned upon him, and induced him to move more rapidly, and quickly vanish in the distance. Here was a fearful slaughter of English, the greatest so far during the war, but only because this great battle

was fought just three days before that of Colenso, near Ladysmith, where General Louis Botha so terribly defeated General Buller and his fine army.

After Lord Methuen reached his old camp on Modder River, I have an idea that he did some really hard thinking, for he must make a report, and in that report he must show that his defeat was a victory, because a lord cannot be defeated. Unfortunately, I have never seen his report, but it is safe to conclude that he saw the Boers in overwhelming numbers and that some Colonial had proved traitor to him and led him into an ambush. I merely mention this as a guess, because it is the usual method adopted by the British officer to hide his incapacity. Methuen's soldiers are not through to this day damning him for his conduct in this battle, but we all know that soldiers' words are but naught in England when a lord speaks. It is an awful shame, but very true.

Methuen returned to his old camp fully convinced that he had had enough. He had no desire to try his luck again against Cronje and he never did. Cronje stopped just where he was for several weeks, looking for another advance of Methuen, or some other English army. He did not care how many came, for he was there to fight. I must say this about General Cronje that he may be thoroughly understood. He is stubbornness itself, will take advice from no one, is absolutely fearless, and

constantly craves a fight with the English. I do not believe the world's history can show his equal as a commandant, but as a general he is an absolute failure. He must have some one over him, and under no circumstances must he be allowed to command. Order him to take a kopje, and he is sure to take it. Order him to hold a position, and he is sure to hold it. Order him to retreat, and he will do it. But put him in supreme command, and the combined influence of the immortal gods could not induce him to retreat, it matters not what the odds against him, or what the circumstances might be. Every drop of blood that courses through his body literally burns with patriotism, and of the whole Africander race I believe that General Piet Cronje would be the first to step forward and lay down his life for the freedom and independence of his people.

But I must say of General Cronje that he is a man wrapped up in his own conceit. He considered himself the only great fighter in South Africa, and, when captured, he is the very man to say that the Boers should surrender because the great Cronje can no longer lead them. In this respect he is a fool, but fools often become wise men by experience. If I should hear that General Cronje was condemning his fellow countrymen for prolonging the war after his capture, I should not be surprised, because he is so eaten up with his own importance.

Such is the man, General Piet Cronje, and may he live long, and have, as a commandant, one more crack at the British, and then I think all will be well for South Africa!

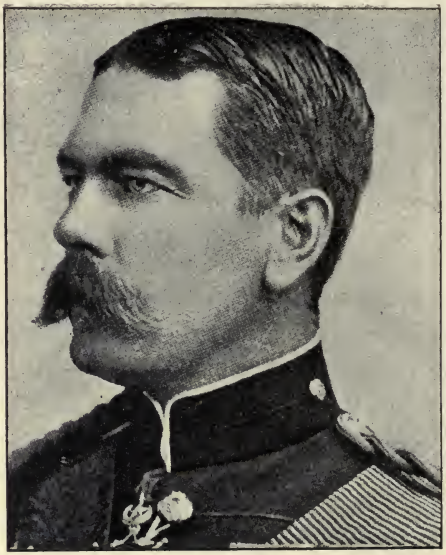
After the Battle of Magersfontein, General de la Rey was sent to Colesberg to take command of the forces against General French. General Piet De Wet and General Schoeman had been fighting French daily, and had been gradually driven back to their strong defensive position at Colesberg. The Boer forces were about 2,500 strong, but were divided into small commands in order to guard a wide extent of country. General French had only 15,000 men and thirty guns, so he made but small progress in his advance on Colesberg. The Boers hotly contested every inch of ground, and almost every one of the little commands did some daring work. Early in January, General de la Rey arrived and at once assumed command. Hot skirmishes were now the general order of the day all along the lines, and on January 25th, west of Colesberg, General de la Rey had made it so warm for him, that, instead of continuing to advance, General French changed his mind and retreated. De la Rey followed him, but never came in touch with him again because he had left for Cape Town. It seems that after the Battle of Magersfontein, Lord Roberts became much frightened at the presence of Cronje and called for help.

French was ordered to report to him at once, and left early in January to help Roberts out of his troubles. General Clements took French's place, but could do no better than his predecessor against de la Rey. On February 11th, the Battle of Slingersfontein was fought. It lasted for many hours and was stubbornly contested by both sides, but in the end de la Rey proved too much for him, and General Clements fled to Arundel, forgetting to take his camp with him. The burghers were hungry and thirsty and this camp amply satisfied all their wants. General de la Rey was now directed to return to the Modder River and co-operate with General Cronje against General Roberts and his mighty army. During his short period of operating about Colesberg he had captured some 500 prisoners, driven French's army back and made good his record of never having been defeated.

In a few weeks after Magersfontein, General Cronje saw that the British were appearing in thousands in all directions, and he finally made up his mind to move his little command to Paardeberg. His very stubbornness prevented his moving earlier, but he was satisfied. He saw that he was being gradually but surely surrounded by an enormous army, yet he never quailed. He was begged by such patriots and great and competent generals as Christian De Wet, de la Rey, Phillip Botha and even Com.-Gen. Joubert, of the Transvaal, to get out of

the ring nearly completed about him while he had an opportunity. He utterly ignored all of them, practically told them to go to Hades, and silenced them, for he was there to fight, and was going to fight. He did fight, and can history show anything to compare with it?

I am not going into the details of this nine days' fight, but will give the main features and the result. Here was a common, ordinary farmer, without any military training or education, in command of a little more than 4,000 equally untrained farmers, and four or five old Krupp guns. With him were a great number of refugee Boer women and children, who had come to him for protection against the insults and outrages of the British soldiery. Sad to relate, this is the actual truth, yet we still hear Anglo-Americans speaking of the civilized English. Opposed to him was the very flower of the English Empire. There were Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, General Kelly-Kenny, that able commander, Hector MacDonald, General French and many other stars of the British army. Altogether they had some 50,000 men around General Cronje. These men were all tried military men, trained and educated. Besides, Lord Roberts had 120 cannon, field guns and lyddite guns. The British may tell you that there were mountains there higher than Mount Everest, but believe me, there are no mountains there whatever. General Cronje and his little



GENERAL LORD KITCHENER.

One who believes that the only way to establish permanent peace in South Africa is to destroy the Boer women and children.

band of patriots were on the banks of the Modder River, where infantry, cavalry and artillery could manoeuvre without any difficulty. It was, I think, on the 18th of February that Roberts began with all his guns to bombard Cronje. Almost continually for nine days, 120 cannon were busy trying to destroy that little band of patriots. Once Lord Kitchener thought he would play a Khartoum act. He recalled the time when he charged upon and murdered some 10,000 to 15,000 unarmed negroes at Khartoum, and saw no reason why he could not do the same thing with 4,000 Boers. He forgot that the negroes were armed only with sticks, while the Boers had mausers. He advanced boldly, had hundreds and hundreds of his men slaughtered, and then fled as rapidly as he could. After the battle had been raging for two or three days, General Cronje asked for an armistice to bury his dead. Lord Roberts positively refused. During the whole war the Boers never once denied the English an armistice for that purpose, although they knew that the English, in every instance, took advantage of it to strengthen their position. There is a wide difference between a Boer savage and a civilized Englishman. Give me the former, but deliver me from the latter!

As Roberts had captured Cronje's ambulance wagons and would not allow any doctor to go and attend to his wounded, and as he was not permitted

to bury his dead, of course, the condition of the camp became such that the women and children could not endure it; and the Boers too were suffering on account of it, so Cronje's commandants and veldcornets forced him to hoist the white flag on February 27th. The battle was over and Lord Roberts had Cronje and his 4,000 men as prisoners of war. No doubt General Cronje would have been shot had there not been about 750 British officers and 4,000 soldiers as prisoners of war in Pretoria. This alone saved the old patriot's life, and we all know it.

On receiving the first news of the capture of the great Cronje and his army by the wonderful Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, A. B. C. D. E., etc., all London took a holiday, went crazy mad, and the papers put out their posters showing that Cronje with 15,000 or 20,000 or 30,000 "dirty" Boers had been captured. When they finally learned that Cronje had only 4,000 men against Lord Robert's big army, all slunk their heads and retired to their homes. What Lord Roberts considered his greatest victory the world at large considered his greatest defeat.

What the English losses were we do not know, and I know that the English people do not know either, for Mr. Chamberlain says that the death lists are not yet completed. If the complete returns are ever made known, I think we shall see that Roberts had as many men put out of action as

Cronje had in his command. General Cronje had about seventy men killed and about three times that number wounded.

I will now go to Stormberg and Aliwal North, the two really most important points on the Free State border, for here was the easy and natural way for the English to reach Bloemfontein.

At the beginning of the war the English occupied and well fortified Stormberg, and this was the only sensible thing they did. After a few weeks occupation, they, for some reason unknown to me, abandoned this position and fell back to Molteno. Of course the Boers lost no time in taking possession of the good work the English had done and abandoned. Generals Olivier and Grobler were there, and old General Hendrik Schoeman was near at hand. Schoeman was a fraud and afterwards joined the English to be blown up by a supposed empty lyddite shell in his home in Pretoria while engaged in a plot with others against his people. That empty shell had a little lyddite caked in the bottom, and Schoeman, having struck a match and lighted his pipe, threw the still burning match into the empty shell. An explosion followed, tearing out the side of the building, killing Schoeman, another traitor by the name of Van Der Merwe, and Schoeman's daughter, and seriously wounding old man Viljoen. This proves that it is a good thing for traitors to make

useful souvenirs of empty lyddite shells. It was a source of regret to all, however, that Miss Schoeman should have entered the room just as the explosion took place, and lost her life.

Both Grobler and Olivier were good officers and did good work. The total Boer force was less than a thousand with which they had to oppose General Gatacre and 3,000 men. Besides, Gatacre had six or eight cannon, as well as several maxims. Few shots were fired by either side until the 10th of December, when General Gatacre attacked. The fighting was very hot while it lasted, but it did not continue long before Gatacre saw his little army cut into pieces, and in a rapid and disorderly retreat to Molteno. In addition to his severe loss in dead and wounded, two cannon and over 600 of his men were taken. Before this battle all the English and Colonial papers were full of the wonderful deeds and the great capacity of this distinguished soldier, General Gatacre, and it was certain that he would make a skip to Stormberg and then a jump and land in Bloemfontein, leaving nothing but dead Boers behind him. The British officer is a wonderful genius on paper, but a very weak sister on the battlefield. General Gatacre did a great deal in this district towards the ultimate independence of South Africa; for the number of men he arrested, charged as spies and then shot, is very great,

and all their names are dearly cherished in the hearts of the Africanders. This battle finished the great Gatacre; at any rate, we never heard of him again during the war.

CHAPTER XI.

DE WET LOOMS UP.

Now we will go to the western border of the Transvaal and see what has been done at Mafeking. No one ever displayed any interest in Mafeking, yet some skirmishing and letter writing was going on daily. General Snyman commanded the Boers and Baden-Powell the English. Mafeking is situated in an open flat dotted with a few small hills here and there. Baden-Powell dug holes and put his men and some women in them. They lived like prairie dogs. He had three or four years' supply of good ammunition, and there was no reason why he should not have been happy and contented. He laid big mines, but they never caught any one. He loaded cars with dynamite and tried to explode them among the Boers, but he always failed. He would make bold attacks, lose a lot of men, then run back, crawl into his hole, and write a long letter complaining of ill-treatment. So it went on from day to day until the place was relieved. Captain Eloff had the place taken once, but old Snyman failed to come up with his 300 men, so the brave Eloff was left alone and captured. Snyman had given his solemn word to Eloff that he would not fail him.

GENERAL DE WET

Of all of the many utterly worthless generals the Boers had at the beginning of the war, I am sure that Snyman was the worst, and I am not certain that he would be a success at herding sheep. After Baden-Powell was released from Mafeking, we heard but little more about him as a fighting man. Judging by the volume of insane letters that he wrote while imprisoned, it is easy to conclude that he had at least two screws loose in his head. Many of the constabulary police we captured told us that although Baden-Powell was nominally in command, yet he never exercised any authority over them.

"Every little while," they said, "he would have to go home for private treatment because there was something wrong about his head." I fully believe this, for the papers would announce his departure for London on account of sickness, and, after a three or four months' absence we would see him in some of the London illustrated papers togged up in great style, with a huge Texas sombrero on his head, the loose flowing cowboy shirt, trousers to match, and a very tall pair of top boots. Then it was that he intended to return. To be shot—with a camera—is his greatest delight, and to write foolish letters is his hobby.

After all, General Baden-Powell, there were worse specimens than you in the English army during the war, and there are still many worse specimens in that same army to-day, many of whom hold

higher rank than you. When I say that you have two screws loose in your head, I may be doing you a good service in the eyes of humanity, for you know that you armed several hundred Kaffirs and had them with you in Mafeking, and that several hundred of the British-armed Kaffirs outside of Mafeking murdered many old Boer men, women and children in their homes, who took no part in the war. No sane man, no honorable man, no true soldier would resort to such beastly methods to outdo his ten-fold weaker foe. In fact nobody but a Britisher would be guilty of such infamous conduct. Colonel Plumer with his mixed command of regulars and volunteers north of Mafeking and on the northern boundary of the Transvaal came so near doing nothing, that I will pass him by and give some of the reasons why the Boers laid siege to Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking. I admit that I cannot give a good one, for I don't believe there is one. However, the Boer officers generally thought it the best thing to do. Commandant-General Joubert told me that he thought that by holding Ladysmith closely invested, General White would soon consent to a surrender, and thereby save much bloodshed. The idea of killing people was repulsive to him, and, furthermore, he could see no reason for it. We could easily have gone to Maritzburg and then to Durban before Buller arrived, and at the same time held General White's

line of communication. This would actually have put General White in a worse predicament than he was in at Ladysmith. He could have done nothing, for all bridges and the railway behind would be destroyed and our total force was as large as his by the fifth of November. Once the Boers had seized Maritzburg, General White could have done nothing. It was all in our hands, and besides we would have received several thousand recruits from the Natal Boers. For no other reason except to save life was Ladysmith besieged.

Kimberley could have easily been taken, but here another factor came in. To take the place, all the Boers had to do was to destroy De Aar Junction, the supply depot there, and the branch line to Kimberley. Having done this, the next step was to proceed on the Cape Railway line and destroy it. The English could have done nothing without these lines, and Kimberley would have fallen without one shot being fired. But President Steyn prevented this because it put the Dutch Cape Ministry in a bad dilemma. This Ministry was friendly to the Boers and no doubt wished them every success, but had the Boers proceeded as I have suggested, the British Government would have charged the Ministry with treasonable conduct. So De Aar Junction and all the railway lines were allowed to remain in good order for the use of Lord Roberts and his army. The Boers in their every act were always

swayed by their love of justice and humanity, and were always ready to sacrifice themselves in order to do good to others. It was a vital mistake they made, and I repeatedly told them so, because they knew, and I knew, that the liberty and independence of their land were at stake. I used to beg General Joubert to throw the whole force of the Boers in the Free State into Cape Colony and destroy all bridges and railway lines, for I knew, if this was done, we would get 15,000 or 20,000 recruits in Cape Colony, and the English could never then push their way across the Orange River. But the good, humane General Joubert would never consent to do anything that might cause trouble for his friends in Cape Town. I respected him for the stand he took; in fact, I admired and loved him for it; but it was not business in dealing with such an unscrupulous enemy as Great Britain.

Ladysmith and Kimberley were practically relieved on the same day, February 27th, and a few days afterwards followed the relief of Mafeking. To lay siege to Mafeking was positively foolish, and had the Boers allowed General Baden-Powell to come out, why, they would have had him and all his men in Pretoria for their Christmas dinner at President Kruger's expense. Mafeking was of little or no importance to either party in the war, so long as the English were not permitted to cross the Orange River, and they never could have

crossed or reached the Orange River if all the bridges and railways in Cape Colony had been destroyed. The Karoo, a wide desert, must first be crossed, and no large army would dare make the venture of crossing.

The way the English managed their transportation, and the food they furnished to the soldier, would have sufficed to kill half the army. Had the Boers of the Free State combined and entered Cape Colony, General Buller would have given up all hope of relieving Ladysmith, and General White would have been a prisoner of war. What a fatal, fatal mistake it was to give so much consideration to the personal feelings of others, when the very life of the land was at stake! There were so many ways by which the Boers could have beaten the English and maintained the independence of the the two little Republics, that it is positively painful for me to think or write about the incidents and outcome of the war. I hope with all my heart that the Boers in the future will remember and never forget that it is absolutely impossible for religion and humanity to contend successfully against unscrupulousness and treachery in this civilized age of the twentieth century. If they will only remember this, and act accordingly, the day is not far distant when they will drive the British from South Africa's shores, and the Africander race will, for the first time in 250 years, breathe the air of

permanent peace and be recognized by all the nations of the earth as a free and independent people, in a land over which will wave the Africander flag to the end of time.

In the last days of March General De Wet scored another victory against a far superior force under the command of General Broadwood. It was at Sanna's Post that General De Wet placed his 300 men in the bed of Koorn Spruit on both sides of the road crossing, and gave orders that not a shot was to be fired until he gave the command. The previous day he had directed Generals P. Cronje, J. B. Wessels, C. L. Froneman and Piet De Wet with some 1,100 burghers and four guns, to proceed to the east side of the Modder River, and bombard Sanna's Post as soon as it was light on the following morning. This would drive General Broadwood, his 2,000 men and nine guns, by him and his men concealed in the Koorn Spruit, for this was directly on their line of retreat to Bloemfontein. When General De Wet gave these orders, General Broadwood was at Thaba'Nchu but, to his surprise, he, General Broadwood, after it became dark moved his force to the Bloemfontein Water Works in the very presence of General De Wet and his men concealed in the Koorn Spruit. At daylight General De Wet discovered this overwhelming force at close quarters, but he was not frightened for he felt that in his position he was

equal to it. General Broadwood was breaking camp, and some of his teams and men were just starting on their way to Bloemfontein. The Boers by strict orders, lay low and said nothing until the carts and wagons reached them, when, as fast as they arrived, they were made prisoners and concealed in the bed of the spruit, that is, a deep ravine. After nearly all the wagons and carts and some 200 Tommies had been made prisoners, General Broadwood discovered that there was something wrong about that spruit, and as he had five cannon very near to it he concluded to withdraw them and put them in a safer place. He was sorely disappointed for General De Wet had his eye on those five guns and besides the other generals with their 1,100 men opened fire on Broadwood's camp at the same time. Now was the time for confusion, and General Broadwood and his 2,000 men were so terribly confused that they lost no time in running for their lives, but they had sense enough to dodge the ford where General De Wet and his 300 men were concealed. On both sides of General De Wet, General Broadwood's brave 2,000 Britishers passed within easy rifle range and as fast as they could run.

As the 2,000 panic-stricken brave Britishers passed in review, General De Wet and his 300 patriots did not fail to make their mausers sing in unerring tones and give them a good send off.

General Broadwood and two-thirds of his men escaped. He left behind 350 men killed and wounded, 480 prisoners, seven cannon and 117 wagons to the tender mercies of General De Wet. The total Boer loss was three killed and five wounded. The British Government and all London rejoiced over General Broadwood's escape. I must confess that he deserved a great deal of credit and merited the gratulations of his Queen, for some other British general might have fared worse.

In the first days of April, after his great success at Sanna's Post, General DeWet collected more men and went to Reddersberg where he knew there were some English troops. On his arrival he found the English, but they did not make much resistance. They abused the white flag, and by so doing, killed one of his veldcornets and killed six of his men. The English having hoisted their white flag and all firing having ceased, General De Wet and his men advanced to receive their arms, ammunition, etc. On arriving within close range the English suddenly began firing again although their white flag was still flying. General De Wet's men followed their example, and within five minutes several more white flags were flying, but so furious were the burghers at the English treachery that General De Wet was unable to restrain them till 100 English had been killed and wounded. Now the remaining 470 gladly and promptly laid down

their arms. That one act of treachery caused the death of that brave and good veldcornet, Du Plessis, and General De Wet failed to appreciate the cause of humanity when he did not shoot down every officer among his 470 prisoners.

CHAPTER XII.

PAYING AN INSTALMENT ON THE IRISH DEBT.

I will now return to the Irish boys whom I left at Smaldeel station, thirty miles north of Brandfort in the Free State. During the few days we spent here, every preparation was made for hot, lively work, for we knew that it was near the time when orders would come to advance and meet Lord Roberts and his great army of 90,000 men, with cannon in proportion. On the afternoon of May 1st, 1900, we received instructions to proceed to Brandfort and join with General de la Rey, so, having packed all tents, baggage, etc., in a freight car—which we scarcely ever expected to see again, —we started on our way, and never a happier or more delighted lot of boys went to a holiday picnic than those that went to face English bullets and shells.

It was a long, cold ride, and late in the afternoon of the following day we were camped in the bush on the bank of the little creek at Brandfort. Rumors were soon going the rounds that the British were near at hand, but it was so dark that we could not have seen them had they been only twenty feet

away. So we decided to go to sleep and get up before daylight in the morning, that we might be ready to meet trouble.

In the early morning we learned that the English had slept in the bush on the same creek, a few miles below us, and as soon as the sun came up we saw them. There before us was Roberts with his 90,000 men, by far the largest army that any of us had ever seen, and, as far as we knew, there was to oppose him a mouthful of Irishmen at Brandfort. The Russian attache, Colonel Gourko, the French attache, Captain Demange, and the American attache, Captain Carl Reichmann, were there too. I think everyone of them came near being captured, for they were a plucky lot of fellows and were determined to see how the English would act in the face of a handful of Irishmen. I don't know how the spectacle struck the attaches, but the English reminded me of a lot of ants whose routine of action had been disturbed by some mischievous boy, for they seemed to be moving aimlessly in all directions. I really believe that Roberts and his 90,000 men were afraid that a few hundred Boers might lay an ambush for them at Brandfort. This idea is preposterous, but I tell you that Englishmen are terribly afraid of Boers, and when they see one, that one will appear as many as at least ten to them.

South of Brandfort about three miles, there is a line of kopjes running east and west. Several columns of cavalry were moving south of them and parallel to them. It was plain that they intended to attack that line of kopjes. There were no Boers in them at the time, but the English imagined they were full of them. Early in the morning the Heidelburg Commando, about 600 strong, joined with us at the tall hill by Brandfort. All then went at full speed to reach the kopjes before the English. We barely succeeded, for no sooner had we dismounted than the English began with both cannon and rifle to make it warm for us.

The new boys from Chicago and Massachusetts, although it was their first time under fire, were in great glee, and with the old men of the brigade began to fire. Although huge shells tore up the earth about them, and thousands of bullets were chipping stones and singing in the air, yet not one of them seemed to realize that he was in any danger whatever. They were all too intent on their own work to realize their danger. Between the Irish boys and the Heidelburg Commando there was a large and very high kopje, so that neither party could see the other. The Irish boys succeeded in driving the English right back and were much pleased with their work. About two p. m., a courier came near me and yelled out,

"General Spruit says get your men away as quickly as possible." In loud tones I asked, "What is the trouble?" But he was in too much of a hurry to give answer, and he was soon far on his way across the flat in our rear. I called to the boys and told them to come quickly, as there was imminent danger somewhere. Irish-like, they wanted to argue the case, for they saw no danger and besides they were having a really good time. I quickly told them to come, as there was no time for argument. I knew General Spruit well, and when he says "get out quickly," I know it is time to get out. We raced down the kopje, mounted our horses and started across the flat towards Brandfort. Much to our surprise, we saw all the hills about Brandfort literally covered with English cavalry. I looked for the Heidelburg Commando and found that it must have retreated hours before, for not a man of it could be seen in any direction. We were certainly in a serious position, for our line of retreat was cut off by thousands of English, and there were thousands in front of us. To get out at all, we had to march across an open flat and pass within 2,500 yards of the English, for there was only one pass through the mountains in our rear. We crossed the flat and, having reached the base of the mountains, I called the men and told them that it looked like a hopeless case for us. There really was not the slightest show for us

because all the English had to do was to ride down 1,000 or 1,500 yards, and we were completely hemmed in.

I always swore that I would never be captured alive, and told the boys so. I also told them that I was going to make a run for the road that leads through the pass, and asked them what they wished to do. They said they would make the run with me. We started at once in single file along a path that wound its way through the bush. This led us to the left and front of the English. Every man had his eye pinned on the English, and a dead silence reigned. I was terribly worried and frightened too, for I fully expected to see the English move at every moment and interpose themselves between us and the road. On we rode until we were right in front of them and about 2000 yards distant. I felt a little better, for the English had not yet moved. I was constantly watching the hills on my left, in the hope that I might see a chance of climbing them. Fortune favored me, for I discovered a good path running up the hills, and I concluded that, as it was an emergency, we could go where the goats had gone, and so turned to the left on to this tiny little path. It was a hard climb, but we reached safe ground on top just as the British made up their minds to take us in. They were too late, as usual, and only advanced a small distance, when they turned about and went

back. It was a very cold day, but the terrible strain the men and I had passed through, warmed all of us into a heavy perspiration. It was General Hutton who kindly allowed us to escape. He said in his report that he thought we had some English prisoners with us, and therefore did not dare to fire on us. The Chicago and Massachusetts boys had on khaki uniforms, and that is why Hutton was deceived. His excuse was a poor one, just the same, for he could easily have blocked our way without firing a shot, and besides any ordinary field glass at his distance would have shown him that every man carried a rifle. We owed our escape entirely to British stupidity.

As no Boers could be seen from the hills, we made up our minds that we were very far behind everybody. As it was now nearly sundown, we started out to put a few miles between us and the British. We had not gone far when we found ourselves in the camp lately occupied by the Heidelburg Commando. Here we found coffee, sugar, bread and meat, and as we had had nothing to eat all day, we stopped and had a good feast. Then our poor, tired horses enjoyed their feast too, and it gave me more pleasure to see them at their mealies than to eat myself.

It was dark before we saddled up and started on our way in search of the Boers. Finally we

reached the main road and near by was a stack of oats at a farm house. I told the boys to help themselves, and every man piled on his horse all the oats he could well manage. We then went on our way until we reached a little farm in the open flat that I knew was about nine miles from Brandfort, so here we concluded to camp for the night. It was about ten o'clock when a courier rode into camp looking for me. He pointed out the direction of General de la Rey's camp and told me that the General wished to see me early in the morning. I was anxious to see the General too, for I did not like the idea of being alone in front of Lord Robert's army. Early on the following morning I took two men and started in search of General de la Rey. My directions carried me obliquely towards Brandfort and I concluded that the General must have camped very near the English. We had gone about a mile when I saw seven men dressed as the Boers usually are, riding alongside a hill between us and Brandfort. The two Africander scouts with me declared they were Boers, and I declared they were English in Boer clothes. The way they held their legs and their position in the saddle had formed my opinion. An Englishman on a horse always reminds me of a wooden clothespin. We decided to go ahead, for our direction would not lead us into trouble, yet I did a lot of thinking about those seven men, for there was a

GENERAL DE LA REY. WHO NEVER LOST A BATTLE

very deep kloof near them, and the whole English army could be easily concealed in it. We had gone about another mile when we came upon one of General de la Rey's men on the look out. I knew him and asked him if he had seen the seven men. He said no, and then pointed out to me just where General de la Rey was encamped. I galloped all the way, because I thought there was danger in that kloof. I was so certain that I told Commandant Trichardt, of the artillery, that the English were near at hand, and that he would do well to inspan and prepare for business.

I did not get to see General de la Rey because he had gone to see his brother who had been seriously wounded the previous day. I must say that before reaching General de la Rey's camp I sent one of the men with me, Hendrik Slegkamp, after giving him my wire-cutters, back to the Irish camp with instructions to saddle up as quickly as possible and fall back to some kopjes about two miles in the rear. All the farms in that country are entirely surrounded by wire fences and one can't get through without wire-cutters. The last I saw of Hendrik, he was going at a full gallop. After chatting with Colonel Trichardt for about fifteen minutes, he ordered all mules and horses to be spanned in and saddled up, and then we started back towards my own camp. Knowing the exact direction, we took a short cut and, having

reached the top of a ridge about one mile from General de la Rey's camp and about two miles from my own, we were fired upon from a mealie field. Across the flat I saw the Irish boys under fire and flying to the kopjes in the rear. We could not get through the wire fences because I had let Hendrik have my cutters, and the English at long range were making it very warm for us. There was a little cottage about 400 yards away, and we put spurs to our horses and reached it as quickly as possible. A little Dutch woman showed us a sheep path which would lead us to the small gates that opened from one farm to the other. That was about the hottest path that we ever travelled, for the English had found our range and were making use of it. My boy's horse was slightly wounded; otherwise we were all right. I saw that the Irish were safe on the kopje, but we could not get to them on account of the wire fences. Just as General de la Rey's men had saddled up and all were ready to move, the English opened fire on him, but he managed to get his guns, wagons and everything out safely. The whole country seemed to be alive with English, and they all came out of that deep kloof where I had seen the seven men. I felt it in my very bones that the English were in that kloof, and acted accordingly. It was a lucky thing for all of us that I did.

During the evening I reached the Irish boys, and we crossed the Vet River and went into camp. Early next morning we met General de la Rey and his men, and there was general rejoicing. The general said he was going to give fight on the river, and put Roberts to a little trouble. With the Irish, he had about 2,500 men to fight Roberts and his 90,000.

The position was a good one, but of course the general knew that he could do no more than make the English do a lot of work, and possibly knock a few of them down before he had to retreat. Roberts finally showed up, and the deployment of that great body of men into fighting formation, with absolute mathematical precision, was really beautiful. I was so interested that I could scarcely take my eyes from such beautiful military figures. That awful man, that brave man, that gallant man, Major J. L. Pretorius, seemed to have no idea of the beautiful at all, for just before the military figure was completed in all its beauty, he fired a shell that fell right among them. That shell simply played the deuce and ruined a most artistic picture. Instead of order, precision and beauty, we now had to witness disorder and pandemonium generally, for the English soldiers broke away, some running one way and some another, not one seeming in the least inclined to take a chance on the next shell that might follow. It was marvellous what havoc one tiny

shell could raise in a military-trained and thoroughly disciplined army. Major Pretorius was nothing but a youngster, but then there was nothing in the British army that was anywhere near his equal. For a change, and as the Irish boys were the latest arrivals, General de la Rey said he would hold us as reserves. Major Pretorius started the fight with that shell, and soon 30,000 English with cannon and shell were trying to lay low General de la Rey and 2,500 patriots. When the fighting became really hot and close, the reserve, the Irish boys, were sent for and told to come as quickly as possible to the road crossing the river. We went, but to go into the firing line we had to pass through the belt especially shelled by the English guns. The boys did not murmur; they went out. Strange to say, not one of them received a bullet. Now, they had a close range, and didn't they send the bullets to the right place? I think they did, and I know they did. There were a lot of British to our right and front in a kopje about 1,000 yards distant. I think they were Irish, for the English turned their maxims on them, killed many of them and kept them from firing on us. We did not fire on them because the English were doing the work for us.

That was really a pretty fight in which the Boers did not suffer, and about sundown General de la Rey ordered us to fall back. The Irish

boys kept firing away until it was fairly dark, and I became frightened for fear they might be captured. The Boers had all left, and had those fool Englishmen known anything, they might have given us a run for our lives. We remained in order to see out of danger a few young Boers who were in an arroya very close to the English. When we did finally go back, mount our horses and start towards Smaldeel, we ran into the very boys that we had assisted to get out of the arroya, and by a mere piece of luck they didn't fire on us. I was calling to the men to hurry up and my voice was recognized, otherwise we would have received a volley. I had a very excellent pair of field glasses given to me by a Russian Count and I made good use of them when the English were arriving to engage us. In Natal, the Transvaal and the Free State, from the day the war first began, I had tried to convince the Boers of the great importance of destroying the enemy's line of communication. I never suceeded in making any headway, however, for they could not be made to believe in the destruction of property. Here at Vet River I handed General de la Rey my glasses and told him to witness the trains on the opposite ridge from which thousands of infantry were tumbling to give us battle. The general realized now for the first time the strength of my argument, and was thereafter bent on destroying the railway

lines. He suceeded in partially convincing General Louis Botha that the destruction of the lines was of the first importance. Volunteers for the purpose were called for, and it was the Irish Brigade that promptly responded. In fact, I believe that the men of the Irish Brigade were the only ones that did, and I believe that they were the only ones among the Boers that understood the business. It having been decided by the Council of War that the bridges and railway lines were to be destroyed, I selected the men that I knew would do the work well. There were little Mike Halley, the ever to be remembered Joe Wade, Jim O'Keefe, Dick Barry, Tom Herlihy, Tom Tierney, and several others whom I selected for this most important work.

In blowing up the long and high bridge at Sand River, the Irish boys were exposed both to cannon and rifle fire, but not one flinched and their work was well done. It was while some Anglo-American engineers were trying to repair this bridge, that Majors Seymour and Clements, (both Americans) were killed by General De Wet and his men. I am sure that neither I nor the Irish boys would have shed a tear had the whole lot been killed. All were mercenaries in the strict sense of the word, and this class of men are not fit to live in any country.

Here I must mention a little incident in which

Mike Halley was the principal actor. At the time that the bridges and railways had been blown up in good form and we had crossed Sand River and arrived at Riet Spruit very near the Sand River, General Botha had sent for Sergeant Joe Wade, Mike Halley and Dick Barry to give them further instructions. Strange to say, General Botha always waited until the last moment, in fact, to the moment when it was too late to do good work. The boys were always on the alert and sometimes acted without orders, blew up the bridges according to my instructions and felt much satisfaction. Now, when they were called up, General de la Rey happened to meet Mike Halley and bounced on him for too much enthusiasm. Mike did not know the general, and thinking he was an ordinary Boer, said "What in hell do you know about it, anyhow?" This settled the general and he replied, "Go ahead. You know your business, my boy."

When Mike was informed that he was addressing General de la Rey, he promptly went to him to offer his apology.

The boys were now given full swing and rails, ties and bridges were constantly flying in the air till we reached the Vaal River, the Transvaal border, where orders were received from General Louis Botha to destroy nothing more. What a puerile display of military knowledge! Lord Roberts moved along this long line across the flats of the Free State.

He had three columns, each 30,000 strong. One followed the road along the railway line and the other two were on the right and left flanks. There were not over 2,500 Boers and three or four cannon to oppose him on these wide open flats, yet it took him twenty-three days to drive that little band of patriots a distance of 110 miles, and every foot of the distance was hotly contested.

When we reached Kroonstad all were very tired, but the Irish boys wished to do some more work before they left the town. The English, of course, were at our heels, but that did not concern them in the least. We rigged up a spring wagon with six mules, loaded it with provisions and ammunition and were ready to move out just after blowing up the bridge and thoroughly alarming the town, when it suddenly occurred to Mick Ryan to destroy the provision depot. It was an immense building filled with sufficient supplies to support an ordinary army for many days. I told Mick to go ahead and do his work well. He built a good fire against the building, and some Englishmen came up with water and put it out. Mick then warned them not to try to do it again. He kindled another fire, and when it blazed up, one of the same Englishmen dashed up with a bucket of water and put it out. Mick struck him on the head with his rifle, knocked him senseless and then warned the others that if any attempt was made to put out his fire again he

would give them some bullets. He made up his fire again, and this time no one disturbed it. When the building was well on fire, some one yelled out that there were several cases of dynamite near the burning part of the building. Everybody fled for their lives, and Mick saw that immense supply depot burn to the ground. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and the great light was plainly visible to Lord Roberts and his army who were about three miles distant. The English are not yet through damning the Irish Brigade for their good piece of work.

The main part of the brigade went forward with the cannon, and it was just thirty of us that remained behind to finish up the good work.

After the supply depot was burned we left town and camped about three miles out on the Heilbron road. We had learned that the English had put themselves between us and the Boer forces, so we had to take this route. Early next morning we were just ready to move out when we saw about 400 cavalry coming for us. We hastened off and kept ourselves in safety although the English pursued us as rapidly as they dared. They did not give up the chase until we were near the little town of Heilbron.

Here we met President Steyn, and Judge Hertzog, and I can remember that the only subject discussed was the importance of playing on Lord

Roberts' line of communication. I finally convinced them that it was the only way they could successfully fight such an immense army, and President Steyn telegraphed President Kruger for permission for the Irish Brigade to remain in the Free State. President Kruger wanted us in the Transvaal, so we said good-bye, and left for Rhenoster River at the railway crossing, where we learned that the Boers had taken up positions. General De Wet, however, went to work on Roberts' communications, and soon established for himself the greatest name of all the Boer officers in the field. Had we done in the Transvaal what De Wet did in the Free State, Roberts would have been driven into famine, and utterly disgraced himself in the eyes of the world; but this is not the place to explain, so we will wait until we reach Pretoria. We left Heilbron early in the morning, and at night we were with General Botha and the Boer forces. We now learned that General Botha had officially reported us as captured in Kroonstad and he was very much surprised when I reported to him. Having told him what we had done in Kroonstad, and assured him that we had not been in any real danger, he instructed me to take position at the road crossing, on the river. These road crossings of rivers are always the warmest places when it comes to a fight, and as the English were then near at hand,

I fully expected on the following day to have a most interesting time. On reaching our position, and having taken a good look at it, I was then convinced that the English would not attack, but would go around our flanks. I told General Botha that he would find that I was right, because this Rhenoster River is the best defensive position I had seen in the country. The banks were very deep and steep, and the river bed was caked sand, over which flowed a skim of water. We could gallop our horses for miles in that river without being seen or in any way exposed to artillery fire. To attack the position, the English would have to advance over a grassy plain, gently sloping to the river, and 2,500 Boers in the river could easily have killed as many English without taking any risk whatever. I was certain that the English knew all about the strength of this river position and would therefore dodge it. It was about three o'clock on the following morning when we received orders to retreat, as the English had crossed the river on our left and right flanks. As it was very dark, we concluded to wait until daylight before retreating. Just as it was good light we moved away, and an English battery on a ridge some 2,500 yards distant, sent three shells at us, to move us along more lively. There was no more fighting of any consequence until we reached Klip River, near Johannesburg. The little band of

patriots were always in touch with the big English army, and occasionally, some shots would be exchanged near the bridges which the Irish boys were charging with dynamite, but no damage was done. I didn't understand then, nor do I understand now, why that great British army did not at least make an effort to capture that small band of Boers and all their cannon, while crossing the great open plain between Brandford and the Vaal River. For the operations of cavalry and artillery, there is no country in the world more favorable than those immense Free State prairies, and had Roberts made any use of his thousands of cavalry, he could have taken the Boer guns at any time, and the 2,500 Boers with them. He seemed frightened, and I believe he was, for he had not yet forgotten the slaughter at Magersfontein. We could never understand, either, why he followed the small Boer force, and left behind that daring man, General Christian De Wet, with 10,000 men. But more about this after we reach Pretoria. To the south of Johannesburg, General Botha had some short but lively fighting, and forced the English to move around to the west, where General de la Rey warmed them up in good form.

The English also came in on the east, where there was a little skirmishing that did not amount to anything. We passed through Johannesburg, and went to within six miles of Pretoria. The

Boers and British were actually camped side by side just north of Johannesburg, but the Boers were the first to find this out at daylight and so managed to escape being captured. General Botha is a pretty reckless man, and he did not get out any too quickly.

I urged the council of war at Vaal River to allow me to blow up certain mines in Johannesburg, but it was no use talking, not one of them would agree to it. They did not believe in the destruction of property. It was the mines of the very men who, with Chamberlain, Milner and Rhodes, had labored so hard to bring on the war, that I was so anxious to blow up, and I regret to this day that we did not destroy them. All the immense stores of provisions in Johannesburg and Pretoria I wished so badly to destroy, that I fairly begged for permission to do it, but all in vain. With De Wet and 10,000 men behind Roberts, and on his line of communications, and all provisions in Johannesburg and Pretoria destroyed, Lord Roberts would have been a defeated man, for the reason that he had no food for his army. As it was, his men came nearly starving to death on half rations. I can never forgive the Boer generals for leaving such quantities of good supplies for the British. The railway and telegraph lines between the Vaal River and Pretoria should have been completely destroyed, yet General Botha gave me

strict orders not to disturb either. We were simply playing into the hands of the English, and doing more for them than they could possibly do for themselves. On the fifth of June we had to leave Pretoria, and, strange to say, we left the Pietersburg and Delagoa railway lines, all in good order with plenty of engines and cars for immediate use by the English. Why General Botha insisted on leaving all these lines intact, and well equipped for the English, I cannot understand. There was not a burgher in the field, that did not realize that the destruction of all railway facilities was a matter of grave importance. Much as I admire General Botha, not only as a brave man, but as a first-class fighter and an able general, I must condemn him for his opposition to the destruction of the enemy's communications, and for his failure to destroy the enemy's supply stores. General De Wet had done his work so well that General Roberts was cut off from all communications with the Colony, and there was no food to be had in the country, except in the Boer supply stores.

KOOTIE HEYSTEK, A BOER BELLE, OF PRETORIA

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD ROBERTS BREAKS HIS PLEDGE MADE IN PROCLAMATION—BOERS IN GREAT DISORDER ON LEAVING PRETORIA — MAKE GRAND STAND AT DONKERHOEK — GENERAL BULLER ARRIVES IN TRANSVAAL—BATTLE OF DALMANUTHA.

After the occupation of Pretoria, Lord Roberts issued his usual proclamation, to induce the burghers to lay down their arms. They were not to be sent away, their property was not to be molested, and they were to be allowed to peacefully occupy their farms. Thousands of the burghers, really believing that the war was over, took advantage of this proclamation and surrendered their rifles. Almost the entire Rustenburg district surrendered, and hundreds of men of the other districts did likewise.

As in the Free State, so in the Transvaal, as soon as Lord Roberts had the men and the guns in his possession, he at once violated his pledge, sent the men away, and afterwards destroyed all their property. The reason that the Boers did not make a stand at Pretoria, was that every shell the English might fire would land in the town, and

kill women and children. Of course, this would please the English immensely, but the Boers never gave them the chance. As it was, they fired a few shells on the outskirts of the town, and wounded three Boer women. The English are bent on killing women, because they know that, so long as they are in the land, the Union Jack trembles with fear as it floats above them.

The Boers were in the greatest disorder when leaving Pretoria. There seemed to be no head, and burghers were going in all directions, north, east, south and west. General Botha ordered as many as he could reach, to proceed on the Delagoa railway line toward Middleburg. The English now made up their minds that there was no more fight in the Boers, and that the time was ripe to make a gallant display of dash and bravery on the fast retreating Boers. All titled persons of noble blood, were anxious to fill the London press with long accounts of their brave exploits, and Lord Roberts himself was not behind them in his desire for praise. The result was, that a large force was started in pursuit of the Boers, with Lord Roberts in command. The fleeing Boers, on reaching Donkerhoek, about fifteen miles from Pretoria, were assembled by General Botha and General de la Rey, and all agreed not to run any further. There were about 7,000 of them, and they took up a position on a line about twenty miles long. It

was on the 12th of June, that the British army, and the lords, dukes, earls and so forth, appeared on the scene, and proceeded at once to wipe out what was left of the Boer forces. A very hot fight was the result, and the Boers wiped up the English, and gave them such a shock that they did not recover their nerve for months. Go to the graveyard in Pretoria, read some of the inscriptions on the head-boards, and you will find some missing earls, dukes and soforth, accounted for. Lord Roberts turned tail also and went back to Pretoria, to get out some more proclamations. He is a wonderful general, on paper, but on the battle field he is a pitiful failure.

After this fight, General de la Rey, with 1,500 men, went to the Rustenburg district west of Pretoria, where all the burghers had laid down their arms. Lord Roberts had not had time yet to violate his pledge, so the men were still on their farms. General Botha now made Commandant Ben Viljoen a fighting general, and he proved a most excellent man. The Boers regained hope, and were as full of fight as ever. From Donkerhoek to Machadadorp is about 110 miles, a long stretch of beautiful, rolling prairie, well watered, dotted here and there with beautiful farms, and in all respects suited for cavalry, infantry and artillery to display great skill and excellent work. General Botha is a nervy man, and he determined

to contest every inch of ground to Machadadorp, and make it cost the English much time and many men to cross the fair prairie. Every day General Botha and his small force fought the English army, and in all the engagements he was generally successful, as is shown by the fact that it required sixty days to drive him back to Dalmanutha, nine miles from Machadadorp. Here he took up a position to make a firm stand. He had to scatter his men along a line about twenty-four miles long, in order to prevent the English from turning his flanks. I think the position at Machadadorp was much better and stronger, but he did not think so. I believe now, however, if he had the opportunity again, he would try his luck at Machadadorp, for his line would not be over ten miles long, his flanks would be safe, and in case of defeat, he could retreat in good order.

I left General Buller and his army at Ladysmith on February 28th. Now he appears on the scene again. He had a most difficult task to fight his way through the mountains of Natal and cross into the Transvaal, but at last he had succeeded, and was on his way to join the army opposed to General Botha. It was about the middle of August that General Buller arrived. The entire British force now to attack the Boer forces was about 65,000 strong, while General Botha had less than 7,000 men. He did not have hills and mountains,

as in Natal, but, instead, open, rolling prairies. It looked as if the English would ride right over us and kill or capture our whole force, but they didn't. Lord Roberts sent about 600 women and children in open coal trucks to Belfast when it was midwinter and so cold that no one could keep warm. He did this, thinking that the Boers, rather than see their women and children suffer, and probably die, would come in and surrender. He was fooled, however, for General Botha put them all on the train and sent them to Barberton, where it was warm and where all had friends. Lord Roberts likes to fight women and children and takes as much pleasure in seeing them suffer as does Lord Kitchener. After General Buller arrived and took command, there was fighting daily on some part of the line for nine days before the final effort was made on the 27th of August. In the centre of our line were seventy-two of the Johannesburg police, who were on the ridge between Belfast and Dalmanutha. They had built for themselves stone breastworks about two feet high, but a shell would easily destroy any of them.

On the night of the 26th, General Buller changed his plans and concentrated his force on the centre, instead of on our left flank, and at six o'clock of the morning of the 27th he began with thirty-six guns to bombard the seventy-two Johannesburg police. As the railway line had been left

in good order by General Botha's instructions, two huge siege guns came up on some flat cars. When they were fired, the whole earth seemed to tremble and the explosion of the shell was fairly deafening, yet they did no damage. I could see every one of the seventy-two police plainly, for I was with a Long Tom on a high point to their left. For seven hours without intermission, heavy lyddite shells were bursting on the ground about them and a dozen or so schrapnel were bursting over their heads at the same time. When at about two o'clock in the afternoon I saw a long line of cavalry put in readiness to charge their position, I felt sure that there was not one of them alive, for it did not seem possible for them with their little protection to escape.

Suddenly all the cannon ceased to roar and a dead stillness reigned for a moment, but only for a moment, for here comes the long line of cavalry at full gallop. It rapidly approaches and when within about 100 yards of the police there was a ring of musketry heard that positively filled me with an ecstacy of joy. The police were still alive, and with such rapidity did they use their rifles, and to such good effect, that saddles were emptied fast, and loose horses were running frantically across the veldt, some dragging wounded men whose feet were caught in the stirrups. They could not stand such a deadly fire, and turned and fled back, the

police continuing to mow them down. They form line, are re-enforced, and again they charge, only to be driven back as before after a heavy loss. Four charges were made, and four times the charges were driven back, and no doubt a fifth charge would have followed had General Botha not ordered the police to retire. These brave men retired as coolly as they had passed through the seven hours' shell storm, and four times driven back that long line of cavalry.

Of the seventy-two men, nineteen were killed and wounded, among the killed being three officers.

Lord Roberts, who arrived at twenty minutes to one o'clock, according to his own report, pronounced this the severest bombardment of the war, and could not understand why the whole Boer force was not annihilated. Of course, Lord Roberts came up just as the battle was over, to save General Buller the trouble of making his report announcing a victory. There is no getting round the fact that Roberts is cute and smart and knows how to use the pen and steal the credit that belongs to others. He certainly deserves the title of Lord, or Earl, or any big-sounding name like that, with at least double the number of letters in the alphabet following it as a tail, for he has the gall to keep his title up to the high-water mark. General Botha having ordered a retreat, of course Lord Roberts hastened back to Pretoria to issue another

proclamation. He didn't say very much this time, for he was very tired sending cablegrams telling of his great victory, but he still had strength enough to proclaim the war at an end, annex the Transvaal to the British Empire, entreat the burghers to come in like good boys and lay down their arms, and forget his many dastardly deeds.

It was during this battle that that wonderful artillerist, Major J. L. Pretorius put Long Tom to the test that I had so strongly advocated at Ladysmith and other places. The Boer officers were all convinced that it would be dangerous to fire Long Tom except when fastened down to a heavy wooden platform. To build these platforms to stand the work a great deal of labor, at least twenty-four hours of time, and a great deal of strong material were required. My contention was that Long Tom could be used as an ordinary field gun, and would do good work without a platform as well as with one. To have so used this big gun at Ladysmith would have kept the British guessing, and the results would have been very different. At Dalmanutha, Major Pretorius did not have time to finish the platform, so he took the chances of firing Long Tom as he stood without one, and the result was excellent. He found his shooting was just as accurate, and that the recoil was never more than two or three yards. Thereafter Long

Tom was always used as an ordinary field gun, and Major Pretorius took him over the mountains by Lydenburg. With the exception of about twenty men, the Irish boys were all dismounted, having lost their horses near Pretoria. They were in position under Commandant Kruger, and when the English broke through our centre it looked as though they would be captured. They had to make about ten miles to reach Machadadorp, where they could take the train, and they barely made connection before the English arrived. The Boers scattered in all directions, some going towards Lydenburg, some to Neil Spruit, some to Devil's Kantoor, and others southward towards Ermelo and Carolina. President Kruger and the Government were at Nell Spruit.

CHAPTER XIV.

DARK PERIOD OF THE WAR—PRESIDENT KRUGER FORCED TO LEAVE FOR HOLLAND—LORD ROBERTS' ATTEMPTED ATTACK ON BOER WOMEN AND CHILDREN—LONG TREK THROUGH BUSH VELDT—ENGLISH FORTIFY—BATTLE OF RHINOSTER KOP—KITCHENER ORDERS ALL FARMS DESTROYED—ENGLISH SAVAGERY

We now arrive at what I call the dark period of the war. For the first time I really felt that our situation was serious. The Boers were discouraged in spirit and much scattered, and several hundred of them deliberately rode into the English lines and surrendered. At one time it looked as if there would be a general surrender, but President Kruger was firm and said the war must go on.

President Steyn had arrived from the Free State. He, together with all the Transvaal officers and officials, concentrated their influence on President Kruger to persuade him to go to Holland, as he was very feeble and it required so many men to guard his safety. He positively refused to go, saying that he could not leave his people and that he would look after himself. His idea was to go to Pilgrims' Rest, but that little town was far away

MISS ANNIE OLLIVIER OF PRETORIA
A Typical Boer Girl

and it required many days of hard travel through the fever stricken bush-veldt to reach it. In the end President Kruger was practically forced to take the train for Delagoa Bay en route to Holland, and as the train moved off the staunch old patriot's eyes filled with tears and he sank down broken hearted. He handed to General Botha 40,000 sovereigns, ($200,000) for the use of the burghers. This was his own money. He had no government money in his possession and the few thousand dollars that he carried to Holland belonged to him. All the burghers felt very sad at the good old man's departure and such was their love for him that they one and all resolved to fight harder than ever and bring back their great friend and patriot.

On hearing of the old hero's departure, Lord Roberts found a good opportunity to use his pen again. In effect he cabled the news that Ex-President Kruger had deserted his wife, his people and land, and gone to Holland, taking with him a very large amount of gold belonging to the people. He also had some abusive opinions to express about the good old man.

When Lord Roberts wrote and sent those cablegrams, he knew that he wilfully, maliciously and deliberately lied and I would be exceedingly happy to tell him so to his face.

Of course, Robert's idea in sending such a slanderous statement was to deceive the Boers

throughout the land, and lead them to believe that President Kruger was really guilty of such infamous conduct; but the Boers had known the good old man too many years to be so deceived, and Lord Roberts only succeeded in making them love him still more. Roberts and Kitchener each issued many proclamations, all teeming with treachery and unscrupulousness, and if either had a grain of honor, and were forced to read his own proclamations to a public audience in any civilized country, I am sure that each would be stricken with a vomiting fit. I will have more on the subject of proclamations before I finish.

Now Lord Roberts had a most excellent opportunity to make an attack on the Boer women and children, who were helpless and in his hands, and one may be assured that he did not fail to take advantage of it. He notified General Botha that he would send all the women and children to him and that he must take care of them. General Botha replied that he would be pleased to receive all of them, as he wished to send them to Holland to remain during the continuance of the war, but that he must not rush them out all at one time, as it was very cold weather, in which all would suffer and many die. He wanted no more than a ship load sent at one time, so that he could properly care for them and send them at once to Holland.

This floored Roberts and he never answered.

He could not stand the idea of the Boer women and children being sent to Holland, for in that case he could not fight them, nor could they be killed off in his concentration camps.

Before the President departed I discussed the position of the Irish Boys with him, and it was his opinion that all those who were dismounted should go at once to Koomati Poort and then, if hard pressed, go to Delagoa Bay and thence to America. All Boers who were dismounted were sent to the Poort, so the Irish boys went also. Shortly after they reached Koomati Poort I telegraphed Captain O'Connor that I thought it best for them to go to America at once. I did this because I did not wish any of them to be captured. Should any be so unfortunate, I knew that it would go very hard for them, and probably cause them to suffer a slow death in some prison. Major McBride thought it best for them to go too, and he went.

General Botha soon put things in order now at Hector Spruit, and we started on our long, perilous journey through the bush veldt, our destination being, for some Pietersburg, for others Pilgrims' Rest and that vicinity. We left enough coffee, sugar, flour and soforth unharmed to last the whole British army for at least a month. How I did long apply the torch and destroy those great stacks of stores! There were about thirty

Irish boys mounted, and determined as ever, with us, but distributed in small bunches with the different commandos.

I had joined with Major Pretorius of the artillery near Bronkhorst Spruit in July, but was now separated from him because the English cut in between us at Dalmanutha when he was with one Long Tom and I was with the other. My aim was to find Pretorius, and when near Pilgrims' Rest his brother-in-law,Gustav Preller, and myself set out to find him. Just before we reached the town of Pilgrims' Rest, we saw the English, about 15,000 strong, at the drift on the Sabi River, but we moved rapidly, reached the little town and heard that Major Pretorius with his guns, was about twenty miles ahead, near Aurichstad. We spent but little time at Pilgrims' Rest, because the English were very near us. Three days later we caught up with Major Pretorius near the Devil's Pulpit on the Olifant River. We had been separated from August 26th at Dalmanutha till this day, October 1st, so that we had plenty to talk about. He had saved all his guns and had fought the English at close range for more than three weeks. We had a hard time getting the guns down the mountain to the river bank. He had six guns, including one Long Tom, and twenty-four artillery men with him. So steep and long was the open way to the river bank that we had to dismount the guns, put them on

slides and turn them loose. Some would roll over, some would glide nicely, and then some would skip off into the rocks on the side. It meant a great deal of work, but every gun was landed safely without any damage whatever. We had a look-out, of course, and on the last day he reported several thousand English about six miles from us. They could certainly see the trail of the guns, and why they did not come over and take us we do not know, unless it was that they were afraid of an ambush. We now pushed on to Leydsdorp and finally reached Pietersburg on October 7th. Here we met President Steyn and his escort under command of a good soldier, Koos Boshof. In two or three days two or three thousand burghers had assembled. General Botha cut through by Kruger's Post near Lydenburg and finally reached Botha's-berg near Middleburg. He had with him quite a good command. South of the railway the Ermelo, Carolina, Bethel, Wakkerstroom and in fact all the commandos on the high veldt had gotten themselves into fighting trim.

General de la Rey had assembled 6,000 men in the Western Transvaal who had surrendered their guns, armed them again, and put them in excellent fighting condition. General De Wet had put the whole Free State in perfect order, so that when we finished counting noses we found that we had about 30,000 fighting men in the

field, while the English did not have over 250,000 men. Our chances were excellent, and the two little republics would have won their independence if the devil and all his angels had not been against them.

By the 15th of October General Botha had all his forces in the Eastern Transvaal along the railway line from Pretoria to Dalmanutha and on the Natal line from Heidleburg to Laing's Nek. General de la Rey was close to Johannesburg and Pretoria on the west. General Byers, a most excellent man and soldier, was north of Pretoria, and General De Wet was general traffic-manager for the railway line through the Free State. In fact, we were stronger and in better condition than we had ever been before, because we were concentrated. Of course, at one time during the war the Boer force was 35,000 strong, but it was too scattered and too much used for siege work to be of practical use.

During our six weeks' absence the English had busied themselves in building all sorts of forts along the railway lines. On a high commanding mountain a few miles north of Machadadorp they built eight forts at Helvetia and armed them with cannon, one being a 4.7 naval gun, bearing in large letters the name "Lady Roberts." English commands were moving about freely, believing that the Boer men were so scattered and

demoralized that they would not dare to make a stand and fight. They were soon to be sorely disappointed for that able and most successful fighting general, Ben Viljoen, had gone to Rhinoster Kop, about fifteen miles north of Balmoral Station, to find out what the English were doing near Pretoria. Soon General Paget with 3,000 men, advanced, and attacked General Ben Viljoen and his 600 brave fighters of the Johannesburg Commando. Captain McCallum, Sergeant Joe Wade, Joe Kennedy, Mike Hannifin, Mike Halley, John McGlew and Jerry O'Leary, of the Irish Brigade were there too. General Viljoen took positions near the Kop, and on the 29th of November General Paget boldly attacked. For hours his cannon roared, and thundered, and tore up the earth and rocks generally, but the Johannesburg boys were there and they were there to stay.

Having fired enough shells to have killed each man at least five times, then General Paget advanced his lines and the rifles came into play. Time and again these lines were driven back, and the last time they advanced to within fifty yards of the Irish boys. Didn't they keep the air filled with steel and didn't they do good work? Well, I guess they did. The English were driven back once more all along the line and did not try again. General Viljoen's men had used up almost all their

ammunition and could not have repelled another advance. At night he retired a few miles back, in the hope of meeting his ammunition wagons, which were already due to arrive. General Paget was satisfied. He had had enough and made no further attempt to molest General Viljoen and the Johannesburg boys. A board over one pit accounts for seventeen officers. The other pits bear no mark, so it is not yet known how many men were killed. However, the slaughter was so terrible, and General Paget so terribly thrashed, that he was relieved and sent home. Had he simply made a feint on General Viljoen's right flank the latter would have been forced to retreat without fighting, but it never occurred to General Paget for he was so sure that his frontal attack would be successful. General Viljoen lost three men killed and two wounded, and taught the English that the demoralized Boers were still able to defeat the disciplined English army.

It was about this time that Lord Kitchener's proclamations and orders for the burning and destruction of Boer farms was given. The English visited, and destroyed in the end every farm, both in the Transvaal and in the Free State. All fences, crops, agricultural implements and soforth were destroyed. Even the towns of Dulstroom, Carolina, Ermelo, Bethel, Piet Retief, and many others were razed to the ground. Churches were torn

Dr. Nethling **GENERAL BEN VILJOEN** Docks Young.

And some of his Commandants and Veldtcornets.

down and the corner stones robbed of old church papers. Some of these papers were afterwards advertised for sale at fabulous prices. It was not until November, 1901, that this burning and destruction of property was completed, and the whole country left as a desert waste. On searching a farm house the officer in command would give the family ten minutes to get out what they could, but would at once spread the oil around and then apply the torch. All fowls, pigs, sheep and cows would either be shot down or driven off, and then without a mouthful of food, without shelter or clothing, the women and children would be left to starve to death on the veldt.

I do not believe that in the history of the world, one could find more acts of barbarity and brutality committed by any people in any land than by the English in the two little republics of the Transvaal and the Free State.

There were about fifteen of us near Dulstroom watching the movements of the English in November, 1901. A column of about 500 strong rode up to a farm house occupied by a widow and eleven girls, her daughters. Soon we saw the girls pushing the organ out of the door and the smoke began to fill the windows and roof. Of course, one of the girls brought out the family bible too, for that is one of the most precious things in the household to them. The organ was

pushed about forty yards away and placed by a stone cattle kraal. The mother sat down and began to play and her girls collected about her. The house was now enveloped in flames, the soldiers were killing fowl, etc., while the officers were cracking jokes at the poor mother and her children. Of course, we thought that the old lady and her children were singing a hymn or psalm, because these are nearest to the Boer heart. The English, having completed their pleasant duty, rode off in search of other farms. We then went to the scene of destruction, because we knew that immediate help was necessary, as the sun would soon go down. On meeting them we asked the old lady how she could play and sing hymns while her home behind her back was burning and all her possessions were being destroyed? She replied, "We were not singing hymns or psalms, but our 'Boer War Song.'"

Here you have a fair sample of the Boer women. They are ready and willing to suffer from lack of food, to suffer from lack of clothing and bedding, to endure the cold of winter and the heat and fearful rainstorms of summer without any shelter over their heads, and, yes, they are ready and willing to face death itself, if the men will only stand and fight for the liberty of the people and the land. Yes, they are noble women, brave and patriotic women, the very women whom the English strove

so hard to exterminate and whom they did murder by thousands in those prison camps.

So long as the Boer woman lives so long will there be a race of liberty-loving people in South Africa, so long will there be great Boer generals and fighting patriots daily born, and sure it is that such fighting blood will assert its independence. No one is more certain of this than Roberts, Kitchener, Joe Chamberlain, Alfred Milner and the thousands of other women-fighters in England.

CHAPTER XV.

WAR DECLARED AT AN END BY ROBERTS—LADY ROBERTS CAPTURED—DE WET CORNERED—GENERAL CLEMENT'S CAMP TAKEN BY GENERAL DE LA REY—DEWET'S STRATEGY.

But little was done by General Botha in the Eastern Transvaal; but General Chris. Botha, one of the best generals in the war, gave General French a great deal of trouble in the Ermelo district. French with his 11,000 men could make no headway and had to content himself with burning farms. In the Free State, during this month, General De Wet was having a very warm time. About 50,000 men were trying constantly to surround him, but he was too smart for them. He continued to capture and turn loose many men, and kept the English in a constant tremble. During the same month, the English left General de la Rey severely alone in order to concentrate their whole attention on General De Wet, who was fairly disgracing the English army and driving Roberts and Kitchener crazy.

Lord Roberts had declared the war at an end, and here was General De Wet daily tearing his army to pieces. He hates De Wet yet. During December—although the war was at an end,—

there was some very warm and interesting fighting, Generals De Wet and de la Rey being the principal actors. In fact, there was so much fighting, and the Boers were so successful, that Lord Roberts pulled up stakes, fled for London and left Kitchener to continue his dirty work. I assure him that he could not have left a man more capable for such work than Kitchener, and he must have known his man pretty well. During this month General Louis Botha was inactive. General Ben Viljoen played havoc, however, with the English at Helvetia on top of the fortified mountain just north of Machadadorp. With 150 men General Viljoen made a night march and attack on Helvetia forts, took several of them, over a hundred prisoners and the 4.7 gun marked in big letters, "Lady Roberts." Many of the officers and men were killed or wounded and his night venture was a great success.

He did not lose any men killed or wounded, although on the following day the English in force pursued them. He brought "Lady Roberts" to his laager where she was greeted with shouts of joy, thoroughly inspected and admired by about 600 demoralized Boers. He kept her for a while then blew her up with dynamite. What a savage brutal act this was! It was just like the cowardly Boers! When all the ammunition was exhausted, we blew up our Long Toms, and Lord Kitchener, having found the remains of one of them, collected the

pieces and shipped the whole to London to show what the English army was doing in South Africa. We would have given him Lady Roberts' remains too, had he shown any desire to have them, but he didn't and they are wasting away on top of the Totausberg Mountain. The same Irish boys with one other, Dick Hunt, were in the attack on the Helvetia forts. Dick and Mike Halley were both barefooted and were looking for boots, yet they didn't have the heart to fit themselves out with the dead Tommies boots. Shortly afterwards, however, they threw aside modesty and were always well supplied. On the return from Helvetia Mike Halley's horse gave out, so he stopped, unsaddled, and put him out to feed and rest while he himself lay down to take a nap. In a little while Veldtcornet Ceroni came along, found Mike and asked him why he did not go ahead, as the English were following up. Mike told him that his horse was played out and that he had stopped to give him some rest and grass. "Yes," replied the veldtcornet, "he will take plenty of rest now, for there he lies stone dead." Sure enough he was dead, and Mike's bare feet must now beat a long road. The veldtcornet took his saddle and soforth, and brave little Mike smiled and went on his way, and when he reached camp the veldtcornet gave him a present of a good horse.

I have forgotten the name of the captain who

was in charge of "Lady Roberts" and who was captured with her, but remember that he was broken-hearted, felt disgraced and was disgusted generally because such a small force had attacked and taken those forts, the guns and so many prisoners. He was a terrible Englishman, and the sight of the Irish boys made him wild. He could not understand why an Irishman would fight against the Queen and her forces. Had he asked any of those Irish boys he would have had their reasons in a very few sharp words.

In the Vryheid district near the Natal border, General Chris. Botha, a most lovable man, was firing away at the English, and putting them into shivers and doing good execution as well, yet Lord Roberts had declared that the war was over. In the Free State General De Wet was again in great trouble, for he was completely surrounded and it was impossible for him to escape, for Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had said so.

All England was ablaze with joy. The people of London were literally wild, so rejoiced were they, but when next day they learned that the wily De Wet had departed and taken their two guns with him, and several prisoners, a heavy gloom seemed to settle over that city. I will, for a change, go into the details, to a small extent, to show the difference between the British and the Boer officers. De Wet had his laager among some small kopjes

where he put up a dozen or so tents. The English could just see the tops of the tents and knew that the dangerous De Wet was in one of them. They completely surrounded those tents and at daylight the following morning they were to make a determined attack and take not only those tents but all their occupants. General De Wet saw the English and determined they might have the tents, but that they would not get the occupants. When night came, he left his tents standing, made a sly march and passed between the English commands. When daylight came he was in their rear, patiently watching for them to attack his abandoned tents.

He was not disappointed, for they opened up all their cannon on those poor, unoffending tents, and kept up a merciless fire for hours before they resolved to go and accept General De Wet's surrender. When the cannon ceased to roar, all the English lines advanced and when they were well away General De Wet made a rear attack on the cannon. The English were at once convinced that General De Wet was in front of them and that some strong Boer commando was in the rear of them, and possibly that terrible man, General George Brand, was in command of them. They became utterly demoralized, hustled to escape and did escape, but De Wet captured two of their guns and rode off, satisfied with losing a few old empty tents.

War Declared at an End by Roberts

With all their thousands the English were always outwitted by General De Wet who generally enjoyed a signal success. In anticipation, the English people would become overjoyed by the glowing reports of the English generals describing the little pen into which they had driven and confined General De Wet and his men and from which it was impossible for him to escape. But when the following day they learned that General De Wet had not only escaped but taken some prisoners with him, they would sneak home, remain quiet and anxiously await more glowing reports from the English generals. Isn't this a sure sign of degeneracy? Well I think so.

Now I will leave the Free State and stop in Cape Colony for a moment. Of course, all was peaceful there and the people were loyal British subjects, for the London *Times* said so. But Lord Kitchener felt that a strong British force in those parts might induce the people to be more loyal, and accordingly he kept one there. General Kritzinger with 500 or 600 men showed himself on the Boer side and at once made it very uncomfortable for the English in loyal Cape Colony. The war was over, because Lord Roberts had said so, yet here was hard fighting in Cape Colony as well as in the Free State and the Transvaal.

Now I will go into the Rustenburg district and see to what a mass of pulp the English have crushed

General de la Rey and his patriots. The English had a strong force in the town of Rustenburg, and of course they must be fed, and to feed them long convoys heavily guarded were necessary. General de la Rey never denied food to the hungry in his life, but on this occasion, when a long convoy surrounded with numerous Tommies was slowly moving towards Rustenburg to feed the hungry, he could not resist the temptation of making an attack, for his own men might be hungry in a week or so. The result was that the convoy was taken, many Tommies buried on the roadside, and several of them taken prisoners, only to be disarmed and set free again. In the middle of the month General Clements, in conjunction with other generals and their commands, planned to surround and take in this old farmer, de la Rey. They planned well and their intentions were good enough, but the old farmer did not exactly like the idea and acted accordingly.

At the base of the Magaliesburg Mountains but a few miles from Hecpoort there are a long line of kopjes excellently situated for defensive work. The place is known by the Boers as Nooitgedacht, "never thought of," but I am sure that the Boers will never forget, and that General Clements will ever remember it.

General de la Rey realized that it was a very strong position and concluded to take it for his own

use. He had an exceedingly strong and capable brother officer with him, in young General Beyers, who commanded the Waterburg commando. I do not believe that there was a better fighting general in the field than this brave and patriotic Beyers, and like those great generals, Celliers and Kemp, he was always ready for daring work. The English had planned to surround and take General de la Rey, but this Commandant-General of Western Transvaal resolved to take in the English. So he told General Beyers to charge them from one side and he would charge them from the other. Of course, General Clements' force was much stronger than the combined forces of General de la Rey and Generl Beyers, but that made no difference so far as either de la Rey or Beyers was concerned.

About the middle of December, in the early morning, Generl Beyers, with his 350 men, charged over a half mile of open ground and came into close fighting quarters with Clements' force. Kopje after kopje was taken, and at times the Boers and English were within two yards of each other, yet the former continued to kill and drive till they completely routed the whole force and killed and captured nearly 800 men. The Boers did not know where Clements' cannon were, or they would have captured them, too. General Beyers' attack was a little previous, because General de la Rey had not had time enough to reach the charging

point before Beyers had finished his work. Clements and his whole command, together with his cannon, would have been captured without doubt, had General Beyers delayed his charge for twenty minutes. But it was dark and very difficult for two forces to work in perfect unison. At any rate General de la Rey had the position he wished, and General Clements was in rapid retreat.

All this took place in the middle of December, yet the war was over, for Lord Roberts, the Mighty, the High, the Great Financier and Politician, had so declared nearly four months previously, and Conan Doyle had countersigned his declaration.

Before the end of December and the end of the year 1900, many Free Staters with General George Brand and General Hertzog, both able and determined officers, had crossed into the Colony, and other forces had entered Griqualand West, where some convoys were taken. So there was daily fighting in Cape Colony, the Free State and the Transvaal, and the Boers were successful in all the main engagements, this, too, in the face of the fact that the war was declared at an end both by Lord Roberts and Conan Doyle.

EIGHT BOER SISTERS OF WELLINGTON, CAPE COLONY

CHAPTER XVI.

BOERS BECOME AGGRESSIVE—AMERICAN GOVERNMENT COMES TO ENGLAND'S ASSISTANCE AND FURNISHES HORSES, MULES AND MEN.

The year 1901 began well, and the month of January was a very lively one, as there was hot fighting in every direction throughout the land and as far south as Cape Town. The English were alarmed; affairs in South Africa looked dubious and dark. The Boers were becoming more aggressive, Johannesburg was in a constant state of excitement, expecting every moment to be attacked and captured; the people were calling for protection, Kitchener was clamoring for re-enforcements from England, and England was calling for help from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Canada, India, New Zealand and Australia. At the same time Lord Roberts was pulling the ropes for his earldom, and $500,000 for his proclamations annexing the Free State and the Transvaal, and declaring the war at an end. The English were short on horses and mules and these she must have at any cost, otherwise they were swamped.

There was but one country in the world from which she could hope to get them, and that was

the last country in the world that should supply them.

The Government of the United States of America disgraced itself by violating the law and allowing British officers to establish recruiting camps for horses, mules and men on its sacred soil, thereby assisting the great monarchy of the British Empire to destroy two little republics in South Africa struggling so hard for their liberty and independence. One of these camps was in New Orleans, at Chalmette, a spot of ground sacred in the eyes and hearts of all true Americans.

The governor of the state protested against this camp. The mayor of the city protested against this camp, and the people of America protested against this camp, yet it was allowed to remain. The Government in Washington City sent two officers clothed in the army uniform to visit and report on this camp. The two officers went there, shook hands with the British officers, had some wine, returned to Washington, reported that all was well, and the Government established a police force to protect those British officers and that camp while recruiting horses, mules and men for the British Army in South Africa.

During the war of 1812 the English tried to lay waste our land, employed the Indian savages to murder our women and children, burnt our capitol, and the war closed with one of its greatest battles, in 1815,

at Chalmette, in New Orleans. So our English Government in Washington waited some eighty-five years for the opportunity to apologize to the British Government for the terrible thrashing that the famous Andrew Jackson gave General Pakenham and his English army at Chalmette, New Orleans.

It seems to me that this is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every true American. If the people of the United States of America cannot find enough true Americans to fill the highest office in their gift, then the time has arrived when they should change their name and cease to call themselves Americans. Suffice it to say that just as the struggling Boers had all England alarmed and the English army pushed to hard straits, ship load after ship load of horses, mules and men from America began to arrive in Cape Town and Durban, and with them Lord Kitchener was soon able to put into the field ninety-one mobile columns. Many of these Americans were captured, and some of them said that the English forced them to enlist and fight, after they reached South Africa, while others declared that they were duly hired by the British in New Orleans to go with the horses and mules to South Africa and on arrival there take up arms against the Boers.

Little good it would do them, but all those who claim they were forced by the British to take up

arms against the Boers, should at least vindicate themselves to the extent of laying their complaints with the proper officials in Washington City. Those who confess that they were duly hired by the English to take up arms against the Boers should be made to feel the stigma of their disgrace by being disfranchised and deprived of the rights of American citizenship.

I certainly feel that any republican who voluntarily assists a king or queen, or both, to kill or enslave other republicans, is not fit to live among republicans, for such a man in time of war is sure to commit treason if he gets an opportunity.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, the English never once attacked the Boers in the month of January. They were forced to fight on the defensive and the Boers made them do plenty of fighting. Without horses and mules what could the English do but spend their time in throwing up earthworks to defend themselves against Boer attacks, and I tell you the English were kept pretty busy from morn till night. The Boers were having a first class picnic with them, and had not the English Government in Washington, D. C., lent a helping hand, the British army in South Africa would have been hopelessly lost in the struggle. Now the reader can understand what I meant when I said some time back that the two little Republics would have won their inde-

pendence had not the devil and his angels been against them. It is significant, and it means something when 35,000 Boers put an English army 250,000 strong strictly on the defensive, and the Government of the United States did not fail to come promptly to the British Army's rescue. But I must go ahead and tell what happened in the various and widely separated parts of South Africa during the month of January, 1901. It may not interest the reader, but it was a month of great worry and excitement both to the British army and the British Government.

Early in the month General Botha planned to attack Machadadorp, Dalmanutha, Belfast, Wonderfontein and Balmoral, all fortified stations of the Delagoa railway line. All the forts were well equipped both with men and guns, and the forts at each station were so placed that each could protect the other.

It was during the dark and rainy night of January 8th, that a simultaneous attack on all the stations on the line was to be made. For a distance of seventy-five miles the midnight hour was made hideous by the singing of rifle bullets, whizzing grape shot, and the roar of cannon.

The frightful noise could be heard for miles, and the Boers and English were face to face at the forts, some shooting and others using their rifles as clubs. The English lost heavily, but the at-

tack was only partially successful. The Boers had tried to outdo ten to one against them in well fortified positions. The English at night always removed their guns at Belfast from the forts for safety and it was fortunate for them that they did, for General Viljoen with the Johannesburg boys took the big fort on Monument Hill with its maxims and men. He lost his bravest and best veldt-cornet in the attack, Ceroni, who fell at the wall of the fort. Plucky Dick Hunt, of the Irish Brigade, was by his side, and he received three wounds, one in the lungs being a very severe one, from which he is suffering to this very day. He, however, with his three wounds, was among the very first to scale the walls and capture the fort. The fort at the coal mine was attacked by Major Wolmorans and about twenty-five artillery boys, including Sergeant Joe Wade, Sergeant Mike Halley, Joe Kennedy, John McGlew, Jim French, Captain McCallum and Jerry O'Leary, of the Irish Brigade. Here the Boers and the English were within two feet of each other, each trying to take the other's head off. Some of the Irish boys actually pulled the rifles out of the Tommies' hands. Finally the Tommies weakened and the boys jumped over the wall and took the fort. Lieutenant Cotzee showed remarkable bravery, was severely wounded and afterwards murdered by some Kaffirs that had been armed by the British. The Boers held the

two forts a few hours, helped to care for the dead and wounded English, and then with all their booty returned to camp. At all the other stations the Boers had to fall back because the English were too strong for them.

This affair put all the English to work next day along the line, strengthening existing forts, building others, digging trenches and so forth, to make their positions as strong for defence as possible. They were not only frightened, but astonishingly alarmed by the boldness and the aggressiveness of the Boers. We were camped about seven miles from Belfast, about 150 strong, could see everyone in the town, and the English, about 3,000 strong, could see us, yet they never dared to attack us. We had no defences whatever and were camped on the open prairie. "We were as safe as the people in Piccadilly."

General Chris. Botha near Blauwkop and not far from Standerton, attacked the English and had a good warm fight, and at the end the English thought it wise to pull themselves nearer Standerton. Shortly afterwards General Chris. Botha found the English between Ermelo and Carolina and again attacked and made it warm for them. In fact, he made the English commands that had sufficient horses hustle away lively, and they kept close to the railway lines for protection. General De Wet in the Free State was at all times next to

the English, who now were not striving to corner him, but to keep shy of him. Near Lindley he attacked and had a fight with a column much stronger in men and guns than himself, but he was eminently successful, and before all could escape he made several prisoners. In Cape Colony, south of Kimberly and as far down as Cape Town, there was good fighting in many places. It required an English army 30,000 strong to protect the various towns, and yet the Boers had no trouble in accomplishing their ends. Judge Hertzog and General Brand were in one section, Commandant Fouche and General Kritsinger in another, while Commandant Wynand Malan and Commandant Scheepers were near to Cape Town. All these generals and commandants were playing havoc with the English, and Commandant Malan, one of the most successful and daring young officers of the war, was within twenty miles of Cape Town when he captured a convoy. While he was here great excitement prevailed in Cape Town and the people were daily expecting the Boers to attack. Near Kimberly the other generals and commandants were attacking and driving the English, and once again Kimberly was in a great state of worry. So alarming were the conditions in Cape Colony that it became necessary to proclaim martial law in many districts, and re-enforcements were called for in order to try and suppress the invaders.

COMMANDANTS IN THE BOER SERVICE

Colonel Blake, John Muller, Commandant Malan, Lieutenant Malan, Commandant Conroy, Commandant Lategan, Commandant Piet Moll.

Boers Become Aggressive

Now we will see what General de la Rey is doing in the Western Transvaal. The English are numerous everywhere and protected by forts in all parts. At Zeerust a large command is tied up by General de la Rey's men, not one of them shows his head above the wall. They cry for food and relief, but in vain. Only a small number of General de la Rey's men are there, but the number seems quite sufficient. The English are hard pushed and much worried, yet they do not dare to leave their walls and face the Boers.

For many miles along the Magaliesburg Mountains southwest of Pretoria, de la Rey is attacking and driving the English, and before the end of the month had cleared them all from the mountains and taken possession himself. Every advantage, both in men, guns and fortified positions were in the hands of the English, yet so fierce was General de la Rey's attack that they had to give way and abandon that mountain range. Near Ventersdorp and Lichtenburg some of de la Rey's commandos attacked the intrenched and fortified English, and at Lichtenburg, where the general was in person, half the defences were taken and many English killed and wounded. Fighting continued here for several days, and had not re-enforcements arrived, General de la Rey would have captured or killed all the English commands.

In the Western Transvaal one of de la Rey's com-

mandos attacked a convoy and its escort near Modderfontein, and a hard fight for several days, was the result. In the end, 250 men surrendered with two maxims, plenty of ammunition, loaded wagon train, and so forth. Having disarmed them and taken possession of the booty, the Boers sent the escort back to the English lines. It was during this month that General Beyers passed from the high veldt on the east to the Western Transvaal, crossing the railway line between Johannesburg and Pretoria. He did not forget to take a railway station as he passed. Some of his men made a raid to Johannesburg, upset the nerves of the whole population, took about two thousand cattle, a good number of goats and sheep and then returned to camp, satisfied with their day's work. Many other small fights occurred during the month, but not of sufficient importance to deserve mention. I think that I have given enough to show that Lord Roberts' war was at an end, and that he fully deserved his $500,000 and earldom for his proclamations. I have not heard yet what Conan Doyle received, but he is certain to have reaped a reward of some kind.

It was during the months of December and January that Lord Kitchener did some of his dirtiest paper work in the form of circulars praying the burghers to come in and surrender, and offering them all sorts of inducements to commit treason.

He made use of the burghers who had long since surrendered and whom he had not shipped out of the country because they were so loyal, to carry out these circulars and distribute them among the Boer commandos.

When they began to arrive they were at once sent back and told to warn all persons who should in the future appear in the Boer camps with such treasonable papers that they would be shot. Lord Kitchener prevailed upon them, however, and out they came again. Generals De Wet, de la Rey, Louis Botha, Chris. Botha and Viljoen all had some of them shot. Lord Kitchener protested against the shooting of his loyal subjects, but he was very careful not to send any more out. These Anglo-Africans who did this work correspond to what is known in the United States as Anglo-Americans or Anglo-Saxons, and just as much confidence can be put in the one in time of war as in the other. For it is this class of people who, in time of war, will be sure to ally themselves with that power which they believe most likely will be victorious in the end, regardless of their citizenship. Any English lord or general, or any general who, to gain his end, puts a premium upon treason, will himself, under proper conditions commit treason, just as sure as he who offers a bribe is equally sure to accept one. An Anglo-African is a born or naturalized burgher

of the Free State or the Transvaal who has an English heart, just as an Anglo-American is a born or naturalized citizen of the United States who has an English heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

KITCHENER ALARMED AND ASKS FOR MORE TROOPS—FRENCH TRIES TO CORNER BOTHA—FAILING MAKES WAR ON BOER WOMEN—BOTHA ATTACKS ENGLISH AT LAKE CHRISSI—DE WET ALARMS THE ENGLISH—DEFEATS THEM, GOES TO THE COLONY AND RETURNS.

Now I come to the month of February, 1901, and will give the reader a little idea of how the Boers conducted themselves during the twenty-eight days. The British Government had now granted Lord Kitchener's request, and started to South Africa 30,000 more men. England was so hard pressed for recruits that she had to send any and everything in the shape of a man, and most of her recruits were taken from barrooms, I imagine, for, of the 30,000 who came, Lord Kitchener had to send back some 10,000 as being utterly worthless for any use whatever. The remaining 20,000 were put in military training for six months, and in the end were unable to ride or fight, but he needed men so badly that he kept them to make a good display if for nothing else.

During the month before us General Louis Botha

and his brother, General Chris. Botha, had a very lively time. They were in the vicinity of Ermelo on the high veldt, in the Eastern Transvaal. They had made so much trouble that Lord Kitchener resolved to make a determined effort to corner and capture them. He collected all his available cavalry and having supplied them with plenty of maxims and guns he started them in six columns to bring in the two Bothas. General French was put in command of the English and was considered the best cavalry officer in the British service, so then there was no doubt but that he would present to Lord Kitchener the two ordinary farmer generals that had been causing so much trouble and alarm. The Bothas had with them about 1,000 men, and French was to corner and capture them with 15,000 men. General French so placed his columns that when they all advanced they would enclose the Bothas within a circle from which it would be impossible to escape. The Bothas discovered French's object and before the columns could advance they attacked and put to flight one column and then moved off in the direction of Piet Retief. This was a surprise to General French, but he did not despair of capturing the farmer generals. He put all his columns in pursuit, and when the proper time came to cage them, the two farmers easily broke through the cordon and returned to the vicinity of Ermelo.

GENERAL JAN KEMP

French was discouraged. He made no further attempt to capture the farmers, but was determined to do something before he returned, so he made war on the women and children and spread great distress and suffering among them. Some of these women were raped, others dragged out of their homes at night and made witness all their possessions consumed in flames. Many were driven on foot to concentration camps and kicked and cuffed about as so many beasts.

Having made the women suffer as much as possible, he gathered in several thousand cattle and sheep and returned to report what a successful expedition he had completed. At Lake Chrissi, between Ermelo and Carolina, General Botha had the nerve to attack an English camp 2,000 strong. It was a foggy morning, and the noise of the battle stampeded a band of wild horses and they ran into the Krugersdorpers' horses, stampeding them too.

This spoiled the whole affair, for General Botha had the English camp all but taken, but when the burghers saw their saddled horses running away they at once started in pursuit of them. Fortunately they had already captured several hundred horses from the English, for many of their own horses evaded them. Commandant Kemp, one of the most enthusiastic, one of the most energetic, pluckiest and best commandants in the Boer army, was more than disgusted with his men for being so

concerned about their horses, but he forgot for the moment that an infantryman is but of little practical use in war. The English, when the Boers retired, lost no time in fleeing to places of safety, and never again showed themselves on the high veldt until the horses, mules and men from America were put into fighting trim, and that was many weeks to come. The two Bothas had proved themselves equal to that almost, if not quite, unequalled De Wet, and such was the impression they made on Lord Kitchener that he requested General Louis Botha to meet and discuss with him some peace terms.

Before going elsewhere, I will tell what happened when last General Botha and Lord Kitchener met in Middleburg at the end of February. For the price of peace, Lord Kitchener told General Botha that after a time he would give the Boers civil government and give this, and that, and one million pounds to build up ten millions' worth of destroyed farms, and so forth. But Lord, or monacle-eyed Joe Chamberlain stepped in, and said "We will do nothing of the kind, and the Boers must make an unconditional surrender." Of course, General Botha smiled at both, and on his return to Ermelo told what had taken place at the conference, exhorted them to fight to the bitter end, and assured them that he would be with them heart, soul and body.

Kitchener Asks for More Troops

Now I will jump into the Free State and see what the wily De Wet is doing. De Wet, the Stonewall Jackson of South Africa, had all the English of the Free State on the run and, at the end of January, it looked as if he would sweep them from the country. Lord Kitchener resolved to corner and capture him, it mattered not what it might cost, for Lord Roberts and Conan Doyle had declared the war at an end, and if the English people should hear that De Wet was practically in control of the Free State, why, they would be inclined to think that both Roberts and Doyle were liars.

As a side remark, that might be expressing it mildly, but anyhow, Kitchener organized eight or ten columns, all he could get, because the English Government in Washington City had not yet succeeded in landing enough horses or mules for his needs, and sent them to surround and take in the troublesome De Wet. Now General De Wet was on the open veldt near Brandfort, where the English could see him from all directions, and all they had to do was to surround him and take or kill him. As De Wet had about 1500 men, of course it would be a very easy thing for 25,000 trained military men to gobble him in, in quick time. The several columns surrounded him, and despatch men were flying at full speed from column to column bearing instructions that would insure perfect unity of action. General De Wet, when he concluded that the sev-

eral columns were in good readiness to bury him, saddled up, moved out and attacked the nearest column. He riddled it, put it to flight, and another column which came up quickly was also torn to pieces and scattered in all directions. He took two of their guns, a maxim and a portion of their convoy, a few prisoners whom he released, and went on his way to Cape Colony without consulting with or asking permission of the other columns. I do not know what the officer in command reported on his return, but I suppose he made the usual one, that some one had betrayed him or that his horses and men were so fatigued that he could not make a successful pursuit of De Wet and his fresh horses and men. General De Wet did not stop to hear what kind of a report the English commander did make, because he was anxious to reach Cape Colony, find out what was being done there and replenish his command with horses, and so forth. He had to pass many English commands on the way, but he succeeded in sweeping them aside and reaching the Orange River, where the English had made every preparation not only to prevent his crossing, but also to capture him. Again he outwitted the English, crossed the river, entered Cape Colony, saw Judge Hertzog and other commanders, supplied himself with plenty of horses, had a tough fight with the English, abandoned some of his wagons, and then started back on his

MRS. ABRAHAM MALAN
daughter of Commandant General Joubert and her young family.

way to the Orange River where the English were sure to catch him this time.

On arriving near the river he found the crossings in possession of the English commands, but he must cross, for he was anxious to go far to the north in the Free State, where he felt that his presence was necessary. He sent a detachment to a certain point up the river with instructions to show themselves, and in case the English advanced they were to retire, put spurs to their horses and overtake the command while crossing the river. The scheme worked beautifully, for as soon as the English saw the detachment they concluded that it was De Wet's advance guard and they prepared to attack him. The detachment played its part well, by going through the form of signalling to the rear.

The English made all possible haste to advance and attack De Wet and if possible hold him engaged until their other commands should come. As all were on the lookout for him, of course the dfferent commands would lose no time in reaching the scene of action. The English completely abandoned the crossing in front of De Wet and made a hurried advance on the detachment. When 1200 yards away the detachment opened fire on the English and a short skirmish took place. At this moment De Wet rushed to the river, crossed it and put his men in fighting order to protect the detachment which he expected every moment.

After firing a few shots, the detachment dropped behind the hill from which they had been firing, mounted their horses, put in the spurs and soon joined the wily De Wet across the river. Again the English were easily outwitted and De Wet was once more in the Free State. He had to fight his way all through the Free State, but the English were afraid of him, and he reached his destination at Heilbron without loss of time.

He had now made a round trip of about a thousand miles, had had many skirmishes, successfully fought two battles and landed home with but little loss. His trip had a great moral effect on the English army, the people of Cape Colony and Cape Town. The news of his invasion of Cape Colony had spread all over South Africa and had reached London. The English element in Cape Town and throughout the colony were crazy with fright, for all men were sure that De Wet would lay waste the country as the English had the Transvaal and Free State. The English forces in the Colony were concentrated that they might make a successful defense when De Wet should attack.

Lord Kitchener and his numerous force of cricketers felt the cold chill running down their backs and were at their wit's end to make out a report that would so mislead the English papers that they would not express any regret at having presented Lord Roberts with $500,000 and an earldom for

his proclamations, and for declaring that the war was at an end. All were so undone and such nervous wrecks that they did not remember that Conan Doyle had also declared that the war was over.

I think General De Wet made a great mistake in returning to the Free State so soon. With his energy, his ability, his prestige and men he should have gone to the De Aar Junction, destroyed that most important railway point and then followed the railway towards Cape Town, destroying it and all the bridges on his way. Such were the conditions in Cape Town at the time that had he gone ahead and penetrated as far as the Paarl, it is safe to conclude that he would have received at least 15,000 recruits, and these Colonial Boers cannot be surpassed for fighting qualities. Having done this, before retracing his steps he would have had an army 20,000 strong before he reached the Orange River. I always felt that the war should have been carried into Cape Colony and there finished, for the people were ripe for rebellion, and had Generals Botha, De Wet and de la Rey gone there with their commands it is certain that they would have risen, as one, and all joined the Boers. This would have meant the defeat and downfall of the English army and the independence of the Africander race throughout South Africa. But they didn't go there, and the Africander race has yet to free itself.

During this month of February neither General de la Rey nor the English did anything worth recording. The English remained close in their forts, and General de la Rey was satisfied to rest his men and give his horses a chance to recuperate and fatten up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HORSES, MULES AND MEN ARRIVE FROM AMERICA—THE AUTHOR AND MAJOR PRETORIUS MAKE A LONG RIDE WITH DESPATCHES—AN EXCITING TRIP.

Now I come to the month of March, during which but little was done except in Cape Colony and de la Rey's district of the Western Transvaal. General Louis Botha was at Ermelo and the various commands were in their respective districts on the high veldt. The English did not come out because enough mules and horses had not yet arrived from America.

We all had a quiet but good time lying in laager, smoking our pipes and growing fat on mealie pap (ordinary corn meal mush) and fresh beef. In the Free State General De Wet had a few little skirmishes and a few of his commandos had a brush with the enemy, but little or no damage was done. It seemed that the peace confab between Lord Kitchener and General Botha in the latter part of February had a soothing and quieting effect on everybody. In Cape Colony, General Kritsinger, Commandants Malan, Fouche, Hertzog and George Brand were going at a lively pace in

many of the districts. They seemed to continue to have their own way and keep the English on the constant jump, and captured many prisoners. All of them supplied themselves and men with at least two horses each, and the English were kind enough to give them plenty of ammunition. So the Boers in Cape Colony had no reason to complain. In the western division of the Transvaal, General de la Rey's commandos had some pretty hard fights. The general attacked Lichtenburg and gave the English a good pounding. Had not reinforcements arrived just in time, he would have had the town and the English garrison. But as it was, he was forced to retire. One of his commandos near Klerksdorp attacked the English and forced them to retire. Near Kaffir Kraal General de la Rey had another fight, and although the English suffered severely, they were too many for him and captured his guns. The lieutenant in charge of the artillery was not to blame, however, for he was deceived by one of those Anglo-Africans who came to him and told him that General de la Rey wished the guns. Having obeyed he found himself and guns in the hands of the English. As this Anglo-African was evidently a burgher, the lieutenant thought nothing about it further than to obey instructions. Damn all Anglos, whether Americans, Boers, German, French or whatever their nationality.

Along the line of the Magaliesburg Mountains a few shots were daily exchanged between the English and the Boers, the English in the forts and the Boers in the foothills, but no actual fighting took place. General Beyers in the north was inactive, too, after he and General Plumer had had some hot fights, when the latter came to occupy the little town of Pietersburg, 180 miles north of Pretoria.

General Beyers had but a small command, but he kept General Plumer's force busy throwing up earthworks and preparing all sorts of defences. General Beyers placed his headquarters between Pietersburg and Pretoria and not far from the railway line, that he might continue to trouble the big force at Pietersburg.

Now I come to the month of April, when sufficient horses, mules and men had arrived from the United States of America for Lord Kitchener to put sixty-three mobile columns in the field, so the reader may be sure that the Boers had to make use of all of their natural wits to outwit the English. They did well, covered themselves with glory and again put the great English army to shame. The reader must remember at this time the actual fighting Boers numbered very nearly 30,000 men and no more. There were also on the farms several thousand women and old men, non-combatants, and children. I hope this will be remembered, for now

comes the most interesting and marvelous part of the war.

During the next twelve months, the wonderful fighting qualities of the real fighting Boer came out and astonished the world, while the English army by its pitiful stupidity and unworthiness, becomes immortalized in the history of a fast declining and degenerated Empire. General Ben Viljoen and "Fighting Bill," General Muller, learned that a large convoy was leaving Machadadorp on the Delagoa railway line for Lydenburg, where there was a large English command. They resolved to try to take it, and with nearly 500 fine soldiers and determined men they left their laager, marched about thirty miles and concealed themselves near the main road to Lydenburg. At last, after waiting a day and a night, the convoy with six or seven hundred escort came in sight, and all the boys gazed at it with eager eyes. Nearer and nearer it came, till it came too near and the boys could not wait any longer. Off they went for it, fired a few shots, the escort fled, and the boys brought back about 100 loaded wagons with them. I tell you, the Tommies don't like the looks of the Boers when they come fast, and they put themselves out of danger as quickly as their horses can take them. Once again the English have supplied the Johannesburg commando with food, clothing and ammunition.

General Chris. Botha in the Vryheid district, like General Viljoen and General Muller, helps himself to a convoy that plentifully supplies him with all that is necessary in the way of food, clothing and ammunition, but the escort were all fortunate enough to escape.

Commandant Grobler ran against a large column of English five times his number, gave them a good short fight and then retreated as rapidly as he could. General Louis Botha and General Chris. Botha attacked a column 3,000 strong at Spitz Kop near Ermelo and kept these 3,000 Tommies moving lively all day. I really believe the English cavalry would do well if so many of them did not fall off when at a swift pace, and if they would not stampede and every man run for his life because a shell exploded near them. Here I saw over 600 cavalry put to flight by one shell from a French gun so directed by Major Pretorius that it struck and exploded in their midst. Major Pretorius had about twenty men with him, but the 600 Tommies had not lost any Boer guns and were not looking for any. As this body of 600 cavalry fled, several troopers fell off their horses and followed their fast flying comrades on foot. If the cavalry of other European countries is as bad as the English cavalry, my advice to them is to fight shy of the American cavalry — if it comes to a fight. This column intended to camp near

Ermelo, but concluded that it was too warm for them and went several miles towards Carolina before going into camp.

Now there was a rest in this part of the world for about two weeks, and then, like a swarm of bees, the English columns fairly covered the whole high veldt, fifteen columns having shown up at one time. This was on the 29th of the month, so I will wait until the next month, May, to tell all that happened.

On this very day Major Pretorius, Gustave Preller and myself started on a round trip of 480 miles to the Western Transvaal with despatches for General de la Rey. We saw something, and before I forget it I must tell our experience. It was a perilous journey, but we felt confident that we would deliver the despatches and return to General Louis Botha with the replies. With a cart and four mules driven by a Pondo Kaffir, Kleinveld by name, two pack horses, and three riding horses, we started. On arriving at Olifantsfontein, about twenty miles from the Johannesburg-Pretoria railway line, we learned that it would be impossible to keep the cart with us because the English had every crossing so well guarded.

We decided to leave it, its Kaffir driver and the young burgher, Van Rensberg, and go ahead with the two pack horses. Young Van Rensberg, a brave and noble boy, was instructed to await our

return, but if the English should show up before we did, he was to use his own judgment and save himself, cart and mules. Off we went, and on reaching a ridge about nine miles from the railway line we stopped, brought out our field glasses and found that the English were numerous all along the line. But we must pass through, and that was all there was to it; so we decided to pass the line very near to Olifantsfontein, because the English wouldn't think for a moment that any Boers would dare to take such desperate chances. We waited till the sun was down. It was the 3rd of May and the full moon came up in all her glory just as the sun dropped below the horizon. It seemed to us that it was as light as day, but go we must, and we did go. At about eight o'clock p. m. Major Pretorius said, "There is a line," and there it was. Cautiously we approached it, then crossed it and smiled a heavenly smile as we looked at the Tommies 600 yards away at the station, smoking, telling jokes and laughing by their camp fires. They had no guards out, and we passed by them without interruption, not seeing any trouble ahead. We rode on for a mile, stopped and rested our horses for fifteen minutes and then went on our way to the six-mile-spruit near Pretoria. We rode till one o'clock a. m. and we knew that we were near the Pretoria-Rustenberg main road, so we decided to stop, sleep until daylight and then hasten to Schur-

weburg, a farm settlement just twelve miles west of Pretoria. We hobbled our horses and went to sleep on the dry grass.

Just at daylight Major Pretorius stirred us up, and we caught, saddled and packed our horses and travelled at a gallop, because we were very near the English forts on the hill between us and Pretoria. Just as the sun rose we were crossing an arroya (a spruit), and Preller discovered a long canvas bag, well filled, by the roadside. It bore the name of one of Kitchener's scouts and had evidently fallen from a wagon during the night. The numerous horse and wagon tracks convinced us that we were very near an English command and therefore we must proceed very cautiously.

About one and a half miles to our right was the little farm settlement behind a ridge, and from the great column of black smoke that was rising in the air we concluded that the English must be there, engaged in a fight against the women and children and burning their homes. We turned to our right and went down the arroya and when at a distance of 400 yards, Major Pretorius, who was in front, leaped from his horse. Preller and I followed suit. About 500 yards to his left Major Pretorius discovered fifteen mounted English on a small ridge facing him. Near the arroya was a small clump of bush and in it we concealed our five horses as best we could. The Major and Preller crawled up a hill

about sixty yards away to try and find out where the camp was, while I was to stay with the horses and keep an eye on the smoke. In a few moments I discovered between us and the smoking farm settlement, at a distance of about 800 yards, some 400 cavalrymen, all dismounted. The major had also discovered them and traveled back to tell me.

We now realized that we were in a bad box, and that it looked as if there was no hope to escape, for should we try to go back towards Pretoria we would be discovered and driven into that town and captured. In a few minutes the 400 cavalry mounted their horses and came up the arroya towards us, crossed it about 300 yards below us, passed about the same distance to our left and finally dismounted in the road just where a few minutes before we had picked up the bag. They were now about 400 yards from us and in plain view. Suddenly they mounted their horses, formed a semi-circle around us, in line of skirmishers, and began to fire, but in an opposite direction to us. Another 100 cavalry came up the arroya from the burning houses, driving some sheep, and passed behind us no more than seventy-five yards away. We heard distinctly all they said about burning and plundering the farmhouses. The firing became general all about us. Then we knew that some Boers had attacked the English, yet there was no possible chance for us to escape as far as we could see.

We all shook hands, and swore that we would not surrender, and having concealed the few valuables we had, we waited for the English to discover us. Should they kill us they would get nothing but our horses, and as a last resort we were going to mount our horses and run for our lives. The fight lasted till 10.30 a. m., about three and one half hours, and then the English formed columns, took their wagons and cannon and started for Pretoria. They had gone about 800 yards when they halted and dismounted. We did not like this, so we mounted our horses, rode down the arroya about 300 yards till we came to the wagon road that led to the farm settlement, and then put spurs and were away at full gallop. The English stood with their necks stretched like a flock of geese and gazed intently at us, but never fired a shot. We passed near five Boers in a kopje who were about firing on us, but seeing our pack horses they refrained. They could not understand how we could be Boers and come from the English lines, yet they knew that none but Boers had pack horses.

On reaching the farm settlement we found the houses were not burnt, but the barns and all food supplies were destroyed and hundreds of women and children left to starve. The object of this was to force the women and children to go to Pretoria and ask for supplies of food. Lord Kit-

chener would then send them to one of his prison camps for women and children, and cable to London that some 200 women and children from Schurweburg had come to him as refugees, seeking his protection, as all were in a starving condition. The Boers who had been fighting the English soon came in and reported their morning's work. We knew every one of them personally and were glad to see them again. When the fight began only six of the 110 men had horses, but when it ended they had nineteen more and six mules and one wagon loaded with supplies which they had captured from the English. With the mules they could now mount thirty-one of the 110 men.

During the fight a little fifteen-year-old boy by the name of Pretorius had walked about three miles to a point from which he could see if there were any more English coming from any quarter. He remained too long, and when he saw the English columns returning to Pretoria, it was too late for him to run and save himself. He had no idea that the English engaged in the fight intended to return to Pretoria so soon.

He followed the Boer instinct to save himself, and he crawled into an ant-bear hole about forty yards from the road and pulled his rifle with him. The whole column passed him by and when he could no longer hear the horses' feet beating the

road, he ventured to peep out and see his position. He saw one man coming at a gallop about a half a mile away and he knew this man belonged to the column that had passed by, so he lay low and watched the lone trooper. When the trooper was about forty yards away little Pretorius jumped out of the hole, threw his rifle into position and called out, "Hands up!" The trooper was an English sergeant and thought at first that the little boy was joking, but soon saw that he was in earnest, and at once surrendered. Little Pretorius made him lay down his rifle, ammunition, and so forth, and then started him on his way on foot. After the trooper had gone about 100 yards the little boy with two rifles, plenty of ammunition and a fine horse, bridle and saddle, went cantering away to the farm settlements. On his arrival he was the hero of the hour, and every one, men, women and children, congratulated him on his pluck and good soldier sense. Now thirty-two of the 110 men were mounted.

We stopped here for three days to rest ourselves and horses and to have new shoes put on the horses, for we had to pass through a very rocky country. We learned that the English forts were very numerous between us and General de la Rey, and that it would be difficult to pass them by without being captured, but we must take the chance. Here we first met the famous Boer Spy, Captain Naude, a

A TYPICAL BOER FAMILY OF FOURTEEN

S. W. Joubert and Family.

young man about twenty-three years old. In due time I will tell all about him and his marvelous spy system in Pretoria and Johannesburg. While in this farm settlement he and a few boys went into Pretoria every night and brought out a good bunch of the officers' horses, bridles and saddles, so that by the time we said good-bye to all and started on our long journey, seventy of the 110 men were mounted. We arrived at this farm settlement on May 4th and left on the 7th, passed near Krugersdorp, saw the English camps about there and went down through Heckpoort.

We were now about three miles from Nooitgedacht where General de la Rey and General Beyers had taken General Clement's camp and killed, wounded and taken prisoners 800 of his men. Ahead of us we could see a long line of English forts, so we knew that there must be Boers in the Magaliesburg just opposite to them. We moved cautiously and kept our eyes on the forts. When nearly opposite to them and about 5,000 yards distant, we found some Boers, and I tell you we felt much relieved. The English had spent the previous day trying to shell them out, but had signally failed. We could not learn just where General de la Rey was, but they knew he was somewhere near Mafeking on the western border. We remained here for the night and learned that the

English had forts everywhere in front, and that we must be very careful.

In the early morning we started to run the gauntlet and pass the forts. Each rode about two hundred yards behind the other for about an hour an a half and then we found ourselves out of danger. Not a shot was fired at us, yet we were directly under them and not 3,000 yards away. We crossed a small mountain and were then in a great, wide rolling prairie, with Ventersdorp about five hours' ride to the left.

The many English graves we daily passed showed that heavy fighting had taken place along the whole line of the Magielesberg. On reaching a tall ridge we could see immense forts on all high prominences in our front, and we were much puzzled as to how we could safely pass them. We would stop and use our glasses frequently, because we were on risky ground. There was one large fort that was directly in our way, and we could not see how we could possibly pass it without going at full speed, and our horses were too tired to do this. We slowly approached till within a thousand yards of this place, when we dismounted, sat down to rest and made the best possible use of our glasses. We had excellent glasses, and for one hour there was not a second passed without at least one of us having the glasses nailed on that

fort. It was about noon time, and to save us we could not see the slightest sign of life about the fort. We concluded there was no one in it and we decided to take our chances and ride by it. We guessed right, and at a kraal near by the Kaffirs told us that the English had left the fort the day before.

This fort would accommodate about 1,000 men, so we knew that many English were prowling about somewhere and that we must keep a sharp lookout. We moved on rapidly, passed many of the forts, but were not delayed by any of them. Our horses were very tired and so were we, when we reached one of General de la Rey's commandos on May 10th. We felt relieved, for now we were sure that the despatches would be delivered and we could take a long rest. We were told that General de la Rey was at Mafeking, but would return in two or three days. In due time we learned that he had returned and that he was with his laager about six miles away. We went to see him, and there we found with him one of his bravest and most dashing fighters, General Kemp. We delivered the despatches, he wrote his replies, and in one hour was gone to see one of his commandos twenty-five miles away, to get matters in readiness for a fight. He had one horse, worth about twenty dollars, a mackintosh, a revolver and a pair of glasses. With him was his son and Secretary Ferrera. He eats with his burghers, shares their

blankets and carries practically no staff. He makes every man fight.

Within an hour after his departure a most important despatch arrived from General De Wet telling him that he must come at once and see him in the Free State, for it was on a serious matter that they must act. The despatch was forwarded to the general in haste. We remained here a few days with General Kemp to give our horses a good rest for the return journey. We had bread to eat and it was the first we had tasted for many months. At night, General de la Rey had the ground plowed, the corn planted, and the wheat sowed, so that he always had plenty of everything to eat in the way of bread, mealie pap, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, Irish, etc.

On the 22nd of May we started back on the same route by which we had come. Two days after leaving General Kemp we heard heavy cannonading,as if some one had attacked somebody else. We were sure that General Kemp had a hand in it, because he was always looking for a fight and he was in that direction. We passed back through the English lines without any trouble whatever, and arrived at the farm settlements we had left on the 7th of May, on June 2nd. Seventy of the 110 men were mounted when we left and on our return the entire number was mounted and they had some forty horses to spare.

CAPTAIN J. J. NAUDE
The Great Boer Spy.

Veldtcornet Pretorius and Veldtcornet Jones were in command and both were brave, energetic and daring commanders. We remained here till June 7th to rest ourselves and horses and try to find out what had happened on the high veldt since we left. All we could learn was that it was covered with English camps and that Bapsfontein, just across the railway line, was still free of English. This was good news to us, for we left our cart and mules at Olifantsfontein, just six miles further on than Bapsfontein. Captain Naude, the famous spy, and six other men joined us to go to the high veldt. They had helped to rid all the stables at Pretoria of the English officers' horses, bridles, and saddles and now they are seeking new fields for adventure.

We started about three o'clock in the afternoon of June 7th, in order that we might be near the railway line before sundown. There was no moon now, and as it was cloudy, heavy weather, the night was sure to be very dark. Veldtcornet Jones went with us a part of the way to be sure that we would strike the line at the safest place to cross. Night came and we made for the line. It was so dark we had to keep in touch almost, or otherwise we would be separated and lose each other. To make bad matters worse, a slow rain set in and we could not tell whether we were going north, south, east or west.

I remember one laughable incident which I must tell about, for it will require only half a dozen words. We had been wading through cornfields, reeds, muddy spruits and so forth for some time, but were getting along all right when we suddenly heard a most terrible splash. Oom Koos Bosch, horse and all, had suddenly disappeared in a deep pool of water that the rest of us had by mere luck escaped. We dragged him out, and after half an hour's hard work managed to get his horse out too. The banks were very steep and quite high. When La Blanche, his son-in-law, heard Oom Koos' voice, he rushed back to his assistance and in he went too, so we had to drag him out. It was a laughable affair, but both were so mad that one would have to take his life in his hand if he dared to give an audible smile.

We went on and rambled for hours trying to find the railway line. About nine o'clock all the large flash lights at various stations began to work. It was a sudden change from pitch darkness to almost broad daylight. We at once saw that we were very near the line and had the English opened their eyes they would have at once seen that we were near it. We had to hurry now, for the flash lights were playing all about us and we could see the entire line from Pretoria to Johannesburg. Soon we reached the line near Kalfontein station, and cut some thirty or forty barbed wires, the field telegraph

and main wires, then crossed some deep ditches, then the railway track, then some more deep ditches, and then cut thirty or forty more barbed wires and were free to go our way, and be assured that we lost no time in going, for we were within five hundred yards of a big camp at the station. Soon we were as "safe as the people in Piccadilly," but having passed over a ridge, we were enveloped in pitch darkness again and the rain was still falling. We stopped and rested ourselves and horses for an hour, at one o'clock in the morning. Then we started again, but had no light except that reflected on the clouds behind or by the numerous flash lights, so we rambled and rambled in search of Bapsfontein, where we would strike a big road that would lead us straight and right. Just at early dawn in the morning we saw several specks of fire and some one cried out, " Look out! there is something in front. Don't you see the fire in their pipes?" Some laughed at the remark and some of us didn't, and when we had ridden twenty yards further out rang the cry "Who comes there?" and it was "Who comes there?" along a very long line. It was no laughing matter now, and like a lightning flash we whirled about, put the spurs in and away we went at a full gallop regardless of the awful darkness. We remained together, made a wide circuit, and having galloped for about a mile, we stopped on top of a ridge to await until there was more light.

We did not know where we were, and we must find out. Sure we were that an English camp was near us, but where are we? When there was a little more light we saw a farm house about a half mile away, and two of the Boer boys rode to find out just where we were.

This was a "Hands-uppers" farm, and he was at home. He told them that we had just passed Bapsfontein, where there were camped about 2,000 English, and advised us to move rapidly for the reason that a detachment might be on the ridge in a few minutes. Fools we were, but we never thought about the fellow being a "Hands-upper," otherwise we would have taken him and his two good horses that were feeding near by us. At Bapsfontein we had actually passed between the main camp and the guards, and that is why they did not fire at us.

We now went on for three miles, for we knew now just where we were, and on reaching Kaffir Kraal, where there were plenty of mealies (corn) we stopped, unsaddled and bought a good feed for all our horses. While here we saw the English scouts on the ridge behind us and they saw us too, but made no move to disturb us. After an hour's rest, we saddled up and rode towards Olifantsfontein where we had left our cart and mules. When within a mile of this place we took up a gallop and when within a thousand yards we saw a lot of fel-

lows preparing to fight. We came down to a walk, and the burghers who had prepared to fight saw that we were burghers too. We found here General Piet Viljoen, but not our cart and mules. Many and great changes had taken place along the scene since we had left it on May 3rd. No one had the slightest idea where General Botha or our cart and mules were, but all could tell us that the whole high veldt was fairly alive with English camps.

We remained here for the night and most of the following day, for our horses had been under the saddle for nineteen hours and necessarily they were exceedingly tired as well as ourselves. In the afternoon of the following day we boldly struck out on the high veldt to see what there was to be seen. On the 11th of June we came on some of the boys of the Bethel commando who told us that "Fighting Bill," General Muller, with 150 of the Johannesburg boys had just taken in an Australian camp about five miles away and captured over 300 men, two pom-poms, with 4,000 shells and some 400 horses. This was good news, and it was correct, too, and the Australians have not done much bragging since. They had not the slightest idea where General Botha was, but told us to look out, for the Englishmen were here, there, and so forth, pointing out to us the different directions of the English camps.

We went ahead towards Tritchardtfontein, which was near Bethel, and at night we came suddenly upon Commandant Mears and his men. Here was a spunky little commandant who had wrecked many trains and done his part towards worrying the English. He did not know where General Botha was, nor had he seen or heard of our cart and mules.

We camped with Mears for the night, and early next morning started out towards Bethel, but on seeing a lot of sheep that had just been killed, we changed our direction for Blauwkop, because the slaughtered sheep showed us that the English were in front. We reached the vicinity of Blauwkop just before sundown, and to our great surprise a Boer commando, too. A greater surprise was still in store for us, for on reaching the camp there was General Britz, another brave and capable officer, with his commando, President Steyn, General De Wet and General Hertzog, of the Free State, and our good old friend whom we had left some three weeks back, General de la Rey. It is unnecessary to say that we were delighted, yes, overjoyed, at our good luck, and as we all knew one another well, the reader may be assured that we spent a few hours most pleasantly.

I must here mention that General de la Rey and I each really first made out what the other was. During our short conversation three weeks

back I had told him that certain conditions prevailed in another section and that to me matters looked serious. I went on and explained everything to him, but he could not but feel that I must be mistaken. Now we met again, and the first thing he said to me was " You were right, and we are here to correct and put things right. " I had always distrusted the Acting President, Schalk Burger, and I had told General de la Rey so and given my reasons. I might as well finish up with this meeting before I take up the thread of happenings in April.

On the following day, June 19th, the Free State and Transvaal Governments were to meet at Waterfall, about twenty miles from Standerton and about six miles from a large English camp. Now we would see General Louis Botha, whom we had been seeking, and all the big bugs at one and the same time. It was just after sundown that all saddled up and started for Waterfall, where we arrived late at night and soundly slept.

About ten o'clock the next day we saw a long string of carts in the distance, and that was the approaching Transvaal Government. Soon they arrived and there was a general handshaking all around. Major Pretorius gave General de la Rey's replies to General Botha, although General de la Rey was there himself. In addition to these there were present, Acting President Schalk Burger, Secretary of State Reitz, General Ben Viljoen,

General Smuts, President Steyn, General De Wet, General Hertzog, Commandant Ben Bouwers, a fine young officer, Major Pretorius and myself, and about 200 burghers. The burghers knew that something had gone wrong, otherwise President Steyn would not have taken the desperate chance of passing through so many English lines and crossing a well guarded railway line. In crossing this line the English poured a heavy fire into them and exploded a dynamite mine that had been carefully laid, but fortunately President Steyn and his men were clear of it by about thirty yards when the explosion took place.

Soon the council of war assembled and the secret leaked out. Acting President Schalk Burger and General Botha had written a state letter to President Steyn praying for a general surrender. That is the gist of the whole long letter. The council of war smashed that proposal into smithereens, and deprived all generals and acting presidents of the power to discuss peace terms with the English without the consent and presence of President Steyn, General De Wet and General de la Rey. I feel to this day that Acting President Schalk Burger was directly responsible for that state letter to President Steyn, yet I cannot understand General Botha giving his sanction to it by allowing his name to be coupled with that of Schalk Burger. Secretary Reitz in his official position had to sign

GENERAL SMUTZ

State Attorney General of the Transvaal.

it, but he was the most disgusted man I ever saw. Like President Steyn, General De Wet and General de la Rey, Secretary Reitz was as staunch a patriot as ever breathed, and one that would never say die, no matter what the conditions might be. He was game during the war, and as game as ever when the war came to an end.

Here were the two Governments with no more than 200 men, in the very midst of thousands of English, holding a confab on the open prairie within six miles of a large English camp, and not one present in the least concerned, except Schalk Burger, who, I think, was pretty nervous. The English are wonderful soldiers, for they knew that the two Governments were near them and they never made the slightest effort to take them in.

All business having been finished and matters corrected and put right, President Steyn, General De Wet and General de la Rey started back to run the gauntlet and join their respective commands. Major Pretorius and I, on learning that General Smuts and Commandant Ben Bouwers were going with a good commando into Cape Colony, tried for permission to go with them, but were not allowed, much to our disappointment.

I will now return to my story of the April events in all parts. I have made quite a long side trip which may not prove to be of interest to the reader, but I assure him that had he been with us at the

end of April he would have been equally interested with ourselves. As it was at the very end of April that the fifteen English columns suddenly invaded the high veldt, I will leave them till the first of May and go into the Free State. But little was done of any account, a little skirmishing here and a little there and not much more, for the English were making preparations for cornering and taking in the slippery De Wet once more.

In the Colony things were more than lively. General George Brand had captured a column and frightened two or three others half to death. General Kritsinger by his dash had made the English believe that there must be no less than 50,000 Boers in Cape Colony. Commandants Fouche, Scheepers, Malan and others were daily fighting in the different districts and captured several convoys. In fact, Cape Colony was truly in a state of war, and the Boers were in possession of the country. Lord Roberts was in possession of his $500,000 and his earldom, so he was not worrying, but General French was walking the floor day and night, for he realized that affairs in Cape Colony were very dark, and the position of the English in great jeopardy. Not a day passed without fighting during the month, and it was certain that fighting would continue for many months to come, for the Boer officers were superior to the English commanders and could lead them a song-and-dance wherever

they pleased. In the Western Transvaal the English had made several attempts to corner General de la Rey, but he was not to be cornered. Near Klerksdorp there was some fighting when a large force of English pounced on General Smuts and deprived him of one cannon.

The English reported this as a great victory, and I will tell you why. They think far more of losing one cannon than they do of losing 10,000 Tommies, for they consider Tommies as cheaply made in England as the Germans could manufacture them, while cannon are expensive in all countries.

Throughout the month troops were constantly shifting about in the Western Transvaal, but nothing really occurred worthy of note, as no change had taken place at Zeerust, where the English were still penned in. Far away in the north General Plumer at Pietersburg, and the English force in the East at Komati Poort by a combined action tried to clear the whole country between them of Boers. Their task was easy, because there were no Boers in those parts, except some women and children. Their homes and their possessions were burnt and destroyed and they themselves were sent to concentration camps.

The English spent considerable time in arming the Kaffirs and giving them the necessary instructions for their murderous work. Chief Secockuni

and his strong force, the worst Kaffirs in the country, had already been armed by the English and were near Lydenburg on the one side and Rosenekal on the other. These very Kaffirs murdered many men, women, and children with those English guns and ammunition, but further on I will go into the details of this dirtiest and most barbarous work of the English army.

Now we come to the month of May, and a very lively one, too. General Ben Viljoen and General Muller crossed the railway line near Balmoral Station, and left the six pursuing columns all to themselves north of the railway line. They had simply left one large army to run up against another stronger still, for there were fifteen columns on the high veldt bent on capturing the Government, General Botha and all the high veldt burghers. All these columns practically distinguished themselves by their puerile tactics. Not only did all the burghers easily evade them, but two or three trek wagons with women and children escaped being captured. Of course all the old men and women who remained in the few farm houses still standing were captured and taken away. Then off to London would go a flaming report of so many burghers, horses and cattle being captured.

The English would enter all the good farm houses, tear up the floors, and dig, dig, dig in search of money and jewelry that might be buried under

GENERAL "FIGHTING BILL" MULLER

And his assistant commandants and veldtcornets near Lydenburg, just before the general surrender.

the floor. Having satisfied themselves, they would then burn and destroy everything. At the end of this month there was not a farm house standing on the high veldt.

We had the great pleasure of seeing about 600 cavalry charge a farm house. We had never before seen such a daring, reckless charge, and there was not a man among that 600 that did not eminently win the V. C. We had read of the charge of the 600 at Balaclava, and in imagination had often tried to draw the picture so glowingly painted by one of England's poet laureates; but this would sink into insignificance and pass into oblivion if only the charge of the 600 on the farm house filled with women and children could have been witnessed and depicted by some such realistic and blood-curdling poet as Alfred Austin or Rudyard Kipling. The one would never again have to describe in patriotic rhyme Jameson's raid, nor would the other have to live in "Barroom" ballads, for so delightfully red would the words that each could have drawn from his imagination have been, that they could have painted in thrilling phrases a picture so bloody and hair raising as to immortalize them. I cannot describe this charge. It was too much for me, but we seemed to hear the command, "Charge! " and on they came, every horse with distended nostrils and wild, glaring eyes doing his best, not one man dropping from the pace, not one faltering, all surely

determined to do or die. And in another moment the farm house is taken together with its occupants, women and children, who filled the doors and windows. In another minute all were driven from the house, the floors torn up, search for money and jewelry made, then the oil spread and the house consumed in flames.

But, you ask me where the blood is to come from? I will tell you. Those brave men set to work and killed over one hundred chickens, ducks and geese, several pigs, some calves and 2,000 sheep which they drove into the sheep kraal and killed with the bayonet. They were two and three deep, and that great mass of butchered sheep were rising and falling in different parts for many days, for many were still alive buried under others and slowly dying.

I had seen much of the bloody work of the Apache Indians far away in Arizona, but I had never seen anything that could possibly compare in down right cruelty to this piece of savagery on the part of the English soldiers. The prisoners of war in the way of women and children were now marched off and driven to the murderous concentration camps, and a stirring report of the daring charge made to London, the bloody end being omitted. This famous column now joined with the fourteen others and all began to chase the several Boer commandos who were scattered about

the veldt. Remember that the high veldt is a high plateau without rocks or mountains, and it is practically impossible for any command to conceal itself from the English. General Louis Botha and the Government were many times surrounded and cornered, but at picking up time, they were not present.

The various columns continued to follow them from place to place during the month, but no fighting men were lost. Quite a number of women and children were captured and sent to the concentration camps and invariably reported as so many burghers.

I now leave the English and Boers moving to and fro in all directions till the end of the month, and when all the high veldt is reported as swept clean of Boer commandos. Just before the end of the month General Ben Viljoen with Commandant Mears attacked General Plumer near Bethel and were prevented from taking in his column by the captured women and children being so placed that the Boers could not fire without killing some of them. This was a most cowardly piece of business, but it enabled General Plumer to rescue his men, with the exception of some thirty who were taken prisoners. These could not succeed in getting themselves behind the women and children without taking serious risk of being shot. General Plumer was satisfied to leave also a few horses

and several thousand sheep which he had hoped to take with him to Standerton. No doubt some of those brave and chivalrous men who fought behind those Boer women and children were recommended for the V. C. and received it, such is the inclination of the British officer to report imaginary daring deeds in all engagements in which he may participate.

CHAPTER XIX.

DE WET CORNERED AGAIN—DE LA REY CORNERED TOO — GENERAL KEMP FIGHTS A GOOD FIGHT—THE WAY BY WHICH THE BOERS SO SUCCESSFULLY OUTWITTED THE ENGLISH.

In many parts of the Free State several skirmishes took place, but the English columns generally were occupied in trying to corner De Wet. A mighty army was brought to bear on him, for the English were convinced that, once he was cornered and captured, the war would come to a sudden end; but they did not reckon on the fact that a mighty army without a trace of military sense to guide its movements was a very harmless thing in the presence of such an able strategist as General De Wet. The Free State, with its broad, grassy, level plains, is a most beautiful country for cavalry and artillery operations, and although the English had thousands of cavalry, and guns without number, yet they seemed to be able to effect but little with either, or the two combined. They were so numerous that they fell over each other, and in the scramble General De Wet managed to pick up some of them. In Cape Colony matters

were daily growing worse for the British, and the Boers, ever increasing in numbers, were very active and aggressive in many districts. General Kritsinger captured a convoy, some prisoners and one or two fortified towns. General Brand had helped himself to one of the English supply trains, and Commandant Malan in the far south was fighting and accumulating war supplies. Commandants Fouche, Wessels, Latigan and other officers were doing good work in their respective districts.

In fact, there was daily fighting throughout the Cape, and the English were so upset and worried that they scarcely knew how to defend themselves. In the Western Transvaal General de la Rey's commandos had done some damage, and all were progressing nicely. Lord Methuen was active enough, but his columns were misguided and made suffer severely. Near the Mafeking railway line General de la Rey was much interested in several columns that were trying to corner and capture him. He had several skirmishes with them, took some prisoners, among them being three burghers who had deserted and taken up arms with the British. These were afterwards shot, and the English were convinced that General de la Rey had committed a great crime. A pity it is that all the other Boer generals did not commit many such great crimes in the beginning of the war.

When these numerous columns were about to

make it very warm for him, General de la Rey doubled back between two of them and left for other parts. It was a week before Lord Methuen discovered that his bird had flown and was creating trouble elsewhere. It was on his return from his Mafeking expedition that Major Pretorius and myself met him and delivered our despatches.

Some time ago I mentioned something about booming cannon in our rear a few days after leaving General Kemp, with whom we had spent a most pleasant week. It was this very General Kemp, who was always seeking a fight, that caused all that noise which so puzzled us. Shortly after we left, General Kemp's scouts reported an English column moving about from farm to farm and destroying all of them. He had his men saddle their horses, and off they went in search of this column. They found it at Vlakfontein, where Major Pretorius and I had slept the day after leaving General Kemp. He set the grass on fire to conceal his men in smoke, advanced to within short range, surprised General Dixon and his 1,500 men, and in a short time put them to flight. General Kemp killed and wounded over 200, captured more than 100 men and horses, and took two cannon, which they turned on the fleeing column. This was a good piece of work accomplished by General Kemp and his 400 burghers. General Dixon and his men never stopped running till far away from all dan-

ger, for they supposed that Kemp must have had two or three thousand men. No better men ever lived than those Krugersdorp men, and, taking the war from start to finish, I believe they did more and harder fighting than any other commando in the field. Like the Johannesburg boys they were brave, reckless, dashing patriots who defeated the English in many battlefields. General Beyers in the north troubled Pietersburg a great deal, but no fighting of any consequence took place. He had with him a most capable man, in the person of Captain Henry Dutoit, who commanded his scouts. Captain Dutoit was an artillery officer and was nearly torn to pieces at the battle of Modderspruit on October 30, 1899. He was patched up by such able and competent surgeons as Dr. Max Mehliss, Dr. Lillepop, and Dr. Wepner, and in some way managed to survive.

A year afterwards some of his numerous wounds were still open, yet he was one of the most active and energetic officers in the field. He spurned all danger and fought like a very tiger to the end of the war.

Now I come to the month of June, a cold bleak month with piercing winds. We had but one blanket each, no overcoats, no tents, no shelter of any description, and how well I remember how near all came to freezing stiff every night. Still we had to keep on the alert, for the English were

on all sides of us. They had burnt the entire high veldt, and but a little patch of grass could be found here and there. All houses were burned, all property was burned, all the grass was burned, and the scene was a most dreary, desolate one.

Before relating the events of this month I will try to tell in as few words as possible how we lived and managed so successfully to outwit the thousands of English about us and with whom we practically lived, because we were never out of each other's sight. The Boers were divided up into small bands 100, 200 or 300 strong, and each little band went as it pleased, and when it pleased, but generally confined itself to its own little district. These small commands were always in close touch with each other and could quickly come together if there was a chance of taking in some single English column that might be passing by. During the day, when not fighting, we would camp near some old ruins where we would find a little patch of grass that had escaped the fire. The English would generally see us and we were sure to see them at all times. After sunset and darkness had set in, we would saddle up, dodge behind the English, find another little patch of grass, and then unsaddle, hobble our horses and try to get a little sleep. So cold it was that precious little any of us had during the night. We would put out no guards, but at four o'clock in the morning all would get their horses,

saddle up and prepare for fight. We would then send out a man here and there, say about 1000 yards distance, to wait for daylight and to locate the English if possible. If none were to be seen at hand after the sun came up, we would unsaddle, hobble our horses again and try to get in some sleep under the warm sunshine. If the English were found near, we would probably have a short skirmish with them, knock a few from their horses, and then fly away to some other part of our district where we would be safe to get something to eat. We were surrounded many times at daylight, but I will tell something about that later on.

As everything was destroyed on the high veldt, the reader will naturally ask how we got anything to eat, as we had no carts or wagons to carry food. I will tell him just how we managed to live and grow fat and strong on nothing. Before the rainy season set in, about October, the burghers would pull out their hidden plows, put the fields in good shape and then plant their mealies, (Indian corn). All this had to be done under the cover of darkness, and it meant a great deal of hard, tiresome work. In the following March and April we would have plenty of green mealies, and, later on, dry mealies. The English could not destroy these crops, though they tried and failed. If they turned their horses out to eat and trample it down, the green corn would

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS
Commanding Boer Scouts.

kill them. When the corn ripened and became dry they tried to burn it, but failed because there was little or no grass in the fields. The result was that we had mealies on the stalk in all the districts. Many would be gathered, hidden in the high reeds along the small rivers, or buried in nice, dry pits. The English have often ridden over these without discovering them. Now, the reader may understand how we had mealies to eat ourselves, and some besides for our horses.

The English took all the Kaffirs away and burnt their kraals. In these kraals there were large Kaffir baskets, some that would hold fifty bags of mealies or Kaffir corn. The English would set these on fire, but they would not burn. Then they would destroy the baskets and scatter the corn. In a pinch we would take this corn, wash and dry it and find it as good as ever with the exception of a little sand or gravel that might be in it. But a hungry soldier has little regard for sand and gravel under the circumstances. Now, we always had cattle near by, and generally two or three good fat bullocks with us. These we would drive along with us, until they were wanted. In every mess of two or three men, there was one ordinary coffee mill, but of course we had neither coffee nor sugar. We used these mills, however, to grind the corn into a rather coarse meal. It was hard, tedious work, but do it we

must, if we were to have anything with our fresh meat. Having ground sufficient meal for breakfast, a small tin pot filled with water would be brought to the boiling point, the meal carefully stirred in and constantly stirred for about forty minutes, when it would be cooked. Of course we had no salt; so our fresh meat would be thrown into the ashes, broiled to suit each one's taste, and then breakfast was ready. There is ammonia or some other kind of salts in the ashes, that help the meat out. For coffee, we had in each little mess another small tin bucket, which would be filled with water and boiled. Some meal would be burnt in a small pan, till black, and then put into the boiling water; this makes a very good drink, but I don't believe, reader, that you would like it.

When near the bush veldt, we often used acorns for the same purpose, and the coffee was very good. At times, during peach season, we dried some peaches, charred them and had a really delicious drink. Sweet potatoes prepared in the same way make a nice beverage, too. So you see that, after all, we lived very well. Live on mush and fresh meat, as we did, and you will never be sick.

We lived in this way for two long years, fighting all the time or trying to evade the English, and we lost but one man from sickness; this, too, in the face of the fact that we had nothing to pro-

tect us against the cold of winter, or the severe rain storms of summer.

Of course many English convoys were taken, and many railway trains, too, but the Boers have good sense, and will not eat any canned stuff. They would destroy all such, and only take what they could comfortably carry on their horses. To every man's saddle you would see tied either a small tin bucket, or a coffee mill, and these constituted our complete cooking outfit. On this high veldt there is practically no wood. So for fuel we would go about the veldt and collect dry cow dung, just as they did in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona in the early days.

Now, reader, you are sure to tell me that the English captured all our cattle, because you read it in the paper. Well, I confess they did ; and let me tell you about it. When the war began, the number of cattle in the Transvaal and Free State together, was nearly 300,000. The English captured all these cattle, time and time again, and if you will take the trouble to look up their official reports, you will find that during the war they captured some 2,000,000 head from us, although we had less than 300,000 to begin with. Here is the explanation : the English would capture our cattle to-day, and make their report. Tomorrow, we would take the cattle back, but the English would make no report of it. They always reported the

capture, but not the re-capture, and that is how they captured some 2,000,000 head of cattle. The cattle were captured and re-captured so often that they grew to know the khakhi's uniform as well as the Boer's rags; so when they saw a man or two coming, if he or they wore khakhi uniforms, they would at once start toward the railway line. If the men were recognized by their rags as Boers, they would all start for the high veldt, where the Boers always took them.

The poor, patient and willing cattle had hard lines, and many and many miles they travelled during the war. At the end of it, the Boers still had nearly one-fifth the original number, and all were fat and in good eating condition.

Now, I will drop this subject for the present, and tell what was done during June. All the columns made another drive at General Louis Botha, east of Ermelo, and they had him cornered this time sure; "there was no possible chance for his escape," and all that remained to be done was to go through the formal ceremony of surrender of the Commandant General of the Boer forces. True it is they gave him a lively dance, in double quick time, too, but when they closed they found that General Botha and his men were missing, and had left them nothing but the corner. This was too bad, for the English felt much disappointed at the idea of having to correct all previous reports. To add to their

misery, General Chris. Botha slipped up behind them, fired a volley into their rear, and nearly shattered the nervous system of the whole English force. It was simply a joke on the part of General Chris. Botha, and having played it, he and his men rode away to some warm spot where they could rest and eat their mealie pap and fresh meat. One of these English "drives" is a wonderful tactical success when the number of telegrams, and the quantity of paper required in the execution, are considered. However, as long as there were any women and children on the veldt they managed to get some of them, and these they could kill in the concentration camps, if they couldn't kill their men on the battle field.

CHAPTER XX.

AN IRISH BOY'S STRATEGY—HIS SAD DEATH—CAVALRY FAR SUPERIOR TO INFANTRY.

In another part of the high veldt, about 300 Australians ventured out on a little side trip from the column. I think a Colonel Beaston was in command of them, though I am not sure about it; but it makes no difference, for the Australians were there, and ready for business.

"Fighting Bill," General Muller, was near by also. He took 150 of the Johannesburg boys, among them being Sergeant Mike Halley, Jim French, Sergeant Joe Wade, Mike Hanafin, Joe Kennedy, John McGlew, Dick Hunt, Jerry O'Leary and Captain McCullum, of the Irish Brigade. With these he made a night ride, slipped up to the Australians as they were sitting and telling stories about their camp fires, and took them all in before they could realize what had happened. With them he took two pom-poms also, and some 300 horses, saddles, bridles, and as many rifles and plenty of ammunition. The last I saw of the Australians they were still trying to explain just how it

happened. General Muller was very kind to them, and having taken possession of all they had, turned them loose and advised them to go home to their mothers.

A little incident happened just at the right moment to save many lives, and good little Mike Hanafin was the hero. The Boers having charged into the midst of the Australians, of course all were pretty well mixed. Mike Hanafin, it so happened, ran upon the Australian bugler, and an idea struck him at once which when brought into play made him a little hero. He threw his rifle into the bugler's face, and told him to sound "Cease Firing," or he would blow his head off. The bugler promptly obeyed, and, of course, all the Australians ceased firing at once. The major in command ran up to the bugler, swore at him, and ordered him to sound, at once, the "Commence Firing," not knowing that Mike Hanafin had relieved the bugler of his bugle as soon as the "Cease Firing" had been sounded. While the major was swearing at the bugler, Joe Wade or Mike Halley, I have forgotten which, rammed the muzzle of his rifle against the major's stomach, and told him that he could have all the fight he wished. The major, in an awful tremble, threw up his hands and said "No, no, no, I don't want to fight any more."

General Ben Viljoen on joining General Muller and the Johannesburg Commando, decided to re-

cross the railway line near Balmoral, and operate north of Middleburg. He approached the line in the evening, and decided to capture some blockhouses in order that he might be able to take over his cannon and wagons. He took the two blockhouses, and about half his commando crossed, but the wagons and cannon were stopped by re-enforcements arriving from Balmoral. It was within ten feet of one of these blockhouses that the brave and reckless little Mike Hanafin lost his life. From a hole in the ground under the blockhouse a Tommie fired and killed Mike, who fell within four feet of the muzzle of the Tommie's rifle. Plucky Dick Hunt, on seeing Mike on the ground, went to his assistance, believing that he had been wounded. On reaching Mike he spoke to him but received no answer, so he knew that little Mike was dead. Hunt stooped down to pick him up, and as he did so, the Tommie fired up from the hole and the flash caught Dick in the face. The bullet grazed his forehead and pierced his hat. Joe Wade and Joe Kennedy, who were near by, came to Dick's relief, and the three carried Mike's body a few yards away, and then returned to the blockhouse. They now knew about these holes, and they crept up to one of them, slipped the muzzle of their rifles just over the edge of the hole, without the Tommie knowing it; they fired and the Tommie fell dead. This frightened the other Tommies who were watching at other

CAPTAIN JACK HINDON
the famous train-wrecker

holes, and the blockhouse was surrendered. The brave little Mike was dead, however, and those Irish boys to-day mourn his death. Mike, after the war had begun, walked from Beira, over 500 miles distance, to Delagoa Bay, and then worked his way into the Transvaal, and joined the Irish Brigade. He was very modest and quiet, but a reckless little enthusiast when it came to a fight with the English. A tenor drum that he had captured months previously, and the bugle, are in the hands of the Irish boys, but they have not yet decided what they will do with them. Hallowed is the little plot of ground where he lies buried, for there lies the remains of a true Irish patriot and lover of liberty.

A week after this first attempt to cross, another was made, but this time General Viljoen called Captain Jack Hindon, the great train wrecker, to his assistance. Jack laid his mines along the railway line, and when all was ready the commando, guns and wagons advanced. On nearing the line they were discovered from the blockhouses, and firing began. This brought the armored train down upon them. This on reaching Jack Hindon's dynamite mines, was blown sky high and completely destroyed. General Viljoen, his guns and commando now easily crossed, and Captain Jack returned to his little commando near Middleburg. General Spruit, that good man who was afterwards killed, and who saved the Irish Brigade at Brand-

fort, tried to have a fight with an English column near Heidleburg, but his horses proved to be too slow, and the English, after a hot race, succeeded in escaping and reaching the protection of that well fortified little town.

Many other early morning skirmishes took place, but we always hurried away as soon as we emptied a few of the English saddles. Our force was so small, as compared to the English, that we had to run; but we always put in some effective bullets before we put in our spurs.

Right here, before I forget it, I must answer the charge that the English constantly made against us, that Boers would never stand, but fire a few shots and run away. General De Wet answered, and to the point, "Yes," he says, "we shoot and run away, and that is the reason why so many English are killed, and so few Boers." The fact is, that if ten Englishmen happen to fall upon one poor Boer, such is their courage, that they will never let up till they have beaten him almost to death; whereas, if three Boers fall upon ten Englishmen, and take them in, (as they invariably will) the Englishmen will say, "You acted basely in attacking us in overwhelming numbers."

This just about explains the difference between an Englishman and a Boer in an open fight, and this great difference is just what is going to free South Africa of English rule in the near future.

When I think of this and Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, I often wonder if he does not sleep with that eyeglass well fastened in his eye, that he may see what is going on about him in hours of danger. He is scared, all right.

In the Free State, General De Wet has been in trouble again, but he was not worrying about it. Near Reitz, a little town not far from the Vaal River, a huge column fell upon him, and a fight was the result. He was punched about considerably but he can well say, "You should see the other fellow." The huge column was knocked out, put to flight, its wagons, thousands of sheep and cattle captured, and, besides, General De Wet had the pleasure of disarming a lot of prisoners and telling them to go home and learn how to play soldier. There was also some fighting south of Bloemfontein, with little damage to either side, but in Cape Colony all was ablaze. General Kritsinger captured two towns, some wagons, prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition. Commandant Malan had been equally as energetic on the southern part, while Commandants Lotter, Latigan, Fouche, Wessels and others were creating much trouble and excitement in their districts.

There was more actual fighting in Cape Colony than in any other place. Had the commandant generals of the Transvaal and Free State been

there with their commandos, it is almost certain that the whole Cape would have rebelled.

In the Western Transvaal, General de la Rey took advantage of the cold weather to recuperate his horses. In the north General Beyers likewise remained quiet. During the winter season, the Boers in the Free State and Transvaal must keep passive if possible, otherwise they would lose all their horses and thereby be unable to carry on the war. Infantry is of little or no use in war, when opposed to cavalry. All other things being equal, that army which is strongest in cavalry should carry off all the honors of battle. Modern guns and arms make it imperative that an army be able to move quickly and change position with such rapidity as to cover a mile in five minutes. Infantry can't do this. Even in a mountainous country, cavalry will, man for man, easily defeat infantry. No one realizes this more than the Boers, and that is the reason why they always look after their horses first and then themselves.

During July, the Boers remained inactive, and were but little annoyed by the English. It was frightfully cold at night, and of course one had to be on the move every night, but the English, who were all about us, seemed to dread the cold as much as ourselves. General Smuts and Commandant Ben Bouwers had now entered Cape Colony and

joined with General Kritsinger and his excellent staff of commandants. General Kritsinger took in a few trains and captured some provisions, while his commandants amused themselves in daily skirmishes with the English.

CHAPTER XXI.

KITCHENER TRIES TO FRIGHTEN THE BOERS—FAILING, TAKES REVENGE ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN—CAPTURE OF FORT PISON—ENGLISH SURPRISE THE BOERS AND ARE ROUTED.

It was during the month of August that Lord Kitchener issued his proclamation warning all commandants, veldtcornets, etc., that if they did not come in and surrender by September 15th, they would all be permanently banished from the country. I wished at the time that Lord Kitchener could see the Boers as they read his proclamation. They threw their hats in the air, and gave three cheers for "Kitch, the woman butcher," three cheers for "Kitchener, the wind-bag," three cheers for "Kitchener, the scared butcher." I witnessed all this, and felt proud of the Boers for so pouring out their hearts.

That proclamation created new life, and the Boers were determined to show Lord Kitchener what they thought of it and him, by September 15th, although they were so hemmed in that they could scarcely move. Lord Kitchener heard that the Boers made much sport of him and his proclamation, and evened up with them by slaughtering

thousands more of their women and children in the concentration camps. In this line of business, I don't believe that Lord Kitchener has an equal in the history of the whole world. He is a good one.

General Louis Botha at once made up his mind to go into Natal and find out what was going on in the enemy's land, and called for a few men from each command. He assembled 1,500 men, and with him went General Chris. Botha and Commandant Opperman, two of the best officers in the field. However, this command did not go until September, so I leave it for the time being.

Far away in the bush veldt, east of Lydenburg, was a strong fort manned by Steinaker's Horse, and a lot of his allied armed Kaffirs. General Ben Viljoen made up his mind to take them in, and with that fighting commandant, Piet Moll, the brave Captain Malan, and the gallant Veldtcornet Schoeman and 100 men, he set out at sunset to accomplish his object. The fort, Pisana, was reached in the very early morning, and Commandant Moll and Veldtcornet Schoeman at once rushed upon it. The defenders poured in volley after volley on them, but they went ahead, scaled the high wall and captured the whole affair. Six men were killed, and good Piet Moll was severely wounded, but I am happy to say that he recovered and is ready to do battle again. Captain Francis, who commanded the fort, and one white man was

killed, besides a number of armed Kaffirs in khaki uniform. The Kaffirs fought bravely, but the white men hid themselves in holes.

General Viljoen thought these white men, about thirty, were all freebooters, who had employed some seventy Kaffirs to fight with them. Lord Kitchener, who had always sworn that the British had not armed any of the 30,000 or 40,000 Kaffirs now fighting the Boers, had to acknowledge that both the whites and Kaffirs were a part of his military force. He saved the whites, but not the Kaffirs. I will have much to say about this Kaffir business, before I am through, but not just now.

The fort had scarcely been taken before Chief Pisana with about 500 of his armed Kaffirs came to Captain Francis' rescue, but General Ben Viljoen and his men soon put him to flight. The fort had been taken so quickly that Chief Pisana could not reach his friends in time. It was a shame that every white man in that fort was not shot down, for not one of them was fit to live. Each one had two or three Kaffir girls with him, whom they called their wives, and all were living, not as human beings, but as the lowest of beasts. The vile Steinaker and his brutes never again showed up in those parts.

On the high veldt near Olifantsfontein, and just at sunrise, the English opened a hot fire on about 100 of us at a distance of no more than 300 yards.

YOUNG WOHLITER

who would not have his hair cut during the war.

Major Wolmorans, of the artillery, was in command. He had put no guards out and we were caught, most of us, sound asleep. The rapid firing aroused us quickly, and when Major Pretorius and I (we always bunked together) jumped up, we saw twelve Tommies trying to drop us. All the horses stampeded, with the exception of six, and it certainly looked as if we were at last captured. Commandant Prinsloo, a most level-headed and dashing young officer, with about 100 men, was about a quarter of a mile from us, and he was attacked at the same time.

I had a fine horse that Major Pretorius had given me, but he was the craziest animal under fire I ever saw. He was one of the six horses that were tied and couldn't run away. The other five were quiet, and easily saddled, but no dozen men could put a saddle on mine, because he was standing on his hind feet and fighting with his forefeet. As the English had the small sum of $25,000 on my head, I was determined not to be taken in, if I could help it, so I jumped on him, he leaped into the air, went over a stone wall and seemed to be trying to break his neck. Having gone about 800 yards, I got control of him, hauled him in and turned about to see what was going on. I could see no more than thirty or forty English, so went back at once. I could see our stampeded horses about three miles away, and half of the artillery boys in hot pursuit.

The English broke and fled, and Major Pretorius with four mounted men, went after them in hot haste. It looked foolish, but it turned out otherwise. Those five men chased those forty scouts and Captain Wood and Captain Morley for nine miles, killing four and wounding seven, and capturing some horses. Captain Morley was severely wounded by Major Pretorius, who charged upon him with his mauser revolver. We missed being captured by the main column passing about one mile from us. Had all of them been present, I think that not one of us would have escaped being killed or captured. A few days afterwards, we read Captain Wood's report, and in it he said that he and forty of his scouts were ambushed by about 700 Boers in the early morning, a fight ensued in which he counted twenty-three Boers killed, but did not know the number of wounded. We all exclaimed, "What a liar!" We had just one man slightly wounded, and Captain Wood's scouts, who were prisoners in our camp, will tell him so, too. Speaking of his own loss, Captain Wood said that Captain Morley was severely wounded in the stomach, four men killed, seven wounded and fourteen missing. We knew nothing about the fourteen missing, for we only saw the four killed, and the seven wounded.

Every day for the rest of the month we were attacked by the English, and a short hot skirmish

would ensue. In the end, of course, we had to fly, for the English were always fifteen or twenty to one against us. It was very trying work, and the nights were still severely cold, yet the boys were always in good spirits, and ready for business.

In the Free State some blockhouses were blown up, some taken, and one or two trains fell into General De Wet's hands, but otherwise there was little done. In Cape Colony, both General Smuts and General Kritsinger were very lively. More towns had been taken, several convoys and many prisoners had been captured, and, on the whole, the English had been badly worsted throughout the Colony.

September is the month in which Kitchener's proclamation of banishment is to take effect, and the Boers came in to surrender in this way. General Louis Botha was near the Natal Border and found English and fortified camps plentiful. Forts Prospect and Itala, both fortified places, were attacked and after very severe fighting for many hours, General Botha's men proved too much for the English behind the walls, and gained two victories. He had one more short fight, and when ready to start back to the high veldt he found that he had taken three guns, over 300 prisoners and 130 heavily loaded wagons; this, too, on the very day that he and his officers were to be banished if they did not come in and surrender.

Matters were quiet in the Free State, so we pass on to Cape Colony. On September 15th, the day of banishment, General Kritsinger attacked and put to flight one column, while General Smuts smashed another and took two extra guns with him. This day was celebrated all over Cape Colony by the commandants, but I regret to say that two of the very best of them were very unfortunate. Commandant Lotter and over a hundred men were surrounded and captured after a most desperate fight. Because he made such a brave showing and because he wrought so much havoc with English columns, he was promptly hanged. Young Scheepers, who was so ill with fever that he could not ride, was also captured, tied in a chair and shot, as well as his two lieutenants, Wolvarts and Schoeman. These brave men had fought many successful battles and laid low many English officers and men, therefore, they must die. After a while I will have something more to say about these good men, young Louw and other martyrs.

In the Western Transvaal, General de la Rey also celebrated the 15th of September by taking 200 men and attacking Colonel Kekewich and 1200 at Selons River. Colonel Kekewich lost all his horses, his wagons, had a narrow escape, and he with his men fled as fast as their legs could take them, while General de la Rey continued to harass them. Had General de la Rey had a few more men, he would

have taken the whole column, but he had to content himself with all the horses.

All this went to show Lord Kitchener how much the Boers thought of his threats and proclamation. If there were 10,000 Boers in the field, and no more than 50,000 English, and the Boers should issue such a proclamation, why, the English would fairly break their necks, such would be their haste to lay down their guns. But the Boers are soldiers who love liberty and their Country, and therefore are not men to run and lay down their guns because some high butcher at the head of 300,000 men threatens to banish them forever from their country if they do not.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARTILLERY BOYS SURPRISED—A GREAT RACE—MURDER OF TWO YOUNG BOERS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THEY WERE MEMBERS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE—THE ONLY NAVAL BATTLE OF THE WAR.

In October, Major Wolmorans, Major Pretorius, myself, Lieutenant Johannes Malan, sixty-three artillery boys and one Irish boy, Mike Ryan, started for the Pietersburg railway line to take in a train. To get there we had to pass through the blockhouses on the Pretoria-Delagoa railway line. We camped about six miles from this line, and when it was dark we saddled up and went on our way. The blockhouses were so numerous that we would have to pass close by them, but as they were not dangerous institutions, we thought little about them. The armored trains by Balmoral Station were our great danger, for they were equipped with men, cannon, maxims, and large search-lights.

At a point about 1000 yards from the line, we halted and Major Pretorius rode ahead to investigate. We were just about one and one-half miles from Balmoral, and great caution was necessary. Major Pretorius, when nearly 100 yards from the line, discovered the armored train, all in darkness,

just where we were to cross. He quietly slipped back to report and all had to turn back to the camp we had left. The moon was nearly full, and this bothered us, for we wished to cross early in the evening, and as the moon came so soon, we were liable to be discovered. We remained in our old camp that night, and went to another burnt farm house, about a mile distant, where we stayed during the following night. It was well that we did so, for on the morning afterwards, our old camp was surrounded, and the English maxims cut down nearly all the trees about the ruins. On hearing the maxims, we mounted our horses and rode to the top of a ridge to find out the trouble. The English, on seeing us, fled in haste to Balmoral Station, whence they had come.

We waited about for two more nights, and then decided to move out and cross the line right by the station. We started very early, in order to be ahead of the moon. We reached the line and just as we were crossing it, the moon begun to peep above the horizon. We could plainly see the Tommies sitting by their fires, smoking their pipes and enjoying themselves. We were not out of danger, by any means, for should we be discovered, the armored train would run up and easily sweep us off with the maxims.

Half a mile in front of us was a bad creek to cross, and there we expected trouble. On reach-

ing it, we found it well protected with barbed wire, but this was soon cut, and we were safe on the north side of the line. We did not go far before we unsaddled, slept a few hours, and then rode on towards Rhinoster Kop. On the night of the second day, we camped in the bush about twenty miles northeast of Pretoria, and not far from the Pietersburg railway line. On reconnoitring, the line was found so well guarded with armed Kaffirs that it was thought unwise to try to take in a train.

Major Wolmorans then turned his attention to some cattle near the Hatherly Distillery, which is on the Pretoria-Delagoa railway line. He went in with about thirty men, spent the night in rain, and received a sweeping fire from an armored train which was near at hand. No one knows how any one escaped, but not one was touched. On their return next morning, they presented a very sorry looking appearance. We went back a few miles and camped at Zusters Hoek.

This little escapade stirred up the English and three columns promptly showed up. Commandant Groenewald with 200 men, and Jack Hindon with sixty men joined with us and drove one of the columns back close to Pretoria. They then returned to their camps near Rhinoster Kop and we were again alone and camped at Zusters Hoek. The other two English columns were still near Balmoral.

Artillery Boys Surprised

On the following day, we could see the English scouts on a hill about five miles away, between us and Pretoria. Major Pretorius and I were sure that an attack was intended that night, and we tried to get Major Wolmorans to move away. But he wouldn't. We told him that we were going to a good kopje a short distance off, in the early morning, because we did not care to be surrounded and captured. He said all right; so at daylight we went to the kopje, but the English did not come. They were still on that same hill.

We remained where we were during the day, and Major Wolmorans remained where he was. Night came and the men went to Major Wolmorans and asked him to move to the kopje where Major Pretorius and I were. He told them that there was no danger, and that he would stay where he was.

At daylight the following morning we were aroused by the singing of maxims in the direction of Major Wolmoran's camp. About 700 cavalry had him three-quarters surrounded, all firing, as well as four maxims which clattered continually. The artillery boys ran for their horses, some saddled, others had no time, and some couldn't get their horses at all. Here they came towards us in the wildest disorder, Major Wolmorans with them. The English, whooping and yelling, followed in hot pursuit, and a race under whip and spur for four miles followed. The English lost, and all

the artillery boys escaped except twenty-six, who were captured in the camp. This long race caused the remaining thirty-seven men to scatter so that it was a week before they all got together. Half of them were without blankets, saddles and cooking utensils, and be assured they were a dilapidated, disgusted looking lot of men. Major Wolmorans, too, had lost all he had, and Major Pretorius and I had lost nothing.

We now set out to return to the high veldt, where we arrived early in November, because we had no trouble whatever passing blockhouses and railway lines. Among our captured was Mick Ryan and a little Frenchman by the name of Regal, and I felt sure they would be shot. Strange to say, two men, supposed to be Ryan and Regal, were shot on October 29th, three days after the capture. The two unfortunates were young burghers who talked English. I must here state that towards the end of the war, all those who spoke English and were captured were almost sure to be shot.

The Australians and Canadians murdered many men after they had surrendered, and I have heard them boast about it in Pretoria after peace was made. They were the most thorough bred ruffians that ever put their feet on South African soil, and had the Boers known during the war what they learned after the war, about the many innocent men murdered in cold blood, I am sure that at

least half of the Canadian and Australian contingents would have been shot, for at least that many had been captured. The Boers always treated them as soldiers and gentlemen, and on releasing them would always wish them better luck next time.

Near Pietersburg lived some Boers, two or three, and they were supposed to have money. Of course, they were "Hands-uppers," having voluntarily gone in and surrendered their guns. With them was a German missionary and one English soldier, a visitor. Major Morand and Lieutenant Hancock, two Australian officers, went to this farm with the intent of robbing the Boers, not knowing that there was an English soldier there. On making their demand, the Boers protested and were at once shot down. The German missionary showed himself, and of course Major Morand had to shoot him, too. In the house was also this English soldier, and to close his mouth they shot him, too. A Kaffir was at the place, and told the officers at Pietersburg. Major Morand and Lieutenant Hancock knew nothing about the Kaffir, for they had not seen him, so they proceeded to rob the house and their dead victims. On returning to Pietersburg, both were arrested and charged with murder. They were tried and shot "for murdering Boers," nothing being said about a German missionary and English soldier. The fact is, they were both shot for murdering the

English soldier, and for no other reason. Had not the proper authorities shot them, the soldiers would have taken the law in their hands and done the work. It does seem that the English can do nothing without resorting to deception or lying, and in this they easily excel the whole civilized world. Any British officer or soldier who could prove that he had murdered more Boers than any other man in the army, would be certain to receive the Victoria Cross.

In the Free State everything was very quiet, so I will pass into the Colony. October is a particularly conspicuous month, because it witnessed the only naval battle of the war. This took place at Saldanha Bay, a few miles above Cape Town, on the east coast. The Boers had passed through Cape Colony and landed at this beautiful bay,where they took seven English officers prisoners. Not far out in the bay an English boat was anchored, and the Boers thought they would seize it. They collected all the row-boats about the place, took their rifles and in one long line advanced to make the capture. When near enough, they demanded its surrender. The captain refused, and the Boers opened fire. The captain became frightened, and put up the white flag. Just as the victorious Boer *sailors* were about to take possession, they discovered an English gun-boat coming to the rescue, so they had to paddle for all they were

ACTING TREASURER WITH THE BOER FORCES

worth to reach the shore again before this gun-boat could get within range. They succeeded and were safe, but the gun-boat stopped short of rifle range, so the battle was over. The Boers remained here for a day, then released the seven officers, and went prowling about the Colony as they pleased. The inhabitants supplied them with food, horses, clothing and everything they could possibly wish.

When the news of the naval battle reached Cape Town, of course the English went crazy with excitement, for they fully expected to see the Boers in their midst every moment. Lord Kitchener became alarmed, too, and proclaimed all Cape Colony under martial law. That naval battle caused much trouble, for now martial law was supreme throughout the Colony, and young men and women were everywhere arrested and imprisoned from one to six months for assisting the Boers, while the inhabitants of the Colony had to submit to having their horses forcibly taken from them, or to witness their being shot by the English troops. All their food stuffs, sheep, cattle, etc., were taken from them, and they were all left high and dry with seven days' food in the house. All their forage and grain was carried away or burnt, and had it been possible, their crops would have been destroyed, too.

Yes, that naval battle put things in an awful mess in Cape Colony, and had Generals Botha, De

Wet and de la Rey been there with their forces, 75,000 rebels would have joined them and their two little Republics, and Cape Colony would to-day be free and independent. Generals Smuts and Kritsinger and all their commandants were daily fighting in some of the districts, and the very fact that martial law was now made to cover the entire Colony, showed conclusively that Lord Kitchener and the British Government were both much alarmed, and looked upon the situation as so critical as to demand every attention.

In the Western Transvaal, General de la Rey found Colonel Van Donlop and his column in his way, so he attacked them, put them to rout, took fifteen of their wagons heavily loaded, and went on his way to the Magielesberg, where several columns had lately tried to corner the cute General Kemp. This Colonel Van Donlop was not out to fight men, but to maltreat women and children. He was burning their homes, and all their possessions, and leaving them to starve to death on the veldt because they would not make their men come in and surrender.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GEN. BOTHA'S BRILLIANT CHARGE—OUR FRENCH GUN CAPTURED — MAJOR PRETORIUS CAPTURED—A CLOSE CALL BUT ALL ENDS WELL — GEN. DE WET'S DARING WORK.

In the month of November, although on the high veldt there was daily skirmishing with the English, there was but one really good fight, and that was one of the most brilliant and dashing of the war. In the eastern part of the high veldt, many of the English columns were at their same old game, trying to corner General Louis Botha. For the tenth time, he had outwitted them and escaped from their clutches. He at once left those parts, and came to our section in the west. At Brakenlaagte, not far from the little town of Bethel, he discovered an English column. He collected some of the small commandos near and found he had 470 men. This he considered sufficient for his work.

Brakenlaagte is a beautiful grassy plain, very tempting for a cavalry charge. About a mile behind the main column, the English commander, Colonel Benson, left a strong rear guard and two guns. General Botha decided to charge first the rear guard and then the main column, which was

about 1,500 strong. He gave the word, and off the Boers went at high speed, whooping and yelling and crying, "Look out, Khakies, we are coming." The rear guard mounted and fled, leaving two guns behind them, but the most of the burghers passed the guns and continued the chase. So demoralized were the English, that many of them threw away helmets, rifles, belts, etc., and ran in all directions in hope of escaping. A part of the column, however, stood its ground well and poured in a hot fire on the Boers near the two captured guns. Finally the whole column, with its four remaining guns, fled, leaving wagons, carts, etc., in the hands of the Boers. General Botha with 470 had, by a dashing charge, won a most brilliant victory. Over 300 English were killed and wounded, and nearly 400 taken prisoners. These men were released. This column never again took part in the war, and was for months laid up for repairs. Its brave commander, Colonel Benson, was mortally wounded and soon died.

Among the first captured was one Tommie, with whom a young burgher had exchanged clothes, and by accident General Botha saw this Tommie and, taking him for one of his burghers who was lagging behind, struck him with his whip and ordered him into the fight.

The poor fellow was scared half to death, but found words enough to murmur, "I am an English

WILL BARTER, JOHN HYGELSEN KLOPPER.

The Treasury Department in the Field. Wm. Barter, chief of the Money Printing Division, on the left.

prisoner." General Botha then saw what had happened to the young fellow, and he immediately apologized. The young fellow said in reply "That he was proud that he could say that he had been struck with a whip by such a brave man, and the commandant general of the Boer Army."

Among Colonel Benson's letters was one written that day to his wife, and in it he stated that he had been searching for the Boers all day and had been much disappointed in not finding them, for he was longing for a fight. The letter was returned to be forwarded. Colonel Benson had a great reputation as an artillerist, and was undoubtedly one of the bravest and most dashing officers in the English Army.

General De Wet and some of his commandants had a few small fights in the Free State, but none of any importance. General Smuts was creating considerable excitement in Cape Colony, and some of the commandants were doing likewise. One of Smuts' commandos captured about 200 men in one fight. The English press claim that these men deliberately refused to fight, and laid down their arms on a preconcerted agreement. I do not know how much truth there is in this, but I do know that the Tommies were getting tired of being shot down. Many hundreds of prisoners taken on the high veldt would fairly beg not to be released, and said they would be glad to live on

mush and meat. They were so utterly disgusted with the war that many, after being released, would follow up the Boer commandos, and then beg not to be sent away. Sometimes they had to be sent in with an escort. We could have put many in the bush veldt where there was food, but had any of them died of sickness, the English would have sent the news broadcast that they had been murdered. Evidently they preferred to be so murdered by the Boers rather than be actually murdered by their incompetent English officers.

With few exceptions, certain it is that the British soldier had but little respect for the British officer. Many times Lord Kitchener sent his cablegrams charging the Boers with maltreating or murdering some of the English prisoners, and after peace was made some British officers took pleasure in throwing this libellous charge into my face. In every instance I replied "Yes, you make this charge against the Boers; but call up some of the men who were taken prisoners at the same time, and let me hear what they have to say about it." Not one of them would think of doing this, because they said that an English officer's word was as good as his bond. No English officer would dare to submit the case to such a test, because he knows that the first man questioned would prove him a liar.

I came near getting into trouble with some

of them on this subject, for at times my retorts were very warm and to the point, considering that I had just surrendered my rifle, and was being closely watched by a lot of hounds. The very fact that every one took particular pains to bring up this subject was proof in itself that they were lying, and trying to find some one who might say that possibly he had seen one man unfairly shot. I have seen and talked with hundreds of English prisoners, but never heard one make any such a charge. In fact, everyone will tell you that the Boers treated him as a soldier and a man, wounded or not wounded. In other parts of the land, there was no fighting of any consequence.

In December, although we had the usual daily attacks on the high veldt, there is but one that I will mention, because I read General Bruce Hamilton's report of it. At Wilkrans, a high ridge about nine miles from Ermelo, there were about 300 of us camped, with General Piet Viljoen in command. From this position, our scouts reported that there were twenty-eight English camps in striking distance and well around us. Our chances for escape were none too good. Yet General Piet Viljoen did not consider that we were in any danger.

Without going into details, I will simply say that at daylight the following morning, we were surrounded by 4,000 cavalry, and it was a case of

run for your life or surrender. All escaped but sixty-nine men, and our one cannon. Not a man was killed on our side, that is certain, and if any were wounded, they were taken prisoners. We escaped under a hot fire, and this was kept up on us for about three miles. In his report, General Bruce Hamilton had sixteen killed, many wounded, whom he left at the farm ruins, and one gun taken, as well as sixty-nine prisoners. How an English general can report such a monstrous lie is beyond me, for he knows that his men know, and that we know that no one was killed on the Boer side. Within half an hour after the English left, some of the boys rode back to look over the place. There was but one man killed in that fight, and he was a Scotchman whom the English half buried before they left. Bruce Hamilton is generally known as "Brute" Hamilton, and while this name fits him as far as it goes, yet "Brute Hamilton the liar" would fit him still better.

It was during this month, too, that I suffered the loss of my old friend and companion, Major J. L. Pretorius. During my absence he and thirty-three artillery boys were surrounded by about 300 cavalry near Balmoral Station, and captured. Be it said to his credit that he and his men never surrendered. Every cartridge they had they fired, and when they had no more, the English simply came and took them. I was sure he would never

hoist the white flag, and I was sure, too, that he would never surrender as long as he had a cartridge left. He was a dashing fellow, thirty years old, and did not know what fear was. He is one of the great Pretorius family of South Africa, and he made the name good. Had he not been so reckless, I think he would have been appointed a general, and I am sure he would have proved himself a most brilliant one.

To show what a reckless devil he was, I will tell you that one day I was about 1,500 yards from him and another reckless fellow, Lieutenant Roos, of the artillery. They wished to attract my attention and have me come where they were. To do this he and Roos loaded their rifles, took deliberate aim, and fired at us. The bullets went just over our heads, and struck not twenty feet from us. We concluded they were English, and prepared to return the fire, when off they galloped. We went after them and found them at a house that had only been partially destroyed. We recognized their horses tied to a tree, and rode up to them. I gave him blazes, but he simply smiled, and said, "Can't you take a joke?"

Now that he had been captured, I felt very lonely, and took but little pleasure in every-day life. The English were continually after us, however, and surrounded about eighty of us at day-

light in the morning. Firing seemed to come from all directions but one, and in that direction we looked for safety. We went at full speed and had gone but a few hundred yards when we saw some cavalry just coming up in front of us. We thought we were gone, and this cavalry thought we were charging them, so off they went at the top of their speed. We were brave now and went right after them, scattered them and chased them three miles, when we stopped, having captured in the race sixty-three of them with as many fine horses. That is what we considered great luck.

Now I will go into the Free State, and say a few words about one of General De Wet's most daring deeds.

It was at Groenkop, a high hill on the farm Tweefontein, near the little town of Bethlehem. It was Christmas eve and all wanted a Christmas pie. This was a high hill with three very steep, abrupt sides, while the other was a gentle slope leading to the plain below. On the top of this hill were about 380 men well protected in about twelve forts. General De Wet, when it was dark, took 500 men and approached the steep side opposite the one of easy ascent, because he knew that the English would all prepare for attack from the easiest way. He and his men crawled up that hill, and when first challenged by the English sentry

THE GOVERNMENT VELDT MINT IN THE LAST DITCH

they rushed forward, and after a hot face to face fight, captured all the force, forts and stores. According to General De Wet's own report, he lost fourteen killed and thirty wounded, while the English lost 116 dead and wounded, and 240 prisoners. He took one cannon, one pom–pom, twenty wagons, a great quantity of ammunition and rifles, 500 horses and mules, and a load of whiskey, so he and his men were well supplied for a fine Christmas dinner.

Strange to say, the Boers nearly always took from the English their Christmas dinners. The first Christmas they took nearly all the Queen's chocolates, the second Christmas, all the plum puddings, and now General De Wet, a third Christmas, has taken the poor devils' Christmas dinner from them again. I heard some prisoners once say that they wished their friends at home would secretly send them Christmas dinners three months ahead, so that they could get them and eat them before the Boers found it out.

Generals Smuts and Kritsinger continued to make things merry in Cape Colony, and their commandants helped themselves to several convoys, much to the regret of the English, but with great pleasure to themselves. Before the month closed, however, General Kritsinger was severely wounded while trying to rescue one of his wounded men near a block-

house, and was in consequence captured. In this was a severe loss, for he was a dashing and persistent fighter.

Many other small fights took place, and the Boer commandants were generally successful in taking a few prisoners and wagons.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DESTRUCTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN—THE ONLY WAY TO END THE WAR—SCOTS GREYS ROUTED—ENGLISH TROOPS AND ARMED KAFFIRS FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE—GEN. DE WET COMPLETELY CORNERED.

The year 1901 came to an end and the Boers were still in excellent spirits, and good fighting trim. Our little command was twenty-five miles from Pretoria, and in addition to our dinner of mealie pap and fresh meat, we received through our famous spy, Captain Naude, our weekly mail from Pretoria. Letters informed us that Lord Kitchener wanted reinforcements to bring the war to a speedy end, and that the application of martial law in Cape Colony was making trouble among the British subjects. With all this the burghers were highly pleased, but the further news, that their women and children were daily dying by the hundreds in the prison camps, cast a gloom over all, and they spent most of the afternoon and evening in prayer.

Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Joe Chamberlain and Milner, all fully realized that the only way to bring the war to a speedy end was to destroy the Boer women and children as quickly as possible.

They all worked to the same diabolical end, and within eighteen months their death lists contained the names of 22,000 defenceless Boer women and children.

The new year begins well, for the burghers are determined to fight. They did not generally know, however, that their women and children were being murdered by wholesale, otherwise I am sure they would have stopped the war at once. The English columns made a desperate effort on the high veldt during January, and it was fighting here and there and everywhere every day. There was no rest for any one, and I think that General Botha was cornered every day, but he was never found in the corner. I was with Commandant Joacham Prinsloo and 120 men early in this month of January, and we camped by the Klip-Kopjes about six miles from Bronkhorst Spruit, a station on the Delagoa railway line. It was very warm and we were trying to shelter ourselves from the sun by hanging blankets on our rifles, when suddenly, about ten a. m., the English began to fire on us from some Kaffir kraals about 800 yards distant. Our horses were out grazing, but within five minutes all had caught their horses, saddled them, and were striking for the English. The English scouts left the kraals when they saw the Boers coming in a gallop. On reaching the kraals and kopjes near by, we discovered about 700 advancing. They tried at

first to surround us, but grew frightened, because they saw the Boers were too determined, and all began to retreat. The Boers charged and the English fled with the Boers hot after them. This regiment of 700 men was the Scots Greys, and all were panic stricken. They were scattered in every direction, and making for the forts on the railway line. Before they found safety, however, the Boers had killed seven, wounded eighteen, captured twenty-three men and nearly sixty horses, bridles and saddles. The enemy really put up no fight at all, and when asked the reason, they said, "Our time is up in March, and we are not going to fight any more, for we are tired of it, and the English always manage to keep out of the fight."

I merely mention this to show the feelings of some of the so-called Scotch regiments at this stage of the war.

In the Free State they were constantly cornering General De Wet, and, although he was many times cornered, yet he was never captured. In Cape Colony the Boer commandants kept all the districts in great turmoil, and General French and his big army seemed helpless to do anything. Besides, the blockhouses were giving the English trouble too, for Commandant Alex Boshof was slipping up nightly and blowing them up with dynamite. This perfect little dare devil, with his equal, Captain John Shea, blew up fifty or sixty of them, and so

terrorized the Tommies that they would not take chances in them at night. Now, the commandos could cross the lines easily, for the Tommies would lie in trenches and not shoot if the Boers let them alone.

In the Western Transvaal, some of General de la Rey's commandos were sent after cattle to the Mafeking border. They were successful and returned with some 20,000 head. Little else was done in this part of the world. In the North, General Beyers attacked Pietersburg and after a very hot fight, released 160 Boers whom the English had in a camp near the town. Fortunately, he was able to take them out all mounted and well armed.

Now I come to February, when there is not nearly as much rain as in January. During the month of January, heavy rains fall daily, and as the Boers were without shelter or overcoats and constantly wet, they were not inclined to be active. In February, they are dry at least half the time, so one may expect them to do something.

I forgot to say that late in January, in company with Walter Trichardt, a young Colonial, and four young Boers, I decided to cross the railway line, and visit Commandant Trichardt and Captain Jack Hindon, both old friends of mine. We foresaw much trouble, so we concluded to make a careful survey of the situation before trying our luck. Walter and myself rode directly towards Balmoral Station, on the main road, and when within about

two miles of the numerous forts and blockhouses, we halted and used our glasses. We could see no one about the forts or blockhouses, so we rode on till within 600 yards of one of the largest forts. Now we were close to Balmoral, could see the poor women and children cramped up in the beastly concentration camp, and about 200 Tommies. In the forts and blockhouses we could discover no life whatever, so we knew that all available men were out trying to corner General Botha.

We came back, joined the four young Boers, returned to the line within a mile of Balmoral, cut twelve barbed wires, and went on our way. The English had put up dummy soldiers at the blockhouses, and dummy cannon on hign points near them, but we were not frightened by them in the least. I mention this, because we soon had trouble, and I witnessed something that will give Joe Chamberlain, Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner the direct lie. We are now in February, and about twenty-five miles north of Middleburg. We are with Commandant Trichardt, of the Artillery, Captain Jack Hindon and Captain Karl Trichardt. The entire command is 213 strong. It is rolling prairie where we are camped, and on the Middleburg side are several thousand cavalry, and on the north side about five miles distant, some 4,000 Kaffirs who had been armed by the English. We kept a good look out both ways. Yet before the month

came to an end, we were surrounded at daylight and suffered severely. Colonel Park with about 4,000 cavalry and 600 armed Kaffirs, made a night march and attacked us just at sunrise. They were on three sides of us, and the 4,000 armed Kaffirs were on the fourth side. They began to fire on us at a range of six or seven hundred yards, and as our horses were not saddled, but out grazing, one can well imagine that we were in a hot corner. Every man ran for his horse and pack horse, and under heavy fire saddled and packed. Then it was time that every man should make a dash for liberty. We put in the spurs and all made the dash, but unfortunately only thirty-nine of us succeeded in escaping. My pack mule always followed me, and although she fell far behind and the English hurled a storm of bullets at her, yet she came through all right, and joined me. These 600 armed Kaffirs were on the English left flank and fought in line with the Tommies; yet Chamberlain, Kitchener, Roberts, and Milner all swore that they had no armed Kaffirs with them in the war. Now, when any man tells me that such Englishmen as these are capable of telling the truth, I know at once that man is either an Englishman himself or an Anglo-American.

On the high veldt the English columns were still very numerous, and there was daily fighting, but the Boers held their own and suffered but little. Commandant Alberts and Veldtcornet Tromp at-

tacked the Scots Greys, who had shown up again, and utterly routed them near Springs, killing and capturing a few, and several horses. These Scots evidently meant it when they told us in January that they would not fight any more. In the Free State there was an army 60,000 strong in the field, bent on cornering and capturing General De Wet. They had him and his burghers with 500 cattle in a triangle, two sides of which were lines of blockhouses and networks of barbed wire. On both sides the blockhouses were very near to each other, and all well manned. It would seem almost impossible for any Boer force less than a thousand strong to pass through.

On the third side were about 40,000 English, and their plan was to drive General De Wet into the angle formed by the blockhouse lines. They were advancing rapidly, and General De Wet knew that he must decide and act quickly, so he made up his mind to cross the Lindley-Kroonstad line of blockhouses. It was a very dark night and he had lost sight of his cattle, but there was no time to lose in trying to recover them. On reaching the line, he cut out a passage in the net work of barbed wire within a hundred yards of the blockhouses on either side, and passed through without a shot being fired. He went on for a few miles and unsaddled for the night. He had not been in camp very long before he heard shouting in the darkness,

and much to his surprise here came four young burghers with the 500 cattle which he had given up as lost. These youngsters had cut away the wires and driven all these cattle between the blockhouses without the English firing a shot. The blockhouse system may be a great invention, but it is of no earthly use when fighting such an enemy as the Boers. I am sure that we crossed the blockhouse lines on the high veldt at least fifty times, yet I never heard a shot from one of them.

I remember one occasion when 300 Boers, about 100 trek wagons loaded with women and children, and nearly 10,000 head of cattle, passed through a line of blockhouses, and not one shot was fired. We were well surrounded, and on the following morning, the English spent hours hunting us within the circle, while we were at least ten miles away. The English officer is certainly a brilliant soldier.

It was only a few days after this that the English suddenly came upon these wagons, women and children, and, of course, captured them. About an hour afterwards, a small Boer commando with a French gun discovered the wagons moving along with an escort of about fifty Tommies. The Boers could not attack, on account of the women and children, but one of the artillery boys thought he would see what effect a shell would have on the escort. He sighted the gun so that the shell would be sure to fall well to one side. The shell struck

and exploded, about 200 yards from the escort, and every man fled as fast as his horse could take him. Then the women turned their wagons about and returned to the Boers. To each wagon was yoked from twelve to sixteen bullocks, and the women had to drive them. It was a sad sight to see those young and old ladies, and even children, working like slaves to escape capture by the English. They preferred to take the chance of being shot or of dying in open field, to sure death in the English prison camp.

The bird having escaped for the hundredth time, the English columns went back to their respective stations, and then General De Wet, too, returned to his old corner.

After a week's rest, out came the English, more numerous than ever, and the general could see columns of them in every direction. It was plain to him that they did not intend to make use of the blockhouse lines, but to form a continuous circle around him. They succeeded, and General De Wet was again rounded up. When night came, he started out for freedom or death, and as soon as his scouts came in contact with the English, lively firing began. He ordered his men to charge, and they broke through, but lost eleven men killed. Some of his commandants became confused, and did not get through, but on the following night, all broke the same circle,

with the exception of two that were captured. Although there were 60,000 men in that circle, yet they dug trenches, so fearful they were of General De Wet and his men. Maxims and rifles were concentrated on the band of patriots, but it faced the storm of bullets, charged over the English trenches, and De Wet was free for the one hundredth and first time; and that is why you will still hear the real Englishmen talking about the cowardly De Wet and his burghers. Every word that falls from your lips, Mr. Englishman, is an unmistakable sign of your degeneracy.

In Cape Colony, General Smuts and his numerous commandants were so active that an alarming state of affairs continued to prevail, and the English shot down, without trial, many suspected rebels in the various districts. In the Western Transvaal, General de la Rey had been busy in many parts, but especially at Yzerspruit, where he again fell upon Colonel Van Donop, captured 600 prisoners, killed and wounded 200, took three cannon, a convoy of 150 wagons and 1500 mules. This was a good afternoon's work, and General de la Rey ascribes its great success to the personal bravery and daring of General Celliers, one of the very best fighting generals in the war. General Celliers, with less than 500 burghers, proved too much for Colonel Von Donop and his 1000 English; yet the Colonel came out

COMMANDANT PIET MOLL (Second from the right)
His trek wagon and staff.

all right, for he reported that he had been attacked by an overwhelming number of Boers; this, too, in the face of the fact that Lord Methuen had just swept all the Boers out of this part of the country.

To read a British commander's glowing report, describing how thoroughly he has swept the Boers from a certain district, one is not apt to be much amused, but following on his heels is another British commander, and to read his report, relating how thoroughly he has been wiped up by an overwhelming force of Boers, one feels very much inclined to laugh. Not a week passes but that some of the English commanders are guilty of just such amusing contradictions. The English officers, with very few exceptions, excuse all these blunders and acts of stupidity by that one phrase, "Attacked by an overwhelming force of Boers," notwithstanding the fact that the officer who has just preceded him reported the same ground as swept clean of the Boers. Lord Kitchener cables these contradictory reports regularly to London, and the people, with their eyes bulging out of their heads, read every word of them, but not one ever sees the joke.

During the month of March, there were plenty of small fights on the high veldt in the Free State and in Cape Colony, but none of them were of much importance. In the Colony, General Smuts

captured a few towns, some prisoners and drove some of the English commands to the sea, but no heavy fighting took place. In the Western Transvaal was fought the most brilliant battle of the war, at Klipdrift (Tweebosch) on the seventh day of March. For more than two years, Lord Methuen with an army ten times as strong in numbers as that which General de la Rey had, struggled in vain to capture or destroy this Boer leader and his little army of patriots. They had fought over thirty battles, yet Lord Methuen could not lay claim to one real victory over General de la Rey. On this seventh of March, 1902, Lord Methuen with four cannon, 1,600 men and 134 wagons, arrived at Klipdrift, a beautiful place for a fight or a good horse race. General de la Rey, with 740 men, made up his mind to take in Methuen and show his burghers a real earthly Lord. He could see that Lord Methuen was well prepared to fight, and that if he were to win he must win quickly. He went to each of his 740 men, and told them that at the command, "Charge," all must use their spurs and lose no time in taking in the cavalry rear guard.

All being in readiness, the old war-horse gave his signal, and his 740 patriots responded. Away they went, with the old war horse in the lead. It was a charge, a real cavalry charge, and with such force did those 740 patriots go over that broad beautiful plain, that the 500 English cavalry rear

guard fled at the very sight of them. A few followed the fleeing cavalry, and the main body went for the infantry. So frightened were they that most of the infantry threw their rifles down and their hands up, while the rest took quarter in a kraal with Lord Methuen. The cavalry was still running and the burghers still pursuing, but the latter's horses were not fast enough, and they finally had to abandon the chase. Lord Methuen made a short stand in the kraal and then hoisted his white flag.

All was over. Lord Methuen and 900 of his men were prisoners, nearly 200 of his men were killed, and 163 wounded. In addition to Lord Methuen and his men, General de la Rey also captured four cannon, 134 loaded wagons, 500 horses, and nearly 1,000 mules. At best, little de la Rey, the farmer, the Boer general, had taken in Lord Methuen, the second in command in South Africa, a trained soldier with a trained force more than double that of the untrained farmer. Lord Methuen was shot in the thigh, and the bone was broken, therefore he was severely wounded and must receive every care and attention.

Some five months before this fight, Lord Methuen was fortunate enough to capture Mrs. de la Rey and her children, during the general's absence. Her wagons, her food, clothing and every bit of bedding were set aflame, and burnt up, and she

and her children were left on the bare veldt to starve or die, because General de la Rey had so often defeated Lord Methuen in honorable battle. Mrs. de la Rey took refuge in an old hut, after walking several miles in search of some Boers who might be near by. She had to suffer the pangs of hunger, expose herself to beating rains, and with sore feet cross the barren veldt in search of some of her people. When almost exhausted from hunger, fatigue and pain, she and her little ones were found by the Boers and immediately cared for.

Now I return to Tweebosch, where Lord Methuen lies prostrate and suffering great pain. It was Mrs. de la Rey that came to help comfort him, to prepare his food, and pray for his recovery. I have often wondered if Lord Methuen, as he lay on his sick bed, ever recalled the good time he had, when with fire and dynamite he destroyed General de la Rey's beautiful home and all his property. I think not. General de la Rey showed his savage instinct by sending Lord Methuen and all his wounded men and prisoners back to their own people, where they could receive more comfort and better surgical treatment.

Some time after Lord Methuen's return, General de la Rey was summoned to the Peace Conference, and as his path led him near by, he stopped to see how Lord Methuen was progressing. After a short conversation, so it is related, Lord Methuen

said: "You know, general, that that was not my own column you captured." "Yes, that is true," replied the general, "I remember that I took in your own column some months ago."

Before the month closed, General de la Rey found an opportunity to test the Kitchener blood, and took advantage of it. It was on March 31st that General de la Rey attacked General Walter Kitchener and his convoy. Although he failed to capture the convoy, which only narrowly escaped, so disastrous was this fight in the loss of men killed and wounded, that it was generally believed that General Kitchener would be sent home in disgrace. But being a brother of Lord Kitchener, he was probably decorated with the V. C. for his rapid flight and escape from General de la Rey. When the English run up against three such old farmers as Oom Koos de la Rey, Chris de Wet and Louis Botha, many are liable to find a grave, while he who reaps honors must have shown his running ability to be most excellent. With their numerous maxims and guns and their great preponderance in men, all thoroughly trained, the English should have easily won all the important fights of the war, but, thanks to British stupidity and incompetency, the Boers were almost invariably the victors.

The last fight of the war was fought in the first part of April, near Heidelburg. Commandant Joacham Prinsloo, a young and energetic Boer, a

most gracious and lovable man, one of the best officers I ever saw, here made his last charge. Preceding the charge, a very hot fight took place, and Commandant Prinsloo received two bad wounds, but he nerved himself up, ordered and led his last charge, saw the last battle of the war a victory, and the last shot fired in that last battle gave the commandant a third wound, a fatal one, and he rolled from his horse and died a contented patriot.

The brave Veldtcornet Vander Walt, badly wounded himself, felt sorely grieved as he gazed upon the lifeless remains of his beloved commander, but consoled himself in the knowledge that Commandant Prinsloo had lived to see his enemy utterly routed.

DESPERATE PRISONERS OF WAR IN BERMUDA, FROM SEVEN YEARS UPWARDS

CHAPTER XXV.

PEACE TERMS—PROCEDURE TO BE ADOPTED IN SELECTING PRISONERS OF WAR FOR RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA

It was about the beginning of April, that Acting President Burger received from Lord Kitchener a copy of the correspondence that had passed between the British and Netherlands Governments. As this related to peace in South Africa, Schalk Burger, so he said, took this act of Lord Kitchener as an invitation to discuss terms and the termination of the war. All knew that Schalk Burgher, Lucas Meyer and J. B. Krogh were always anxious to surrender or make peace at any price, and for this reason every one of them should have been removed, and patriotic men put in their places.

It was just a year ago that Schalk Burger sent that letter to President Steyn begging him to surrender, as the people were starving and it was impossible to fight any longer. Yet the burghers had fought another year, had been more successful than at any other time during the war, and all were still fat, saucy and in high spirits. However, he managed again to get a meeting of the two governments,

which was authorized by Lord Kitchener. As Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Joe Chamberlain and Milner were continually telling the English public that it was the officers, and not the burghers, who were carrying on the war, it was decided to have a conference of delegates, duly elected and instructed by the burghers themselves. For this purpose, all military operations were suspended and the different commandos in their respective districts came together to make known their feelings and elect a delegate.

I was then with the Johannesburg Commando, on the Sabi River, near Lydenburg. Lucas Meyer and J. B. Krogh arrived with the necessary instructions, and explained everything to the burghers. They tried in every way to deceive the burghers into voting for surrender and peace, but utterly failed. Every man in the commando declared for independence or war, and the men of the Lydenburg Commando did the same.

Commandant W. J. Viljoen was elected as delegate by his men, the Johannesburg Commando, and Commandant David Schoeman was elected as delegate by his men, the Lydenburg Commando. I heard both of these commandants pledge their words to do as their burghers wished, and stand for independence or war. Both of these commandants at the Conference stood for discontinuing the war and accepting the British proposals. With the

BOER PRISONERS WITH THEIR NURSE AT BERMUDA

exception of two or three small districts, all the burghers of the land were unanimous in declaring for war or independence. I must here state, however, that the burghers did not know at the time that 22,000 of their women and children had been murdered in the English prison camps, and that probably in another year all the rest would meet the same fate.

The delegates all being elected, they met, sixty in number, on May 15th, at Vereeninging, on the Vaal River. On the 31st of May, they agreed to accept the English proposals, as follows:

PEACE TERMS.

General Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Commander-in-Chief, and His Excellency Lord Milner, High Commissioner, on behalf of the British Goverment;

Messrs. S. W. Burger, F. W. Reitz, Louis Botha, J. H. de la Rey, L. J. Meijers, and J. B. Krogh, on behalf of the Government of the South African Republic and its burghers;

Messrs. M. T. Steyn, W. J. C. Brebner, C. R. de Wet, J. B. M. Hertzog, and C. H. Olivier, on behalf of the Government of the Orange Free State and its burghers, being anxious to put an end to the existing hostilities, agree on the following points:

Firstly: The burgher forces now in the veldt

shall at once lay down their arms, and surrender all the guns, small arms, and war stores in their actual possession, or of which they have cognizance, and shall abstain from any further opposition to the authority of His Majesty, King Edward VII., whom they acknowledge as their lawful sovereign. The manner and details of this surrender shall be arranged by Lord Kitchener, Commandant-General Botha, Assistant-Commandant General J. H. de la Rey, and Commander-in-Chief De Wet.

Secondly: Burghers in the veldt beyond the frontiers of the Transvaal and of the Orange River Colony, and all prisoners of war who are out of South Africa, who are burghers, shall, on their declaration that they accept the status of subjects of His Majesty King Edward VII., be brought back to their homes, as soon as transport and means of subsistence can be assured.

Thirdly: The burghers who thus surrender, or who thus return, shall lose neither their personal freedom nor their property.

Fourthly: No judicial proceedings, civil or criminal, shall be taken against any of the burghers who thus return, for any action in connection with the carrying on of the war. The benefit of this clause, shall, however, not extend to certain deeds antagonistic to the usages of warfare, which have been communicated by the Commander-in-Chief to

the Boer Generals, and which shall be heard before a court-martial immediately after the cessation of hostilities.

Fifthly: The Dutch language shall be taught in the public schools of the Transvaal and of the Orange River Colony when the parents of children demand it; and shall be admitted in the Courts of Justice, whenever this is required for the better and more effective administration of justice.

Sixthly: The possession of rifles shall, on taking out a license in accordance with the law, be permitted in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony to persons who require them for their protection.

Seventhly: Military administration in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony shall, as soon as it is possible, be followed by civil government; and as soon as circumstances permit it a representative system tending towards autonomy shall be introduced.

Eighthly: The question of granting a franchise to the native shall not be decided until a representative constitution has been granted.

Ninthly: No special tax shall be laid on landed property in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, to meet the expenses of the war.

Tenthly: As soon as circumstances permit, there shall be appointed in each district in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony a Commission, in which the inhabitants of that district shall be rep-

resented, under the chairmanship of a magistrate or other official, with the view to assist in the bringing back of the people to their farms, and in procuring for those who, on account of losses in the war, are unable to provide for themselves, food, shelter, and such quantities of seed, cattle, implements, etc., as are necessary for the resuming of their previous callings.

His Majesty's Government shall place at the disposal of these Commissions the sum of £3,000,000 for the above mentioned purposes, and shall allow that all notes issued in conformity with Law No. 1, 1900, of the Government of the South African Republic, and all receipts given by the officers in the veldt of the late Republics, or by their order, may be presented to a judicial Commission by the Government, and in case such notes and receipts when found by this Commission to have been duly issued for consideration in value, then they shall be accepted by the said Commission as proof of war losses, suffered by the persons to whom they had originally been given. In addition to the above-named free gift of £3,000,000, His Majesty's Government will be prepared to grant advances, in the shape of loans, for the same ends, free of interest for two years, and afterwards payable over a period of years with three per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel shall be entitled to benefit by this clause.

Peace Terms

The war was now over and temporary peace once more reigned over the land. The burghers on hearing the news that peace was declared were wild with delight, and great was their rejoicing, for they were sure that independence had been granted. But when they heard, two days afterwards, that it was practically an unconditional surrender, they were frantic with rage, and some even threatened to kill their delegates. When they again heard that 22,000 of their women and children had been murdered in the English camps, and that to continue the war for another year would probably mean the extinction of their race, all were silent, and are silent yet, but doing much thinking.

Some families became totally extinct during the war, and there is not one in the land to-day that is not in mourning for the loss of one or more relatives. Any one of the so-called great civilized nations of the world may send an overwhelming army to a distant land and murder and enslave a humane, God-fearing and noble race of people, and not one murmur of disapproval will be heard from the others. But let some interfering missionary go to China, stick his nose in other people's religious affairs, and render himself so obnoxious as to lose his head, then all the civilized nations will rise as one, denounce the act and demand the immediate execution of the party who had probably done a good service for his state and mankind. Yes, all

civilized nations might be sublimely humane if they were not so beastly savage.

Peace and Result.—Coronation

The Peace Terms being duly signed, all the commandos went to certain specified places in their respective districts and surrendered their arms. Of course, no one had any ammunition, but each one turned in a gun of some kind, and some of the most antiquated guns I ever saw were tendered, but they had a hole in them, and at some distant time in the past had been fired; so no complaint was made by the receiving officer.

In General de la Rey's districts there were many who would not give their guns in person to the English, but piled them up on the veldt and told General de la Rey to do with them as he pleased. The receiving officers, on arrival, asked where the burghers were, and on being informed that they had gone, seemed very much put out because they were most anxious to get every man's full name, his district, etc. Then again, there are several who never surrendered any rifle at all, but the English do not know who they are, and probably never will. Together with the Johannesburg Commando, I surrendered my rifle at Potlood Spruit, a short distance from Lydenburg.

After all was over, the English intended to put the boys of the Irish Brigade over the border. I

told the boys to tell them that they would have to put a rifle at each one's back, to get him to obey. They did as directed, and the English officers thought it best to drop the matter.

It was fifty miles to Machadadorp, the nearest railway station, and having received our permits, Commandant Pinaar, Veldtcornet Young, Captain Blignault, Lieutenant Malan and myself mounted our horses and started for Pretoria. We camped at Klip River where there was a small number of men in a fort commanded by a major.

The Tommies were very civil to us, and many of them, together with a young 2nd lieutenant gathered about us. In the course of the conversation, a sergeant said, to us, "Why did you surrender?" We answered that we supposed we had to, and asked him if he were not pleased. "Yes," he replied; but he said: "Do you see that major standing under that willow tree by the forts?" "Yes," we answered, "we see him." "Well," he continued, "we just wanted one more fight, so that we could knock him over, too." We were naturally very much surprised that an English sergeant should make such a remark in the presence of an English officer, but the latter seemed to take no exception to it.

More than 2500 English officers were killed during the war, and the English press explain it by charging that the Boers deliberately picked

them out and shot them. The fact is that at a distance of 200 yards, no one could distinguish between an English officer and an English soldier, because in appearance they were indentically the same. When in our presence, we could distinguish the difference, because the officer's uniform was of a much finer quality of goods. The English prisoners used to tell us that they had evened up with this officer, and that one, and that many more were doomed before the war came to an end.

It is almost certain that the English killed more than half the number of officers who fell, because they so utterly despised them. Being so neglected, and treated worse than dogs, the English soldiers take advantage of the first favorable opportunity for their revenge. Those English officers who look after their men and treat them as human beings will never fail to find the English soldier respectful, obedient and faithful.

It was about June 20th when we reached Pretoria, and here we found hundreds of the burghers who had already surrendered near by Pretoria. Without exception I found every one disgusted with the Peace Conference, and as they explained why they thought peace was made, I wondered if Schalk Burger, Lucas Meyer, and J. B. Krogh did not each feel as if his ears were on fire.

Although we had not seen Pretoria for two years, yet we could observe no change except in the new

DAUGHTERS OF LANDROST SCHUTTE
Of Pretoria.

faces we met on the streets. Once we knew every face, but now we scarcely saw one that we had known before. The Boer element of the town remained away from the frequented streets, because they did not wish to mingle with the English. When the Peace Terms were signed, it was distinctly agreed between Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, and the two Governments, that no burgher was to be required to take the oath of allegiance to the King, and the burghers in the field before the surrender were so informed.

Now, to show what dependence can be put upon an English officer's word, I will tell you just what happened. Married men were most anxious to remove from the concentration camps what was left of their families. They purchased food, supplies, bedding, clothing, etc., put all together with their families in open car trucks to be carried to the railway station nearest their farms, and there deposited. Others loaded their provisions, etc., and their families in bullock wagons. No one could go any where without a permit, and now that these farmers were ready with their families to go to their burnt farms, they applied for their permits. All were informed that permits would be granted as soon as they took the oath of allegiance to the King, and not before. With one or two exceptions, all refused to take the oath, and I saw one burgher remove every thing from his car truck, and go into

camp on the hill side. This created plenty of trouble, and the burghers were highly incensed. The Boer generals told Lord Milner that if he did not make his word good in regard to his agreement about the oath of allegiance, they would not be responsible for the result. Lord Milner then granted the permits, and the burghers went to their farms.

Now another scheme was tried, and a few of the burghers were caught in the trap. Of course all the Boer families were much scattered, some being in Natal, others in Cape Colony, others in the Free State and others still in the Transvaal. Suppose my farm and home were in the Transvaal and my family were in the Free State or Cape Colony, and I should ask for a permit to go and bring it. The permit would be granted at once, and I would take the train for the Free State or Colony, as the case might be. I meet my family, make all arrangements to return and then apply for my permit for myself and family to return to our home in the Transvaal. We are promptly informed that the permit will be granted as soon as I take the oath of allegiance to the King. I was surprised that the women and children were not called upon to take the oath too. I must now either stay in the Free State or Colony, or take the oath, as there is no way by which I can communicate with the Boer Generals.

PREDICANT BOSSMAN OF PRETORIA
threatened with imprisonment for his free speech.

Every letter was opened and censored and forwarded or not, as the English officer might decide. Secret instructions had been sent to all officials in South Africa, that no return permits must be given unless the applicants first took the oath of allegiance. About a dozen burghers were caught in this trap before it was exposed. Again there was much trouble, but the burghers could get no satisfaction, so they would write to their families to come to them, and the English could not refuse them permits, because they were not required to take the oath.

The Peace Terms required that all burghers should lay down their guns and acknowledge King Edward VII. as their lawful sovereign, and no more. This applied to prisoners of war in the same way as to the burghers in the field. Here I insert a private document giving private instructions, and it shows plainly what an unscrupulous thing an English official or officer is.

PROCEDURE TO BE ADOPTED IN SELECTING PRISONERS OF WAR FOR RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA.

I. CLASSIFICATION OF PRISONERS IN ORDER OF RETURN.

The selection of prisoners of war for return to South Africa should be made in the following order:

1. Those who have volunteered for active service, and are considered likely to become loyal subjects and useful settlers; and those who appear willing to accept the new order of things cheerfully.

2. Those who have shown no particular bias.

3. Irreconcilables, and men who have given trouble in the camps.

Lists of all prisoners of war have been prepared by the D. M. I., S. A., in conjunction with the local authorities of each district, divided into three categories, and it is desirable that this order should be maintained, as far as possible, and the lists made out by commandants of oversea camps, combined with the lists forwarded from South Africa, the corresponding classes being merged together.

It is to be understood that the lists supplied from South Africa are merely a general guide, and commandants of camps are invited to use their discretion in modifying the order, where their experience of the individual convinces them that an alteration is necessary.

No shipload of prisoners of war should include more than 100 men belonging to any one district.

II. OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

No prisoner of war should be embarked with-

MRS. BOSSMAN, WIFE OF THE PREDICANT

out taking the Oath of Allegiance, or the approved equivalent declaration. The oath or declaration must be signed in triplicate, and it is of the greatest importance that the prisoner should retain one copy of the form, for purposes of identification, and that one copy should be forwarded to the Colonial Secretary of the prisoner's Colony for record.

III. NOMINAL ROLLS TO BE SENT IN ADVANCE OF PRISONERS.

To facilitate the work of repatriation in South Africa, a nominal roll of all prisoners should be posted to the Military Secretary to the High Commissioner, at least a fortnight before embarkation.

This nominal roll should give the prisoner-of-war's number, and the farm, district and colony to which he belongs.

IV. SPECIAL LISTS.

Special lists will be forwarded from time to time, of men whose early release is approved by the High Commissioner, and these men should have precedence of all others; similarly, names may be sent of men whose early return is not considered advisable, and such men should in each case remain till the last.

V. PRISONERS ALLOWED TO GO AT OWN EXPENSE.

Prisoners of war who take the Oath of Allegiance, and who belong to Class I., may be permitted to proceed forthwith —

(a) To South Africa, (provided they have the means of supporting themselves on arrival.)

(b) Elsewhere. In each case at their own expense.

The names of prisoners released under this clause, and the ships by which they sail, should be communicated to the Military Secretary to the High Commissioner, by telegraph, in the case of persons returning to South Africa, and by post in other cases.

VI. PREFERENCE TO BE GIVEN TO MEN WITH FAMILIES IN SOUTH AFRICA AND TO FARM OWNERS.

It will be advisable in compiling the lists mentioned in par. I., to include only a small percentage of unmarried men without farms or means of livelihood, and to push forward as much as possible, men having families who need their support, and farms to which they can go immediately on arrival in South Africa, as it is this class who provide the work for the bijwoner class, whose return for this reason, it is necessary to retard.

VII. FOREIGNERS.

Foreigners will not be allowed to return to South Africa.

VIII. PROCEDURE ON ARRIVAL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

On arrival of prisoners in South Africa, the S. O. Prisoners of War at the port of disembarkation will take over the prisoners of war, classify them according to districts, and arrange with the Repatriation Board in the two colonies for their distribution. The Repatriation Board will then make all necessary arrangements at the district concentration camp for the accommodation of the burghers, and for returning them to their homes as soon as transport is available.

In the case of prisoners of war released in accordance with par. V. of these instructions, the S. O. Prisoners of War at port of disembarkation will arrange to meet them and take the particulars necessary for keeping all complete records.

W. LAMBTON, LIEUT.-COLONEL,
Military Secretary,
South Africa.

Pretoria, Fourth of July, 1902.

By the Peace Terms all prisoners of war were to be returned as promptly as possible, yet there are still prisoners of war on some of the Islands to-day,

ten months after the Peace was made. The above document shows plainly how determined an Englishman is to violate his sacred pledge. When I say that no Boer now would believe on oath either Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, Joe Chamberlain, or any other English official, I mean just what I say, and I am sure the Boers are justified. On the day that the Coronation services were to be held, all Dutch churches were to sing "God Save the King" at the conclusion of the services. In Cape Colony armed men were actually present in some instances. In not one Dutch church in the land was the order obeyed, and English bayonets could not have made the people sing it, so repulsive is it to them. Even inscriptions on corner stones of public buildings were chiseled off, that something in English might be put in their places.

The English had shown so much meanness and treachery, that on the day for the Coronation services to be held, all of the 800 or 1,000 burghers in town pinned on their coats the Transvaal colors, and decorated all the Boer children with them. I didn't like to be behind, so I pinned mine on, too. As the English had no love for me and were actually thirsting for my blood, I stayed with my friends, the Boers. Six times that morning I was ordered to remove my colors, and six times refused, telling them that it was impossible for me to do so, and that they would have to do

it. In every instance they took a look at my associates, and walked away. When the hour arrived for the services to begin, there were less than 200 white people, exclusive of soldiers, assembled in front of the Government building. Next to these were about 200 Kaffir women, mistresses of the English officers, and men. Next to these men, about 300 Kaffir boys who had fought side by side with the English against the Boers. Next to these was an open space of ground about eighty yards wide. Next to this open space were about 800 of the Boers who had so lately surrendered. The band played, then there was a prayer, followed by some talk, and the services were over. Again the band began to play, and when the first notes reached the Boers, they discovered that it was "God Save the King," so all turned their backs and walked down Church Street.

Both Boer and Englishman will admit that I have given a very short but accurate description of the Coronation services and the people assembled to witness them. But to read the English press on the following day, one could easily believe that all the Boers in the land were present to show their great love of their new Sovereign King Edward VII.

In the afternoon it was rumored about town that in the evening during the parade and displaying of fireworks, all Boer houses not lighted up and displaying the English flag would have the

windows and doors smashed. The Boers prepared themselves, every one being armed with a good stick, and when night came every one was ready for business. All Boer houses were in total darkness. No flags were flying, but not one was interfered with. The English had met these Boer boys before and they had no desire to meet them again. Had the doors and windows of one house been smashed, I firmly believe the Boers would have taken the town. The Boers had surrendered, but they were determined that no Englishman would spit upon them with impunity. Through the English soldier, and through the officers' reports, and by witnessing many barbarous acts in the field, I learned a great deal about the English officer, but in Pretoria I learned enough more to sicken even the most rabid Anglo-American, and now I am going to recall to him a little that he has done to make him well known.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BRUTALITY OF BRITISH OFFICERS—SUFFERING IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS — POISONING OF BOER PRISONERS AT ST. HELENA.

In some of the towns occupied by the English, and therefore not burnt down, the English commanders sent away such women as they felt sure the English officer could not make bend to his wishes, it mattered not what kind of a threat was made. All doubtful women were allowed to remain, and the great majority of the doubtful ones proved as loyal to themselves and people as those sent away. But in every town, so occupied, naturally there were many weak women who, under threat of being sent to some abominable camp where they would surely die, would consent to submit, if allowed to remain.

Even officers with the rank of general were in this damnable business, and I can prove it to their full satisfaction. In Rustenburg, for instance, Mr. English General, officers would appear at the back door late at night, rap hard and alarm the young women. Of course no men were near, for all were in the field. On

being asked what was wanted, they were told to open the door and let them in. On being refused, these English ruffians in officers' uniform would make all kinds of threats, such as "we will break in the door," "withdraw food," "we will load you on a wagon and send you far away where the suffering is terrible, and the people are dying fast," etc., etc. In a few cases these ruffians carried their point, be it said to their eternal shame and disgrace. Hundreds of just such acts of infamy on the part of the English officers, can be proved in every town occupied by the English troops. In many instances even the English soldiers following the example, would try the same tactics, but they were easily frightened away. On meeting a young Boer woman, the first idea that enters the English officer's head, is to seduce her by flattery and promises, but, failing in this way, he resorts to threats to frighten her into submission.

In Pretoria, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein or any of the Boer towns, any woman seen walking or riding with an English officer, was marked at once as a mistress or common prostitute. The married officer who had his wife with him, would suffer from this, unless the people knew that the woman was really his lawful wife. In Pretoria, on Skinner Street, sev-

eral of us were amused late one Sunday afternoon, on seeing an English officer with the rank of captain walking with two Hottentot Kaffir girls, one on each side, and both dressed in white linen and wearing pink stockings and high heeled slippers. These Kaffir girls were about sixteen years old, and he looked supremely happy as he braced his shoulders and passed us by.

Just on the border of the Pretoria township was a very neat Kaffir hut, and one day when we were near it, two of the artillery boys ventured that far, but before reaching the hut, they saw a man in khaki uniform mount a horse and fly. The boys went to the hut, found two Kaffir girls, and the rendezvous of an English officer. They took all his clothing, his top boots, some fine blankets, a revolver and some trifles, and returned to camp. The uniform disclosed that the keeper of the hut and women was a 1st lieutenant. The Kaffir girls told the boys that their master would get the soldiers and come after them, if they did not leave his clothes, etc. Sure enough, next day there came a column, and after a short skirmish it wheeled about and returned to Pretoria.

When the columns were raiding and burning farms in the bush veldt, in many instances they would drag the Boer girls, from sixteen to

twenty-three years old, out of the houses, put them on wagons and cart them away, leaving the mother and little children to watch their home burn down and grieve over the fate of the girls. I can prove this to the very hilt, and without any trouble, too. The intention of the officers was to seduce these girls if they could, and if they couldn't, why then to use them anyhow, and I firmly believe that many of those innocent girls were forcibly violated. Where there were no young women, the little boys from seven to ten years old would be dragged from their homes and put in the camps. Many little boys of this age have walked and run miles to get with a commando, to escape being dragged away from their mothers, and many of them, too, have been shot down while trying to fly from English barbarity.

Along the railway lines, wherever you find an English camp, there, too, will you find a Kaffir camp. These Kaffirs were forcibly taken from their kraals on the Boer farms and put near the English camp. The reason given was that they wanted the men to work in the mines, and prevent them from giving information to the Boers. This was merely rot, for the Boers needed no information, as the English were always in plain sight. The truth is that they

wanted the Kaffir women for the use of the English soldiers and officers, and to-day you can see half-caste kids by the score about those Kaffir camps. The Kaffirs are a very chaste people, immorality with them being punished by death, and now the Kaffir men who were forcibly taken from their kraals, and have seen their women debauched, hate the English with a bitterness that no pen can adequately describe. Yes, the English officer in the eyes of civilization is a typical gentleman, but as known and believed by the savage Kaffir, he is a brute. English officers, sick in hospital, and those not in hospital, plied their art with the English Red Cross nurses, and over eighty of these had to be sent back to England.

So notorious were the relations between these nurses and the English officers, that the former were known among the enlisted men and the people generally, by a name borrowed from the Veterinary Department, and too utterly vile to be printed.

In reading a little book some time ago, I came upon a passage that reminded me so forcibly both of the English and the ships' officers, that I here quote it. "Oh! if hell has a pit hotter and more intolerable than all the rest, a just God must surely reserve it for the lurking foe, the English officer, the seducer dammed." Of course the words, "the

English officer," are my insertion, and the space they occupy is most appropriate for them.

So much has been said and written about the English concentration camps, that I will not dwell upon this subject to a great extent, yet I must say something, because I fear that all are not acquainted with these diabolical institutions.

In the first place, I must tell what a concentration camp is. It is a lot of tents, 100 or 200, or possibly 600, all pitched close together on a piece of exposed veldt on the railway line, and surrounded by a net-work of barbed wire. On each of the four sides of the camp is a gate, and at each gate there are two armed men to see that no one escapes. In every tent there is a family. That is, a mother and her children. It matters not what the number of the family may be, that family must live, or rather try to exist, in that one tent. All are closely confined within that net-work of barbed wire, and there they must remain, and subsist on such food as the English officers wish to serve them. To each family is given about one-fourth as much fuel as is necessary, so at least four must club together and cook together, if they do not wish to eat their food in the raw state. Every family is limited in the amount of water to be used, and must take what is given.

Now the reader has a typical concentration

ONE OF MILNER'S VICTIMS

A Boer child in the first stage of death from starvation or poison in an English prison-camp. Taken by a young Boer spy in the English prison-camp at Irene, near Pretoria.

camp, in which the women and children are packed like sardines, the very women and children that the English once told the world were refugees, but now acknowledge as their prisoners. Once one of these camps was established and filled with women and children, but a few days passed before they began to die, and such was the death rate, that special details of men were employed daily to dig graves for the burial of the dead. When one considers, that within a period of six months, more than 12,000 of these women and children died, he must begin to think that something is wrong. In the camp at Irene, near Pretoria, I know of one mother and six children, all healthy and strong, who were all dead within seven days after being confined there. The children were not sick, but would refuse food, their feet would swell, their stomachs bloat, and in a few days they would pass away. This looks very much like poison of some kind; and the Boer women who were not in the camp, assured me that poison was discovered in their food. I believe this, because I have heard the English say that they could never hope to hold the country as long as there were Boer women and children. The Boer women in Pretoria, begged for permission to take food which they had cooked themselves, to the sick women and children in the camp, and in

every instance they were refused, and told that the authorities would furnish the food.

As surely as I live this moment, I firmly believe that the English made use of poison in the food to destroy those women and children, and many Englishmen are as convinced as I am, only they have not the nerve to say so.

I know the Apache Indians, and particularly one of their great war chiefs, the notorious old Geronimo. He was an Apache General, without education, without training, utterly unacquainted with all ideas of civilization, but shrewd and cunning, and, when on the war-path, would murder every man, woman and child he could lay hands on. I have travelled with him hundreds of miles, and followed the path along which lay his many victims, and therefore am acquainted with his method of doing away with his enemy in time of war. I know of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and their orders and proclamations. I know that both are highly educated, trained soldiers who are thoroughly acquainted with all the teachings of civilization and humanity, both in peace and in war. I have fought against them in South Africa, and I therefore am thoroughly acquainted with their method of fighting their enemy, and of doing away with men, women and children.

Those who were unfortunate enough to fall into

ONE OF KITCHENER'S VICTIMS

A Boer child dying either of starvation or of poison in one of the English prison-camps. Taken by a young Boer spy in the English prison-camp at Irene near Pretoria.

Geronimo's hands, were killed outright, and without any ceremony or excuse, and his victims are numbered by the hundreds. Those unfortunate Boer women and children who fell into the hands of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, were doomed to slow death by torture, and the victims are numbered by the thousands.

The old savage chief showed far more humanity in his way of waging war than was shown by the two civilized lords. The one was open in his every act, while the others strove to keep all in the dark, by false reports and deliberate misrepresentations.

Had the war lasted another twelve months, I firmly believe that every Boer woman and child confined in the English prison camps of the Transvaal and Free State, would have died a slow death, and the Boers so believed when they consented to surrender. Three or four hundred Jews are deliberately murdered in Russia, and the civilized world is struck with horror. The Government of the United States sends in a petition of protests and is snubbed.

Thousands of women and children are murdered in South Africa, and the civilized world is undisturbed. The Government of the United States refuses to send in a huge petition of protests, and receives English thanks. I don't know who is Secretary of State for the United States, but I am

sure it is either John Hay or Joe Chamberlain, or possibly both.

I will now drop the subject of the suffering Boer women and children, and take the reader to other parts, that he may see how the prisoners of war were treated on some of the English Islands.

I can prove that ground glass was used on the Island of St. Helena to kill the prisoners—and I would like the opportunity of doing it. The English will fight shy, for they know that I know what I am talking about. Here were confined officers as well as men, and when they saw that some of their people were beginning to run down, and continued to run down until they were put in the grave, they began to think, and recall the fact that the English were supplying the food. Vegetables they suspected, but they did not come often and plentifully. Finally they decided when they did come they would not eat them, but put them to the test, and find out if there were any contamination. Nearly every one found ground and broken glass in the vegetables, but not at every inspection. Sometimes several vegetable days would pass by without any glass being found, but then a day would come when all or nearly all were rewarded.

This is a terrible charge to make, and I would not dare make it, did I not know that it can be proven to the complete satisfaction of any judge and

ONE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S VICTIMS

A Boer child that has just died from starvation or poison in an English prison-camp. Taken by a young Boer spy in the English prison-camp at Irene, near Pretoria

jury. Many of the prisoners kept what they found as a souvenir, and every time they think of it they congratulate themselves for having sense enough to mistrust the English and the food they furnished.

To return to the concentration camps, the tents were sometimes 16 x 16 square, and in that tent there might be a family of four, or six, or a dozen. If there was a Kaffir girl servant, she must sleep in the tent, too, but was not allowed to draw rations. No visitors were allowed, because they might tell tales out of school. After peace was made, the mother of any family wishing to be released to return home, had to sign a declaration to the effect that she had at least $500 in cash, that she would not apply to the Government for help in any form, and that she would relinquish all claims for damages to her home and property. In addition to this she had to take an oath that she did not know of any arms or ammunition being concealed about her place, or in any other place. Those who could not or would not sign the above declaration, and take the oath, were held as prisoners of war in the camp.

After all the farms had been burnt, all property destroyed and there was no food to be had, and after more than 15,000 women and children had been buried, Lord Kitchener made a very generous and English-like offer to General Louis Botha. He said that he would return all the Boer women and

children to their farms and give them three months' rations if Botha wished to have them. General Botha replied that he would be pleased to receive them, but six months' ration must be furnished so that they would have time to grow a crop, as he had no food for them. Lord Kitchener declined to accept General Botha's amendment, for it plainly meant that the women and children would not starve to death and that the Boers would not have to surrender to save them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PERFECT SPY SYSTEM—CAPTAIN NAUDE AND HIS FEMALE SPIES OF GREAT SERVICE—THE ATTITUDE OF THE AMERICAN CONSULS.

During the last two years of the war, the Boers had a perfect system of communication with Pretoria and Johannesburg. Captain J. J. Naude, a young Boer about twenty-three years old, was chief spy, and it was he who organized the force that did the work. In Pretoria he had seven Boer ladies, all smart and daring, and all prominent in Pretoria society. Their duty was to collect all information, official and otherwise, about what the English were doing in Pretoria, and what their intentions might be, have it typewritten and ready for delivery every Wednesday evening. Every Monday, dressed in an English officer's uniform, Captain Naude would work his way through wire fences, forts, blockhouses and three lines of guards, into the town and stop at the home of a Mrs. Van W——. Sometimes he would stop with one of his other spies, at the home of a Mrs. M——. Another one of his spies, a Mrs. H——, often drove with him in a carriage

through the streets during the day, and visited certain important places. The English soldiers invariably saluted Captain Naude as he passed by them. In the evening, at the house where he was staying, Miss M——, known as "Little Megs," Mrs. A——, possibly Mrs. J——, Mrs. M——, and Mrs. H——, would assemble to talk over the situation, put everything in proper form for Captain Naude, and then quietly return to their homes. These ladies would in person deliver all letters brought in by Captain Naude from the burghers in the field, and he would take back the answers. He conducted his affairs in Johannesburg in the same way, but here his assistants brought out a typewritten paper every week, telling the people what had happened in the field, which the English tried to keep concealed. These typewritten papers would be posted up early in the morning, and before the English authorities could find and tear them down, hundreds of people had read them.

Little Megs, who since the surrender has changed her name to Mrs. Jan—, took desperate chances on many occasions, and actually supplied the Boers near Pretoria with ammunition, clothing, boots, etc. Her father's farm was a few miles out of town, and she would get a permit to go there and back and bring in vegetables. She always drove out with four horses to her cart, and came back with two, leaving the others with the commando. Some-

times, English officers would accompany her, and often she felt much alarmed, but her coolness and nerve always brought her out all right. Several times she was under heavy fire, being caught between the Boer and English lines. Many shot and shell passed over her head and many came near catching her, but never did she waver. When all was over, she would pursue her way and deliver her contraband goods. She was in constant communication with a young lady, a cousin of hers, in far away Cape Colony. This cousin was a Miss Maggie Joubert, about twenty-three years old, and one of the pluckiest and most daring young ladies in the world. Her people are wealthy, but are Africanders to the backbone, and took the desperate chance of losing their property in order to help the cause of freedom. Most of our information as to what was going on in Cape Colony came from letters written by Miss Maggie Joubert to her little cousin Megs in Pretoria. Little Megs would give this information to Captain Naude, and he, in turn, would bring it out to the commandos, so our lines of communication were complete and our information genuine. Miss Joubert would write on one side of the paper an ordinary family letter, and leave the opposite side blank. On the blank side she would write with lemon juice for her ink, and tell all about the English, where they were, what they were doing, the location of forts,

etc. She would also tell all about the Boer forces, where they were and what they were doing. She also sent these letters to prisoners in the far away Islands, and kept them well informed. She knew at least one in every place who knew her method.

For two years she kept this up, but about six months before peace was made, the English began to suspect her, because she wrote so many letters. To one of her letters to little Meg in Pretoria they applied the hot iron, and out came the lemon juice as black as ink. This exposed her, for the English now read all about the movements of their troops in the Colony, their location, etc. Two police were sent to arrest her at once. She was carried away to Wellington, and locked up in a cell. After remaining there for a week, she was taken to the Paarl and imprisoned. Neither her people or any one else was allowed to see her.

After a few weeks she was tried by a military court. This court tried to find out from her whether she had given any information to the enemy outside their lines. She always answered: "You have my letters, and must find out for yourselves." Little Megs was inside the English lines,and she was never in any way suspected of being a spy. The court found Miss Joubert guilty of treason, and sentenced her to five years' hard labor. She told the court that she could stand just as much as they

MISS MAGGIE JOUBERT

The beautiful Boer Spy who was imprisoned in an English cell for six months.

could give her. She was returned to her cell and very closely confined.

Lord Kitchener commuted the sentence to six months' imprisonment without hard labor. The matron of the prison secured her some silks and she spent her time making fancy articles. In the evening she would sing the Volksleid (National Anthem) and then say the Boer prisoner's prayer, one verse of which is as follows:

> "When shall I be, shall I be returning
> To my dear old plaats, to my good old home
> Where the duiker, spring-bok, and Koedoe roam
> And the hot fire of freedom is burning?"

Miss Joubert's daily rations consisted of one bottle of milk, one pound of bread, and one pound of meat. This food without change for six months, proved too much for her. She fell very ill, and how she lived to the end of the time, she cannot explain. She was considered a dangerous character, and a close damp cell must be her home, and in that home she was doomed to live or die on food that would probably kill a Kaffir.

Major Benson of the Intelligence Department, by way of consolation, told her that after enjoying the blessings of English liberty for two years, she had acted like a cur, and therefore deserved to suffer. She replied that she was proud of all her acts, and she was ready to suffer for them.

Several other ladies are lying in prison cells to-

day charged with giving the Boers information, and probably will remain there until death comes to their rescue and frees them. Miss Joubert and her comrades who have been locked within prison cells all know what it is to be grossly insulted by the English officer, and all have suffered. Little Megs and her associates in Pretoria, and Miss Joubert and her companions in Cape Colony are all noble and grand women. The flame of patriotism glowed in their hearts. All were ready to be sacrificed to save the Africander people from being shackled with the chains of the slave. All spurned danger and faced death itself. They are patriots, and their names will endure.

Captain Naude, the commander of the lady spies in Pretoria, was well known in the town, and his young wife and his people resided there. The English knew him, too, and they were aware of the fact that he was coming in and going out. They had a standing reward of $10,000 for him, dead or alive. Every few days every house in Pretoria would be carefully searched, and the three lines of guards put on the lookout for him.

Nothing was left undone to catch or kill him, yet he went in every Monday evening and came out every Wednesday evening. He is the coolest, most determined and daring young man I ever saw, and I believe he is the most wonderful spy known, when all the circumstances are considered. He wore a

slight mustache, an English officer's uniform, could talk but little English and would drive in an open carriage through the principal streets of the town in open daylight; yet he was never caught, though hundreds of detectives were watching for him. Many letters has he taken in for me, and he never failed to bring me back the answer. In my eyes he is a marvel, and the Africander people are heavily indebted to him for the services he rendered to them and their country. Long may he live.

I must say a few words about the American Consuls in South Africa. I was in that country eight years, and during this time I naturally became acquainted with some of them. In the first place, I must say that their pay is so small that it is almost impossible for them to make both ends meet, it matters not how economically they live. Good men and smart men will naturally refuse such an appointment, unless they have spare money of their own to spend. The first consul who was sent to Pretoria was C. E. Macrum, and he was a good and smart man, and an excellent one for the place, as well as a genuine American. He was perfectly conversant with all the causes that led up to the war, and he knew that the English forced the Boers into it for no other reason than to take the Johannesburg gold fields; therefore, a few months after the war began, he was recalled. Young Adelbert Hay, son of John Hay, Secretary of State,

was appointed in his place. When he arrived in Pretoria it was plain that he was an Englishman, both in heart and soul. I have an idea that he was so educated before he left Washington City, judging him by his conversation. He had not been there more than two months before he changed, and became pro-Boer both in heart and soul, and so remained till death. He was thrown in close contact with the English in Pretoria, soon learned what an Englishman really was, why he was fighting the Boer, his methods of fighting, etc., and he became thoroughly convinced that all he had been taught to believe about the English, and the war, was utterly false. He learned of their barbarity in war, their treachery and unscrupulousness, and he saw their treatment of the Boer women and children in the prison camps, which he declared to be sickening. I don't know but if the whole truth were known, I think it would be found that the powers that be in America came to the conclusion that young Mr. Hay was not the proper man for his position in Pretoria, and he therefore resigned. When the news of his sudden death reached South Africa, the Africander people felt deeply grieved, and at several of their evening services his name was affectionately mentioned in their prayers.

W. D. Gordon, the Consular Agent in Johannesburg, is unquestionably the ablest and strongest representative that the United States has ever

had in South Africa. He is a genuine American, a successful business man, and as Consular Agent he carefully guards American interests and American citizens, while by his honesty, uprightness and openness, he commands the respect of the whole people. The English respect him because they are afraid of him, and know that they can neither deceive him nor win him by flattery. He receives no salary as Consular Agent, yet the position costs him much time and trouble. No act of his will ever bring discredit to the American people or his Country.

It was but a few weeks before war was declared that I met Consul General Stowe of Cape Town, and although I was convinced that he was American, yet I could not make out whether he was an Anglo-American or a genuine Englishman. In a conversation with him in Johannesburg, he told me that on hostilities breaking out, he intended to come to Johannesburg and hoist the Stars and Stripes over Heath's Hotel as his headquarters. Now, Heath's Hotel was the chief rendezvous of the most rabid Englishmen, and it was very much feared that when war once began, the Boers would destroy the building. Consul Stowe was determined to prevent this, if possible, by placing his august person in the door, and waving the Stars and Stripes above his head. Of course, the Boers

never had any idea of destroying this hotel, or any other property, but the English press tried to make the world believe otherwise. By way of retort, I told Consul Stowe that if he hoisted the American flag over that hot bed of rebellion, we would set fire to the other and adjoining buildings, and that if he were unfortunate enough to be caught in the general conflagration, he would have no one to blame but himself. He changed his mind then, and said that, after all, he thought he could be of more service in Cape Town than in Johannesburg. During the war, Consul Stowe was very prominent in English circles, and no doubt he served them well. On one occasion, on the 4th of July, an American lady intended to give a dinner to some Americans, and she thought of inviting some English also. As some of the latter were sure to come, she thought it would show courtesy if she put up a British flag as well as the American flag. She spoke to Consul Stowe on the subject, and he told her that most certainly she must hoist the British flag. He further told her, that she must float the British flag on top of the pole, and the American flag below it on the same pole. This will give the American people a slight insight into the character of the American Consul-General at Cape Town.

On another occasion, he concluded to visit

Pretoria for reasons best known to himself. Above the finest carriage in the long train, he hoisted the American flag, and then he, etc., etc., were ready to move out. All was smooth sailing until far into the Free State. Suddenly the train stopped, firing was heard, and the Boers were all around the unfortunates. Soon the white flag was hoisted and the train captured. Captain Daanie Theron, the famous Boer scout, the little man so dearly loved by the whole Africander race, with his hundred daring patriots had committed the terrible offence of firing upon a train floating the Stars and Stripes, and capturing the American Consul-General of Cape Town, the great Colonel Stowe. He captured something else, too, for there were on that train about seventy-five English soldiers, and they fell into his hands, together with their rifles and ammunition. In Colonel Stowe's carriage there were some lordly looking individuals, too, but as all were Colonel Stowe's private secretaries, Captain Theron did not disturb them. He allowed the carriage floating the Stars and Stripes to proceed on its journey to Pretoria. I never heard, but it is safe to say, that he landed his secretaries in Pretoria, and that at a swell banquet many stirring and patriotic speeches were made.

Of course, the English press was full of glowing accounts of the way in which the savage Boers

had insulted the American flag, but not one of them thought to mention anything about English prisoners and private secretaries. No doubt Colonel Stowe was a great credit to the American Government, but I would not like to add "and also to the American people," because I am not seeking trouble.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ENGLISH ARM KAFFIRS—THE HAGUE CONFERENCE AND CIVILIZATION — HANDS-UPPERS AND THEIR POSITION.

Now I wish to say, and will say, a few words about English war correspondents. I never met but two personally, and they were prisoners of war in Pretoria, having a few days previously been captured by the Irish Brigade at Elandsfontein near Johannesburg, at the time of the British occupation of this city. The two gentlemen were Lord Cecil Manners and Lord Roslyn. They were given comfortable quarters in the Grand Hotel, and both seemed contented, although they were anxious to be released, that they might see what the English and Boers were doing just outside of Pretoria. They were not prejudiced and thick-headed, as you generally find Englishmen of their class, and both impressed me as being honest, reasonable and desirous of the whole truth. Lord Roslyn showed one of his reports to me, made while Buller was trying to relieve Ladysmith, and Lord Cecil Manners gave me his views, too. Both of course were Englishmen, and very handsome and fine

looking ones, too. Naturally they viewed matters from an English stand point, still I was surprised at their fairness, and I do not believe that either would intentionally twist a fact in order to conceal British blunders. Now this brings me to one that I did not meet, but one I wanted to meet. His name is Bennet Burleigh, and he was war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph.*

In Johannesburg there is a house known as the American Hotel, and the proprietor of that house was Dave Norris, an American, and one of the worthiest of the race in South Africa. He despised the English, loved liberty and longed to see the Boers free and independent. All the Irish boys knew him, and all loved him, and he in his turn was as warmly devoted to them, so, naturally, when any of them were in Johannesburg, they were always to be found with good Dave Norris in the American Hotel; and wherever the Irish boys were, there I, too, would be.

Now I will return to Mr. Bennet Burleigh. As soon as the English occupied Johannesburg, they heard that I was still in the city. All wanted me and they wanted me badly, because it meant quite a neat sum of money to the fortunate man. Bennet Burleigh was not a combatant; he was a war correspondent, and was not supposed to take any active part.

Late one night, Dave Norris was aroused and,

MISS MINNIE KINGSMAN
a Boer belle of Johannesburg

on opening the door, in walked Bennet Burleigh with a revolver in his hand. In the adjoining room there was a man named Wilson, and to Wilson's ear he placed his revolver, and said, "I have you at last, Blake, and you are good meat." "Butch" Wilson replied: "Fooled again, old man! Colonel Blake is not here." "Butch" having proven his identity, was released. After a few nights, Bennet Burleigh was again in the American Hotel, but this time put his revolver in old John Langtry's ear, and said: "I know I am right this time, come on here, sir, and be quick about it." Old John asked him what he wanted him for. "I know Blake by his photo, and you are the man, so get out." Again Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent, *the non-combatant*, was sorely disappointed. Had this thing, Bennet Burleigh, been captured by the Boers, he would have whined and cried and begged to be released, because he had nothing to do with fighting and only acted as a correspondent.

After the general surrender, one of the English majors whom I knew quite well, told me that Mr. Bennet Burleigh was very anxious to meet me, and would like an appointment. I was highly pleased and told the major that I would be glad to meet Mr. Burleigh at the Grand, in the evening, and that if he presented him to me I would make

him a beautiful present, or give any one $25.00 who would bring the man face to face with me. Mr. Burleigh never showed up, and I inquired after him, but he had gone to Johannesburg. He soon left for England, so I never had the opportunity I so longed for.

Bennet Burleigh is a cowardly thing, and such a thing cannot possibly make a truthful report. Take all his writings during the war, and I very much doubt whether one grain of truth could be found in any one of his reports. We read many of his detailed descriptions, and they were so ridiculously false that we could not help laughing. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, you are a thorough-bred Englishman, typical of a degenerate race, and I now drop you as I picked you up, a dirty thing.

Now I come to the subject of armed Kaffirs. On the English side of the western border of the Transvaal, the English armed several thousand Kaffirs, and instructed them to make raids on the Boer farms across the border, and take all cattle, sheep, horses, etc., they could find. The Kaffirs were delighted and lost no time in carrying out their instructions. They crossed, and on the first raid murdered more than fifty old men, women and children, and destroyed their property. They came again, and nearly all the Boers were withdrawn from Mafeking in order to fight them, and drive them

out. They slaughtered the Kaffirs by the hundreds and drove them back to their English allies for protection.

While the troops were absent, Baden-Powell did not leave his prairie-dog-holes and come out, because he was afraid the Boers might catch him out, and that would be the end of Baden-Powell and his letter writing. A Boer commando had to be formed and kept near the border to protect the women and children from these savages armed by the English. All of the many thousands of Kaffirs in the Rustenburg district were so armed, and at times General de la Rey would have to abandon all operations against the English and go and fight them, to drive them far from the women and children. All the thousands of Kaffirs between Pretoria and Pietersburg and those to the north of Pietersburg were also armed by the English, and General Beyers had to fight them much more than he did the latter, in order to save the women and children from being outraged and murdered.

Armed Kaffirs were stationed all along the Pretoria-Pietersburg railway line and did all the work that Joe Chamberlain told the British Parliament the English soldiers were doing.

Northeast of Pretoria, north of Middleburg and all about Lydenburg and Pilgrims' Rest, were thousands of England's savage allies who murdered hundreds of men, women and children. In the

east, about Komati Poort and along the Swazie-land border, the same conditions prevailed and the outrages committed are too sickening to put in print. Nearly sixty men were attacked, murdered and cut into pieces at one place.

All the blockhouses along the eastern border were manned with armed Kaffirs. About thirty women and children who had their homes burnt on the Piet-Retief border by the English and were left to starve to death, started out on foot to find some Boer commando, and get food and relief. They had to pass through this line of blockhouses manned by the armed Kaffirs. The savages seized and outraged all of them, and then drove them into the high veldt, where they were abandoned. They were found by the Boers, and a more sickening sight or characteristic picture of English brutality and savage outrage could not be imagined. In the face of all this, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner and Joe Chamberlain swore to the world that no armed Kaffirs were employed by the English troops!

There were between 30,000 and 40,000 Kaffirs armed by the English, and instructed to kill off the Boers. The Kaffirs had always been friendly to the Boers but the English went to them, and told them that if they did not take up arms against the Boers, they would destroy all their food and not allow them to grow any more as long as the war

lasted. The Kaffirs in the mountains near Lydenburg were not to be so threatened because the English knew them and were afraid of them. In order to get them to fight the Boers, the English promised to give them all the Boer farms in their section at the end of the war. Many of my good friends were murdered in cold blood by these same Kaffirs.

At the town of Lydenburg, the English had more than 1000 armed Kaffirs side by side with them. At Middleburg they had about 600. In all the blockhouses and forts along the railway lines there were armed Kaffirs, with the English soldiers, and the Kaffirs were generally in the majority.

After the war came to an end, the English sent wagons and carts out to bring in the rifles, but the Kaffirs refused to give them up until the English had made good their agreement. The Kaffirs fairly drove out the English, who then came to the Boers and asked them to join with them and help them disarm the Kaffirs. The Boers refused to a man, and told them since they had armed the blacks, they must now disarm them. The Kaffirs took possession of the Boer farms which the English had promised to give them, and would not let the Boers return.

At this time, I do not know how the affairs were settled, but I think all Kaffir claims were paid for, but the rifles were not given up.

Now that the war is over and hundreds of men, women and children have been murdered by these savages, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner and Joe Chamberlain are ready to admit that they armed thousands of Kaffirs and used them against the Boers. They now admit it because they have to, for if there was any possible way to lie out of it, it is certain they would take advantage of it.

The English officers, English soldiers and Kaffirs all tell you now that they were armed by the English, to fight the Boers, and the savages do not hesitate to tell why they turned against the Boers. It is hard for Joe Chamberlain, and Milner and Kitchener to lie out of it. They can't do it, and they are too smart to try it.

For eighteen months we had the Kaffirs on one side and the English on the other, and the narrow belt between was not more than twenty-five to thirty-five miles wide, and here it was that we must live and fight and try to protect ourselves. Sometimes we were fighting the English, and sometimes the Kaffirs, and sometimes both at once. How we managed to hold our own and escape what the English call sure death, I can not explain, but I do know that nearly all escaped.

I have heard much about Geneva Conventions, Hague Conferences, and have had to know something about International Law, and I am forced to come to the conclusion that all these peace and

humanity posters are only intended for times of peace. Great men meet at Geneva; great men meet at the Hague; great men meet to discuss questions of International Law; all are lovers of peace, all love humanity, all are determined to reduce the sufferings of mankind to a minimum in times of war, *but lay at their feet the lifeless form of a child mutilated by an English shell, or a savage armed with an English rifle, and all will throw up their hands in horror, and cry out "what a pity! But the English are a civilized people, and we must support them."*

When I hear learned and humane men discussing the sufferings of man, Geneva Conventions, Hague Conferences and International Law, I feel like crying out "Rot, rot, rot! and three times Rot, rot, rot!" because that is all there is in the whole business. The savage fights to kill; he asks no quarter, and he gives none in times of war; he has no Geneva Conventions to conceal him while murdering the wounded; he has no Hague Conferences, no International Law; but he is not a hypocrite, because he proclaims just what he is, and will not appeal to long-faced humanity to make screens to hide his acts.

I know the savages, because I have lived with them. I know the civilized, because I have lived with him! and when it comes to decide on questions of honor, humanity and justice, give me the

savage every time. The great savage nations are better governed, are infinitely more moral, more humane and just, than any of the so-called civilized nations.

The Great Indian tribes, before they were corrupted and polluted by the presence of white men, were proud, high-spirited, well governed, happy and contented, but now they are low, degenerate, immoral and miserable. The great Kaffir nations of South Africa, the Zulus, the Basutos, and the Swazies, probably the finest races of people in the world, are far more free and independent, better governed, more moral and contented than the people of the so-called civilized nations on the globe. Both men and women are pictures of physical perfection; they are proud, but not boastful; they are honorable and truthful to each other; immorality with them is punished by death; and they live at peace with each other, and with the world, so long as greedy, immoral white man does not interfere.

Now I will pass on to what is in the world known as "hands-uppers," that is, those burghers who for various reasons voluntarily went into the English lines and surrendered their rifles. On the occupation of Bloemfonteim, Johannesburg and Pretoria, thousands of this name really thought the war was over, and acted accordingly. All Boer officers totally condemn them, and declare there was no

excuse for them. Here I differ with the Boer officers, and say that they themselves were entirely responsible for nearly every one who voluntarily surrendered his rifle. Thousands upon thousands surrendered on the occupation of Johannesburg and Pretoria, believing that the war was at an end. Under Lord Robert's proclamation, setting forth that the war was practically over, and assuring all burghers who came in and surrendered their rifles, that neither they nor their property would be in any way molested, thousands of others surrendered. Not a Boer officer in the field opened his mouth and told the burghers anything. When they did assemble the burghers, and talked to them, their theme was Christ and His teachings, and that all must follow the narrow path, because the broad one led to hell. Not in a single instance did any Boer officer tell the burghers what their duty to their country was; not a word about patriotism was ever mentioned, not a hint given that the war would proceed more vigorously than ever after the fall and occupation of Pretoria. No, the burghers were absolutely ignored, and while I deplored the fact that so many thousands of them surrendered, yet I felt that the Boer officers deserved infinitely more censure than the burghers themselves.

For instance, General de la Rey, the noble and patriotic defender of his Country, called upon the burghers in the Rustenburg district to take up

arms again and fight for their Country. All responded, and General de la Rey had to send hundreds of miles for rifles and ammunition with which to equip them. I, at least, do not censure this class of "hands-uppers," but I do censure the Boer officers, all of whom were guilty and strictly responsible for their conduct. Had there been no surrenders, the Boers would have beaten the English.

In Ermelo, in 1901, I heard General Louis Botha make a speech to the burghers. I did not like what he said, and thereupon did not agree with him. He told them they could go and surrender if they pleased, but if they did go, it would be without his permission. This was really an inducement for them to go and surrender. Idleness always creates discontent, and from this all the burghers were suffering. They could see no reason why they should lie in laager and do nothing, and if that was what General Botha wished them to do, why, they said, it is better to go and surrender, and be through with the business.

I certainly blame General Botha for the surrender of hundreds of men, and while I like him and know that he is a great fighter when pushed to it, yet I must be honest and tell him the great mistake he made, in not keeping the burghers in hand, and giving them plenty of fighting, for they were always ready to fight when there was anything to be

accomplished. I used to wish to say to him: "General Botha, you know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It is a long time," not "between drinks," but between fights.

The English columns had not then swarmed over the high veldt, and both the Delagoa and Natal railway lines were easy to destroy, and many trains could have been taken, yet he would not allow the burghers to molest them. I did not understand him then, and I don't understand him now. Captain Jack Hindon and that most reckless officer, Lieutenant Hendrik Slegkamp, were destroying armored trains and freight trains, near Balmoral, and they captured enough supplies and ammunition to support the whole Boer army, yet the burghers were not there to help themselves and make provision for the future.

Captain Hindon and Lieutenant Slegkamp had only about 100 men, yet they were in every way successful. Captain Karl Trichardt, a son of the patriotic Commandant Trichardt, of the State Artillery, joined with Captain Hindon and Lieutenant Slegkamp *and together they took in more than 100 trains in two months.* The burghers were most anxious to have a hand in this business; but General Botha discouraged them, and in every instance, when they requested him, they were refused. I do not like to criticise General Botha,

because he is a most excellent fighter, but I feel that in telling him his weaknesses, he may, at some time in the future, remember what I say, and benefit by it. I know that he is loyal and true, but he must feel the prick of the spur in order to develop the high speed that is really in him.

I say all this with the best intentions, General Botha, for you are a young man, and in the future possibly your services will be needed. To your tact, courage and generalship, add energy and foresight, and I assure you that you will prove yourself a star of the first magnitude in the eyes of the military world; but remember that you can not ignore and allow to remain undestroyed the enemy's line of communications, when all is in your own hands. Make your plans to win, but also prepare for disaster, and your name will go down in history as a great general. Of General de lay Rey and De Wet, I have but one criticism to make, and that is they must tell their burghers less of religion and more of the duties they owe to their Country.

The burghers know their bibles as well as the officers, can pray as well and preach as well; then why should their officers keep trying to drive more bible into the burghers? When the officers tell them that God has ordained that all men shall be free, and that all burghers who submit to live as slaves to an English Sovereign can never hope to pass St. Peter and enter the gates of heaven, they

have said enough on the bible question. In contending with such an unscrupulous and God-banished government as the British, they must remember that their rifles and artillery must take first place. The Boers are by nature intensely humane and religious, and command the respect and admiration of all who know them, but they must remember that when at war with the English, they are fighting a lot of savages, and that by way of retaliation they must play the savage, too. The civilized christian preaches of humane war, but has any one ever taken part in or witnessed a humane war, or can any one mention a humane war since the world was created? When two civilized nations go to war, each strains every nerve to mow the other down, to cut his throat, to mutilate and kill him,—by fair means or foul,—and when the battle is lost and won, they commiserate and sympathize with them, and grieve to see so many hundreds of their fellowmen writhing in agony on the battlefield. This is what they call humane war in modern times. If the greedy, ambitious and unscrupulous politicians who draw the people into war were forced to shoulder the rifle and take position in the front line of battle, then we would have a truly humane war, because they would then find a way to settle all differences without resorting to force of arms.

Had the English law required Joe Chamberlain,

Alfred Milner and C. J. Rhodes, to go into the front line of battle as proof of their earnestness and sincerity and of their love for their country, it is certain that the pages of history would never have been stained by the account of the bloody war in South Africa.

Now a few words on the Anglo-Boer, a class of men in my opinion far more contemptible than such men as Roberts, Kitchener, Milner and Chamberlain who had burned down the Boer homes and left the Boer women to starve to death, because they did not make their men come in and surrender. The Anglo-Boers deserted their people, took up arms with the British and materially helped them to destroy their own people's farms and make the women and children suffer death, if possible. These Anglo-Boers were organized into a military force and christened by Lord Kitchener as National Scouts. To show their great loyalty to the British Crown they endeavored to prove themselves more cruel to the Boer women and children than the English ever were, and they made thousands of them suffer. The Boers were fortunate enough to capture a few of them and they were promptly shot. All of them would have been shot had they been captured. After the general surrender any one of those National Scouts who dared to go back to his own farm would promptly meet his just doom. The English would bury him and ask no

questions. Within the first two months after the surrender, twenty-two of them were buried, and I learn that occasionally one or two of them are buried now. They have to live under the protection of the British troops to avoid being killed. It is hoped that in time the entire 3000 will have died unnatural deaths. In hundreds of instances their own wives and children deserted them and would not allow them to come near them. Many of them wanted to go to Somaliland and help the English fight the Mad Mullah and his negroes, but the English Government felt that they could not be trusted. They are now ignored and despised both by the English and the Boers, and the most commendable act they could do would be for each to cut his own throat and thus earn the thanks and approval of present and coming generations.

The traitor is the most despicable of all the animal creation, and of the National Scouts I say with Tom Moore "May the blood that courses through their dastardly veins and recoils at the very sound of Freedom's call, stagnate in chains!"

I will now sum up the reasons why the Boers lost their independence and country, and then throw in a few scraps which are worth recording. In the first place, the Boers lost because they made the fatal mistake of laying siege to Ladysmith, Kimberly and Mafeking. Had they driven ahead and take possession of the capitals of Natal

and Cape Colony, all three of these depots of supplies and ammunition would have fallen into their hands without a shot being fired; and besides they would have received at least 75,000 recruits from the Colonies. Mafeking was absolutely of no importance to them. Of course, Baden-Powell was there and thousands of dum-dum bullets, and three or four years' supply of food, but all this in the beginning was not wanted. Baden-Powell would never have ventured a day's march from his prairie-dog-holes had there been Boers present, because he did not wish to take any chances of being captured. In the second place, the Boers lost because so many thousands of them surrendered voluntarily on the occupation of Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The Boer generals I hold entirely responsible for this. Had they met and talked to them and explained Roberts' proclamations, they would have prevented at least 35,000 men from surrendering.

In the third place even after the voluntary surrender of so many thousands of men, had the three generals, Chris De Wet, de la Rey and Louis Botha, concentrated their forces and carried the war into Cape Colony, they would have won, because they would have received as many thousand recruits as they had lost in men who had voluntarily surrendered, and more, too. They could have taken complete possession of the English

SOME OF THE IRISH BOYS JUST AFTER THE GENERAL SURRENDER

Mike Halley, Sidney Blake, Jerry O'Leary, Dr. Worthington, Jack McGlew, Dick Hunt, Jim French, John Langtry, Pete O'Hare, Joe Kennedy, George Waldeck, Dave Norris, Colonel Blake, Lieutenant Malan, Joe Wade.

lines of communication, and this would have forced the English to abandon both the Free State and the Transvaal. But with a hammer and a spike one could not drive into a Boer general's head the real importance of his enemy's line of communication and the necessity of its destruction.

In the fourth place, the Boers lost because the English Government in Washington, D. C., allied itself with the English Government in London, England, and allowed British officers to establish a military camp at Chalmette, New Orleans, for recruiting horses, mules and men for the British army in South Africa. This was a most damnable piece of business. More than 200,000 horses and mules were sent, and I don't know how many thousand men.

So anxious was the English Government in Washington, D. C., to supply, the British army in South Africa with horses and mules that to-day, May, 1903, there is a deficiency of them in the United States and our own cavalry regiments can not be mounted.

On reading all this in the newspapers, the Boers would come to me and ask me to explain the conduct of the Government. I recalled to them the fact that Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, had been ambassador for a month or so in London, and that the English had so stuffed him with flattery that he had forgotten that he was a republican and a

citizen of a republic, and that they must expect him to be English in his every act.

Strange to say, practically all American ambassadors to England return to America as Englishmen. They cannot stand against English flattery. Read the papers and you will see that at every private dinner or reception of the King the American ambassador is the only foreign representative honored with an invitation. He accepts, the King lets him sit for five minutes in his own chair, allows him to recline on the couch where Queen Victoria once took a nap after returning from her drive in Hyde Park, and that settles him, he is denationalized. Kings, queens, earls, lords and so forth, are trained flatterers, and there is certainly much power in these titles, too, for let a dissolute, caddish earl who thinks nothing of his mother, but is devoted to his mistress, come to America, there are many rich girls who are ready at once to vend their souls and bodies and give their fortunes for the title of princess. All learn what there is in such a title when it is too late. I lived in London fifteen months and I saw a great deal. The nobility or upper set, and the lower class of Englishmen, are dissolute and immoral to an extreme, while the middle class is perfection. In this class one will find the moral, refined, upright, and honest Englishmen, and no where in the world can be found a better class of men and women than

in this middle class. Unfortunately they are but few, as compared to the whole, and being sandwiched in between the mighty upper and lower classes, or immoral and dissolute classes, it is inevitable that in the end they will be squeezed to death. And then it is that the remains of a once glorious and proud old England will be laid away in the same vault with those of Rome and Spain.

There is not an Englishman living that does not at heart despise every American, yet he must look to the American for his food. All talk of their cousins across the sea, for all now know that their very existence as a nation depends upon the good will of America. I have talked with many business men in London, and all, in speaking of American merchants, say, "He is smart, but not a good business man." They mean by this that all Americans are rascals, and so they believe.

In 1895 I was amused one morning when I read in one of the Cape Town newspapers that "It was strange to see on Adelaide Street, this morning, the American Consul in a sober condition." I was also amused in London during the Spanish War to witness such men as Dewey, Schley and Sampson hissed in the theatres on the very mention of their names. One picture of the battle-ship *Maine* leaving New York, was hissed by the whole house. Another of its destruction was applauded, yet there are thousands of Anglo-Americans to be seen walk-

ing the streets every day. For more than a hundred years the British Government has labored to disunite our Union or in some way to destroy our Republic, yet we still have Anglo-Americans, and, be it said to our shame, an English Government in Washington, D. C. Let a crown prince or some great lord come to the United States, and then something is sure to happen. Such personages come to flatter and arrange matters in Washington for a slap at the United States. The Venezuelan disgrace was the outcome of Prince Henry's visit. Lord Charles Beresford comes to tell us how much England loves us and the Monroe Doctrine, and we are then ready to give up our rights to Alaska. It is time for the American people to see to it that no one but true Americans shall hold the highest offices in their gift. Plain it is that we are drifting towards imperialism, that is, corruption and crime. The records of our action towards the Phillipines and of the conduct of our army towards the Filipinos will mark the darkest pages in our history and prove loathsome to posterity. The Filipinos long to be free, and our motto seems to be to kill or enslave them. It is unnecessary to give reasons, for the daily papers fairly teem with accounts of barbarous and murderous acts on the part of several army officers towards the people, black and white, of those far away and sorely afflicted islands. Strange to say, our Secretary of War brings down

heavily the stamp of his approval on all these outrages and endeavors to keep the people in the dark as far as it is within his power. The very people who declared for liberty for all, and fought to free the blacks of the Southern States, are now fighting to enslave the blacks and whites of the far-away Phillipines. I admire nerve, but despise hypocrisy.

Now I must say a word about the Irish and Irish-Americans on their conduct in America during the South African War. There are many millions of Irish in America and there is one organization, the Clan-na-Gael, known as the Physical Force Element. For nearly half a century this organization has been crying and preaching that "England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity." They have blown up a few barns and woodsheds in the rear of some lord's residence, managed to get some good patriotic Irishmen behind the bars of English prisons for life, and tried to turn the course of the Gulf Stream in order to frighten or freeze England. But when an English military camp was established in New Orleans to recruit horses, mules and men, they did nothing but prohibit every member of the society from doing anything towards its destruction. Every man of the rank and file wanted to destroy that camp, and stop the shipment of the horses, mules and men to the British army in South Africa, and were ready to volunteer for the service. They saw England's difficulty and wished

to take advantage of it. But their leaders said NO, and not one man was allowed to open his mouth or do anything.

Lord Salisbury and Chamberlain must have known all about the stand the leaders of the Clan-na-Gael had taken and the reasons for it, for both said in Parliament, "there was nothing to fear from the Irish in America." Clansmen should look out, for there is something wrong about their leaders. Had the Irish destroyed that camp, it would have told England, in unmistakable terms, that so long as there are Irish in America, so long will it be impossible for her to recruit horses, mules and men on our soil. England would then learn that it would be for her best interests to allow the people of Ireland to govern themselves.

Irish enmity will live in all its bitterness till the people are free, and England will find this out when it is too late. She is now going to give them a land bill by which the tenants can, to a certain extent, buy the land of which they were forcibly robbed in years gone by; and I confess this will prove a great boon to them. I believe, however, that the concession is intended as a bribe, for England is frightened because the Irish have at last come to their senses and cease to enlist in the army. Without the Irish, the British army would be helpless in a war with any country, for they are its very backbone and sinew of strength. The Scotch will

think twice about enlisting, too, when they learn the Irish have cleared out, for they know that when it comes to a fight the Englishmen are not there, and if there are no Irish to call upon, why they, the Scotchmen, would have to stand the whole brunt. By the concession which England now makes, she hopes the Irish will feel grateful, to the extent of enlisting again in the army; but I hope they will have sense enough to do no such thing, as England grants nothing except when forced to it.

Conclusion.

Now my narrative is virtually at an end, but to be in fashion I must say another word to be called the "Conclusion."

Queen Victoria had a peaceful reign of some sixty-three years. Of this long period, only thirty-seven years were devoted to war against her own people in her own possessions. It was against the blacks, her own subjects, that her huge armies were principally employed. Her armies could easily account for 5,000 dead blacks annually, so that during the thirty-seven years of her long and peaceful reign of sixty-three years, there could be recorded in the annals of English History the names of some 185,000 of her black subjects who, innocent, helpless and unarmed, were deliberately shot down because they were native and rightful owners of lands that might be rich in gold and other precious minerals.

The venerable Queen died in the year 1901 during her war in South Africa against an innocent, humane and Christian people who hap pened to have the richest gold fields known. She was succeeded by her son who followed in her

footsteps till the Boers finally consented to surrender in order to save all that remained of their women and children and therefore their race from extinction.

At last, England longs for peace. She has all the gold fields with the exception of those in Alaska and she knows that by sending a titled person to the English Government in Washington, D. C., she can get all the gold she wishes in that land by the mere asking.

She is through with war and such is her condition financially that if any Power offers her an insult she must swallow it. The South African war absorbed all her money and to-day she acknowledges the huge debt of $4,000,000,000. To pay the interest on that debt alone her population of 40,000,000 people must be taxed at the rate of three dollars per head annually for every man, woman and child. Even bread, the sole food of her thousands of starving poor, must be taxed in order that she may meet the interest of her heavy debt. She prays for peace not only because she is pressed to earth by the weight of her debt but also because the South African War demonstrated the extreme weakness of her army.

The Mad Mullah in line with the Boers, has also developed the fighting incapacity of her army. I wonder why they call him "Mad?" Is it because he has wiped out some English commands? It may

be so, because General Cronje was called the "Butcher" when he wiped out some English commands.

The English army having shown itself so pitifully weak in the presence of an armed though far inferior enemy, in numbers, the question arises, "Is her navy as weak as her army?" I don't know, but should her navy by accident run against either the American or French navy, I have an idea that it would follow the same course and meet the same fate as the Spanish navy during the American-Spanish War.

That the English navy is huge in its number on paper I do not doubt, but that there is any effective strength in its numbers, I seriously doubt, because so many of her principal ships are armed with old smooth-bone, muzzle-loading guns, so many of the boilers are burnt out and so many of the old hulks are rotten with age.

At any rate England is praying for continued peace and will not go to war unless actually driven to it. For 700 years she has tried to crush out the very life of the Irish people by thrusting them in prison, by starvation and by actually murdering them, yet, in the end she found them invincible and not to be destroyed. Now her King and Queen go to Ireland and fairly kiss the Irish people's feet and tell them what a good, noble people they are and how dearly they

love them. To be sincere, they should have added, "Now won't you enlist in our army, for we can't possibly fight without your help?"

The English, of all people, are the least sincere officially and know best the value of flattery. It is for this reason, I think, that the British Empire has so long held together, but now the people of the Colonies are beginning to reflect, to think and reason, and the connecting links are growing weaker and weaker every day and some of them may, at any moment, snap.

As soon as peace was made in South Africa, the English with long faces and pleading tones, appealed to the Boers to forgive and forget, as there were no longer any reasons why they should live on unfriendly terms. Having robbed the Boers of their gold fields, destroyed more than 22,000 of their women and children, all their homes and property, and then endeavored to starve to death the whole population, she humbly begs them to forgive and forget. Yes, the Boers are sure to forgive and forget, but when?

The Eighty Years' War showed that the Dutch were the most determined fighters and the greatest lovers of liberty the world had ever known. Shortly after the conclusion of this war many of them went to South Africa and settled in Cape Colony. It was fight, fight and fight all the time for years, but, though they lost many of their women and

children, yet they were determined and held their ground. Near the close of the 17th century many of the Huguenots driven from France also sought refuge in Cape Colony. The Boers of to-day are the descendants of those two races of people. This explains why they are such a determined race and such great lovers of liberty. The Dutch and French Huguenots, both being intensely religious, united, fought side by side during those fearful times and in the end became so intermixed that to-day there is not one individual Dutch or Huguenot family among the Boers.

After years of fighting the natives, wild beasts and starvation, they succeeded in establishing themselves in comfortable homes and converting a wilderness into a habitable, productive country.

Now the time was ripe for England to act and she fell upon them with her army and navy and deprived them of all their rights and liberties. They withstood English domineering for a few years, when many of them, driven to it, openly rebelled. The terrible murder scene at Slagter's Nek was the result. Here five men were hung in the presence of hundreds of men, women and children who had been driven to the scene at the point of English bayonets. When the five patriots were dropped, the scaffold broke and down all came, some half dead from choking, and all writhing in agony. The scaffold was partially repaired and all drawn

up, so that they could die as horrible a death as possible. The Boers have never forgotten that awful day and that heartrending scene, and they never will.

During the recent war men, women and children were again forced to witness many such revolting scenes, and yet the English beg them to forgive and forget.

Back in the thirties, the English became so oppressive that life to the Boers was unendurable, so thousands of them banded together, left their dear old homes and all their property and started on the "Great Trek" to the unsettled country of Natal. Here again they had to contend with the savages, wild beasts and starvation. Hundreds of them were murdered, yet, in the end, they again established themselves in homes and made the wilderness bloom. No sooner were they comfortable, happy and in a flourishing condition than the English fell upon them again and drove them from the land. They now crossed the mountains and sought homes in the great deserts now known as the Transvaal and Free State. At last the English said they would no longer hound them and would allow them to live or die in the desert.

Again the Boers had to contend with the savages, wild beasts and starvation. Here they suffered terribly, hundreds of them died and hundreds of

women and children were murdered by the savages. Yet they persevered and converted the desert into two of the richest and most flourishing little republics in the world. All this is as fresh as ever in the Boer memory, yet, after the late South African War, the English beg the Boers to forgive and forget.

Unfortunately for the Free State, as soon as she began to really flourish, the great diamond fields at Kimberly were discovered. Now England falls upon her, kills a lot of her people and, in the end, robs her of her diamond fields and establishes a little despotism in Kimberly. The diamond fields were alone cut off and annexed to Cape Colony, for there was nothing else in the Free State worth having as far as the English knew.

It is at Kimberly that the great "Compound System" was established and is still running in all its glory. Rhodes, Beit, Phillips and Bernato were the prime movers.

A large compound was built around the mines and all the employees locked within it. No employee can buy anything except from the Company and within that compound. On leaving the compound, the employees have to go through an ordeal that is simply beastly, because the Company fears that some of them may have swallowed a diamond. It requires a week to pass the last door and every

one must swallow such purging drugs as the Company may command. The Compound is simply a little hell established by the civilized English.

They made a law in the Colony by which any one caught with a rough diamond in his possession is sent to penal servitude for a term of years, the period raging from five to seven years. This law was especially enacted for the Diamond Company, now known as De Beers Company.

Any one in Kimberly who might say anything about the Compound System would incur the displeasure of the Diamond Company. That means that one of the Company's detectives would watch his chance and drop a rough diamond in the offender's pocket. In another five minutes the detective would arrest the offender and charge him with having a rough diamond in his possession. The offender would plead innocence, but the search brings out the diamond, the offender is hauled before the Company's judge and sentenced to five or seven years' penal servitude. I remember, in one instance, where the judge held a rough diamond in his hand and remarked to those in the court room that that one diamond had sent eleven men to penal servitude. Sure it is that under an English administration, there is no doubt that justice will be given.

This frightful state of affairs exists because Rhodes, Bernato, Beit, Philips, etc. must be pleased.

Rhodes and Bernato are now dead, the one having been fatally shot by John Barleycorn, and the other having jumped overboard at sea that it might be recorded of him that he had at least done one good thing.

Having sliced off the diamond fields and annexed them to Cape Colony, the English now allowed the Free Staters to live in peace. The people of the Transvaal had long since established their Government, but they were struggling hard to keep starvation from the door. There was no money in the treasury, the people had no money and every official gave his time and services free. There was no complaint, however, for all could be happy in their religion even if they had no money and starvation was staring them in the face.

While still struggling to live, a great misfortune fell upon them in the year 1887 by the discovery of the great Rand gold fields at Johannesburg. People from all parts of the world poured into the country and the Boers suddenly jumped from poverty into affluence. These fields became world known, all was flourishing in the Transvaal, and Boers and foreigners alike were all happy and prosperous. England, through the subsidized press soon manufactured an excuse to make war upon the Boers and rob them of their gold fields.

With the material assistance rendered by the English Government in Washington, D. C., she

managed to succeed in her highway robbery and at the same time deprive two little republics of their independence.

Judging by what I read and hear, I am led to believe that President Roosevelt claims to be of Irish and Dutch extraction, but judging him by his conduct and the English proclivities of some of those who are his chief advisers, I should say that real English blood predominates over all others he may claim. Whatever the composition of his blood may be, certain it is that he helped England destroy two little republics in South Africa. The American people will wake up by and by and see to it that none but true Americans will hold office under the United States Government.

Having driven the Boers from pillar to post, hounded them, preyed upon them and robbed and murdered them for 250 years, and then deprived them of their liberty and independence, England now expects them to forgive and forget because there is no longer any reason for ill-feelings.

Will the Boers ever forget the sufferings and torture heaped upon their forefathers in Cape Colony? Will they ever forget what their fathers and mothers had to endure in Natal? Will they ever forget what they themselves have had to suffer in the Transvaal and Free State? Will they ever forget the 3,723 patriots who were killed or died of wounds during the late South African War?

Will they ever forget the 22,000 women and children who were murdered in the English prison camps? Will they ever forget the many martyrs who were tied hand and foot, and deliberately shot in cold blood?

Go to the lone tent standing by the charred walls of the destroyed home and with the children listen to what is taught them by the mother, and you will hear the answer.

Such noble women as that grand matron, Mrs. Joubert, widow of the late Commandant-General Piet Joubert, would redeem any land or people. She is one of thousands of Africander mothers whose sons may forgive much, because they are Christians but will forget nothing because they are men. They will not have any of the amiable sentimentality of the Irish whose soft hearts and heads prompt them too often to let bygones be bygones. Nor will they have any of the vulgar admiration of success which makes the American parvenu cringe to the Englishman of rank or station, until the Yankee to-day is more despised in Great Britain than his independent father was ever hated there—which is saying a good deal.

The bible-loving Africanders may enjoy the following poem, with its Hebraic language of fierce denunciation. It is by an Irish-American without any Anglo "virus" in his system, James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*.

Conclusion

With it I conclude this story trusting and believing that it is anything but the concluding chapter to the Boer fight for freedom, the bravest and noblest ever fought since God taught men to love liberty.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the World's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toll of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy,—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

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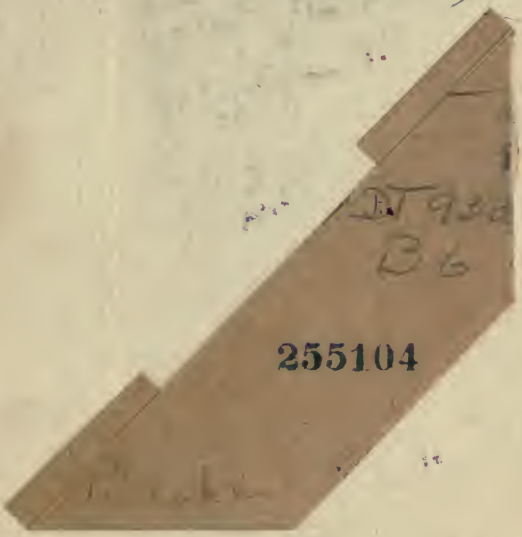
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